


INSTRUCTOR PLAN BOOKS

VOLUME III



1930



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THE
INSTRUCTOR PLAN BOOKS

FOR ALL THE GRADES

IN THREE VOLUMES

EDITED BY

FLORENCE RAE SIGNOR

of Normal Instructor-Primary Plans Editorial Staff

VOLUME III—SPRING NUMBER

F. A. OWEN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DANSVILLE, N. Y.

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The Instructor Plan Books

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Picture Study

SPRING

The Artist

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT was born in Paris in 1796, the son of well-to-do, bourgeois parents. As a child he loved to be out of doors and his happiest hours were spent at his father's pretty country home some miles from Paris.

The father wished his son to have a good education and sent him to school at Rouen, telling the boy that he wished him to adopt some calling "by which money could be made."

When he was seventeen Camille left school and became a clerk in a linen draper's store. The father thought that his son was in a fair way to become a rich merchant, but the boy was of a different mind. The confinement of the store was irksome to him, and he spent his spare time wandering about the banks of the Seine and out in the fields and woods. Soon Camille began to make drawings of the things he saw and became friends with an artist, who taught him how to mix colors and lay on paint.

Seeing that his son was a failure as a business man, the father finally made him an allowance of fifteen hundred francs a year (about \$300 in our money) and told him to do as he pleased, but to expect no other help from him.

Corot was very happy and immediately set to work to paint pictures. For twenty years he tried to follow the classicist style of painting then in vogue, and to "compose" well balanced landscapes or ruins architecturally correct.

These pictures had much merit and showed the patience and skill of the artist.

But it is with the pictures painted by Corot during the last twenty years of his life that we are most familiar. After his third visit to Italy in 1843, this artist became interested in the new school of French landscape painters, of which Constable and Rousseau are examples. As their manner of treatment was different from what Corot had practiced, he set to work to relearn, as it were, his art. From this time on his pictures show a beauty of color and treatment previously lacking.

In 1846, Corot was given the cross of the Legion of Honor, the highest honor that can be bestowed upon an artist. About this time he sold his first picture, for while before this people had praised his pictures, no one had cared to buy them. His father was pleased with his son's success and doubled his allowance, saying, — "Well, Camille seems to have some talent after all."

When Corot died in 1875 all France was sad, for besides being a great artist he was a gentle, loving man, kind and generous to everyone.

Study of the Picture

This picture shows a smooth clear lake in springtime, still veiled in morning mist, but with a wonderful light streaming down through the great willow tree, whose branches spread against the sky. Could we view the picture in the colors in which Corot painted it, we should see the grass in the

foreground yellow-green in the sun. In the distance this color changes into soft yellow, with a suggestion of rose, which is repeated in the top branches of the willow, in the dress of the tallest girl, and the bright cap of the kneeling child in the foreground. The girl is reaching for the leaves of a small tree at the left—a silvery birch, and one of the children at the foot of the tree is gathering flowers.

Observe the delicate foliage and the beautiful lines of the tree trunks so carefully revealed. Note how the tree to the left stands out in sharp contrast to the heavier foliage of the larger tree. One critic has said, "In Corot a tree is a soft, tremulous being rocking in the fragrant air, in which it whispers and murmurs of love and joy."

The whole scene breathes the freshness of the morning and of the season. The artist so loved Nature that he portrays her with a beautiful, sympathetic touch. We can almost feel the soft breeze and realize the joy of the girl and children in the picture, who are basking in the sunlight and enjoying Nature at one of her most beautiful seasons.

This picture hangs in the Louvre, a great art gallery in Paris.

Questions for Pupils

What season of the year is shown in this picture? Point out things in the picture that show this. What people do you see here? What are they doing? What are the characteristics of the trees? Does this picture appeal to the eye or to the feelings? What feelings does it arouse in you? What part of the landscape do you think is the most beautiful? What characteristic of the artist is shown in this picture? Do you think he was a lover of nature? Have you ever been in the country and enjoyed a beautiful nature scene similar to the one shown here? If so, describe your experience. Tell what you know about the life of the artist who painted this picture.

Spring

The birds are coming home soon;
I look for them every day;
I listen to catch the first wild strain,
For they must be singing by May.

The bluebird, he'll come first, you know,
Like a violet that has taken wings;
And the red-breast trills while his nest he builds,—
I can hum the song that he sings.

And the crocus and wind-flower are coming, too;
They're already upon the way;
When the sun warms the brown earth through and through,
I shall look for them any day.

Then be patient, and wait a little, my dear;
"They're coming," the winds repeat;
"We're coming! we're coming!" I'm sure I hear,
From the grass blades that grow at my feet.

Anonymous.

The Voice of Spring

I am coming, little maiden!
With the pleasant sunshine laden,
With the honey for the bee,
With the blossoms for the tree,
With the flower, and with the leaf—
Till I come the time is brief.

I am coming! I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See! the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing,
Wheeling round in airy ring.

See! the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on banks of mossy green
Starlike primroses are seen,
And their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.

Mary Howitt.

The Spring of the Year

The robins are singing,
Green grasses are springing,
The bluebird's sweet song you may hear;
The south wind is blowing,
No more we'll have snowing,
Because 'tis the spring of the year.

The brooklets are flowing,
The daffodils blowing,
The skies now are blue and clear;
The birds are all nesting,
The earth has done resting,
Because 'tis the spring of the year,



Spring

Claude



Dance of the Nymphs

Claude

DANCE OF THE NYMPHS

(Corot)

Study of the Picture

COROT was a great lover of nature.

One of his chief delights was to go out at the peep of day to the Forest of Fontainebleau near his home and, seeking out a secluded spot, enjoy the sights and sounds of the early morning. He liked best the quiet of dawn and the hush of evening rather than the bustle of noonday.

The artist doubtless sketched this picture on one of his early morning visits in the woods, and in it portrayed his pleasure in the beautiful dawn of a spring day as he watched the trees take shape against the pale horizon. We can well imagine his delight in fancying the nymphs or wood fairies coming out from their hiding places to usher in the dawn. The happy nymphs dancing in their gay freedom express the joyous spirit of the morning. As we look at the picture, so full of light and happiness, revealed in the graceful, quivering foliage, the clouds, and the dancing figures, we can almost sense the invigorating air of the new-born day.

Questions for Pupils

Describe the setting of this picture. Why should the painting often be called "Spring"? What time of day is represented? What are the figures doing? Point out beautiful features of the landscape. Are details in the picture made prominent? What impression does the picture give as a whole? Do you note any similarities between this picture and others painted by Corot? What are they? What traits of the artist's character are revealed in this picture?

The Fairy Queen

Come, follow, follow me—
You, fairy elves that be,
Which circle on the green—
Come, follow Mab, your queen!
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve us for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile;
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.
Anonymous.

Song of the Fairies

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy, heigh ho, heigh ho!

He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy, heigh ho, heigh ho!

His nectar he sips
From a primrose's lips
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-footed fairy, heigh ho, heigh ho!

His night is the noon
And his sun is the moon,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

Anonymous.

THE RETURN TO THE FARM

The Artist

CONSTANT TROYON was born in Sèvres, France, in 1810. He began his art career as a painter of porcelain in the famous Imperial Factory of Sevres, but soon tired of this work and longed for an opportunity to do bigger, freer painting in the out of doors. It is said that he would work in the factory until he had saved enough money to live on while he was painting what he loved. When it was gone he would go back to the factory for another period of drudgery.

He had some early instruction in art and painted a few landscapes, which it is said were artificial and poor in color. It was not until he went to the little

hamlet of Barbizon, made famous by a group of nature painters, that Troyon began to do his real work, the work which made him known throughout the world.

At Barbizon he saw men painting nature as they saw it, the sunlight chasing the shadows, the misty atmosphere only half revealing people, animals and country. It all made a great impression on Troyon and he, too, soon was busy studying and painting the out of doors. The animals on the little farms he studied in their natural settings, and he rendered them with such skill and understanding that he is called the greatest painter of cattle during the nineteenth century. Troyon died in 1865.

Study of the Picture

It is late in the afternoon of a summer day and the sun is well down in the sky. These farm animals have been in the pasture all day; now it is time for them to come home for the night, and they are wending their way down a

shady lane. A black and white shepherd dog, to whom their owner has entrusted the flock, is rounding them up. Notice how excitedly he runs in front of the cows trying to keep them in the right road. He is the farmer's faithful, alert helper and has no doubt been trained for this work.

Some of the cows are coming along the path by the pond, grazing along the grassy slope. As every farm boy and girl knows, it is most natural for cows to loiter along the way to crop the fresh green grass. Others have waded into the pond, and two of them are quenching their thirst, in the cool water. The cows that appear in the foreground of the picture are coming slowly down the lane, followed by a small flock of sheep and a donkey that brings up the rear. Note the lifted ears of the latter. He seems to be watching the dog. In a moment more all will round the bend in the road and be lost to sight.

Note the natural attitudes of the cows as they walk sedately down the



The Return to the Farm

Troyon

path, stop to crop the grass or stand in the water. Notice, too, the sheep crowded close together following the leader. How lifelike each animal is! Every muscle and joint is carefully depicted. The hoofs of the sheep and cows, the toes of the dog, the delicateness of the wool are some of the touches that show the artist's skill in painting details.

Questions for Pupils

What season of the year is it in this picture? How is it shown? Are you familiar with the kinds of animals shown here? Where have these animals been? Where are they going? Who is driving them? Where is the herdsman? Do you think he takes good care of his animals? Why? What does each give in return for his care? Do you think the cattle look natural in this picture? Point out anything that you particularly like in the landscape. Does the picture as a whole give you the impression of haste and confusion or of peace and quiet? Do you think the artist liked the country? What makes you think so?

The Country Faith

Here in the country's heart
Where the grass is green,
Life is the same sweet life
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,
And the bell at morn
Floats with a thought of God
As it e'er hath been.

God comes down in the rain,
And the crop grows tall—
This is the country faith,
And the best of all!

Norman Gale.

A country life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air how pleasant and fair!
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow;
So that I say, no courtier may
Compare with them who clothe in gray,
And follow the useful plow.

Anonymous.

AT THE WATERING TROUGH

The Artist

PASCAL ADOLPHE DAGNAN-BOUVERET was born in Paris in 1852. When he was very young his father went to Brazil to engage in commerce, taking his family with him. Dagnan's mother died when he was only six years old and his father sent him and his brother back to France. He went to live with his grandfather, M. Bouveret, at Melun. His grandfather brought him up and furnished the means which provided for his education. Following a not uncommon practice in France, Dagnan added to his name that of his mother's family, Bouveret.

When he was a young man his father wished him to enter business with him in Brazil, but he refused the offer, expressing his firm purpose to become a painter. His father was so displeased that he would give him no financial help. With the aid of his grandfather and his own unflinching perseverance Dagnan stood true to his art. He attended the college of Melun from 1858 to 1868, beginning in 1869 his art studies under Gérôme. With him he remained until 1876 when he won the second grand prize of Rome, a high academic honor. The same year he began to exhibit his pictures.

Among his best pictures are "The Blessing," "Madonna," and "At the Watering Trough."

Study of the Picture

Dagnan-Bouveret was spending the summer in the country at his father-in-law's home. One day he saw the work horses as they were led to the trough for water. The artist's trained eye immediately saw that they would lend themselves well to treatment in a picture. Thus the painting was begun. Dagnan's father-in-law entered into the project with great interest, arranging devices so that the task of painting them from nature might be as convenient as possible. The picture progressed



At the Watering Trough

Daguan-Bouveret

as the summer wore on; but as Dagnan was never satisfied with anything but the most careful work, it took a great deal of time to bring the picture to that perfection which he craved. So casts of the horses were made by placing cloth on their backs and covering it with plaster of Paris. The harness was then placed on these casts, and every day Dagnan toiled away painting the straps and buckles.

Notice the strong horses with their powerful frames capable of so much toil and endurance. Their day's labor is done and they are led to the watering trough that they may be refreshed by the cool water. The drinking horse is thirstily sipping it with a contented dreamy expression as though resting after a hard day's toil. The other horse looks important and self-satisfied. How carefully the details of the harness are painted! Each strap and buckle is given with the conscientious thoroughness which has added so much to this artist's fame. Notice how sturdy and erect the young man appears as he stands with both feet firmly planted on the ground, the reins held tightly in one hand, his pipe resting lightly in the other and his whip drawn through his folded arm. Like his big team, he suggests strength, vitality, and contented repose after strenuous labor.

Questions for Pupils

What is probably the season of the year and the time of day represented in this picture? How does the picture speak of toil in the fields? Of the horses' usefulness to man? What work do you think the young man has been doing with the horses? Do they appear tired after their labor? Which seems the more tired? Do they look well cared for? What differences do you note in the two horses? Are they small or large and powerful? Did you ever see harnesses like these? Would you think these were American or foreign horses, judging from their harness? What is the idea you receive from

the young man's appearance? Does he appear sturdy and strong? Do you think he is industrious? A kind master? Describe his dress. Does this picture express gladness or contentment? Is there a reward for honest labor if we are satisfied with the simple pleasures of everyday life?

Elsie May Smith.

Happy the Man

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground:

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with
bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire:

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away;
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day:

Sound sleep by night, study and ease,
Together mixt, sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Alexander Pope.

FEEDING HER BIRDS

(For story of the artist see page 11
Volume I.)

Study of the Picture

THE story has come down to us that the three little children sitting on the low doorstep in this picture are the artist's own little ones, and their mother is feeding them porridge with the large wooden spoon in her hand. The title "Feeding Her Birds" came to Millet as he was painting the picture, for it reminded him of a mother bird filling the beaks of her young ones. The three children are dressed much alike in their long aprons, wooden shoes and bonnets. The little boy is leaning forward for the first taste while the little girls sit politely by waiting for their turn. It must be a cool day, as their dresses seem to be warm, and even the mother wears a kerchief on her head and around her neck.



Feeding Her Birds

Millet

The man behind the house who is working in the garden evidently represents the father. The children do not eat all their meals on their doorstep in this manner, but they were playing in the courtyard, when their mother called them to have some broth. Since she did not want to make them come in out of the sunshine, she brought an old wooden stool from the kitchen to sit on, and fed them from the large earthen bowl in her lap. From the contented expressions on

their faces they do not seem to mind the interruption from their play and they are enjoying their brief meal extremely.

Questions for Pupils

Where is the scene of this picture, in the house or out of doors? Of what does the house seem to be built? What are the mother and the children doing? What do you think these children had been doing when their mother called them to come for some porridge? What

else in the picture wants to be fed? Where do you think the children play? What do you think their names might be? Describe the clothes worn by these little French children. What does the mother do while they are playing? How is she dressed? Is there any grass in the yard? Any flowers? Would you like to play with these children? Why did the artist name this picture "Feeding Her Birds"? Does the picture remind you of the feeding of young birds by their mother? What can you think of common to little birds and little children? Common to both mothers?

Children

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Longfellow.

THE SOWER

(*Millet*)

Study of the Picture

A FIELD in France rising to an upland forms the setting of this picture. Against the ploughed fields stands out the sturdy, life-like figure of a French peasant—the Sower. On the other side of the slope, but hardly visible in the reproduction, stand a pair of oxen at the end of their furrow. Upon them shine the last rays of the setting sun—the only light in this picture, which is bathed in shadow.

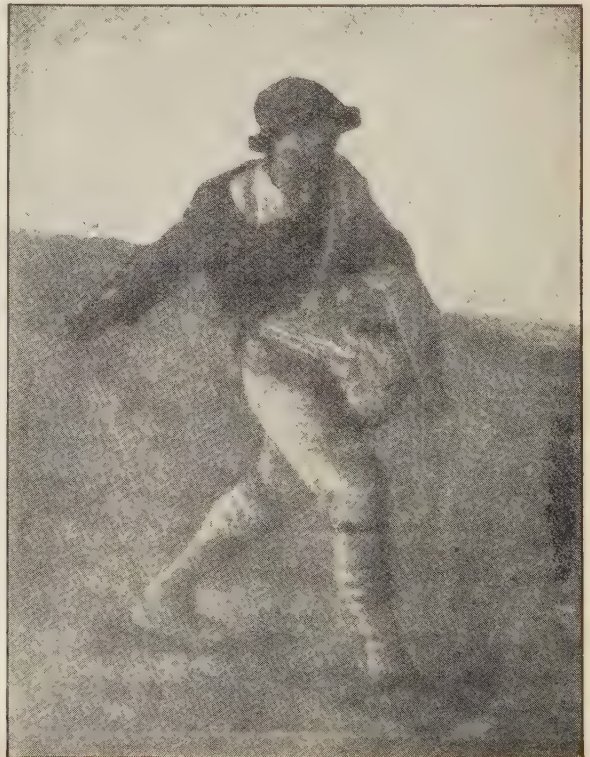
Notice the strength of body revealed in the Sower's gesture of arm and swing of body. All day he has been working in the field, but he is intent upon finishing his task before dark, and in spite of the weariness which he must feel, he marches with steady rhythmic step, flinging

the grain in the furrow. In his left hand he holds the flap of the grain sack, and with a strong sweep of his right arm he scatters the grain. Because of the gathering shadows of twilight we cannot distinguish his features, and the old, weather-worn hat pulled down over his head, further conceals his face.

Millet makes us realize the physical strength of the man, his steady, faithful application to his work, and the patience and perseverance necessary in performing it. Such a picture makes us appreciate the dignity and nobility of all honest labor.

Questions for Pupils

Where is the scene of this picture? What is the man doing? Do you get an impression of slowness or of swiftness in his gesture? Why are the other objects in the picture made to appear so indistinct? Is anything gained by adding them? What do you think the life of such a peasant must be like? Compare



The Sower

Millet

his life with that of an American farmer to-day. What makes the work of the latter so much easier? What in the life of the artist made him sympathize with the lot of the peasant?

Why do you think Millet chose this subject for a picture? It is said that the art critics of Millet's day could see no beauty in "a common laborer in his dirty clothes doing his miserable work." Point out the beauty to be found in this picture. In what way is this subject similar to others by Millet? Why should we feel respect and admiration for a person who does his work well?

The Song of the Sower

The maples redden in the sun;
In autumn gold the beeches stand;
Rest, faithful plow! thy work is done
Upon the teeming land.
Bordered with trees whose gay leaves fly
On every breath that sweeps the sky,
The fresh dark acres furrowed lie,
And ask the sower's hand.

Fling wide the generous grain; we fling
O'er the dark mold the green of spring.
For thick the emerald blades shall grow
When first the March winds melt the snow,
And to the sleeping flowers below

The early bluebirds sing.
Fling wide the grain; we give the fields
The ears that nod in summer gale,
The shining stems that summer gilds,
The harvest that o'erflows the vale,
And swells, an amber sea, between
The full-leaved woods—its shores of green.

Hark! from the murmuring clods I hear
Glad voices of the coming year,—
The song of him who binds the grain,
The shout of those that load the wain,
And from the distant grange there comes

The clatter of the thresher's flail,
And steadily the millstone hums
Down in the willowy vale.

Dear, kindly Earth, whose breast we till;
Oh, for thy famished children, fill,
Where'er the sower walks,
Fill the rich ears that shade the mold
With grain for grain, a hundred fold,
To bend the sturdy stalks!

Brethren, the sower's task is done.
The seed is in its winter bed.
Now let the dark-brown mold be spread,
To hide it from the sun,
And leave it to the kindly care

Of the still earth and brooding air,
As when the mother, from her breast,
Lays the hushed babe apart to rest,
And shades its eyes, and waits to see
How sweet its waking smile will be.

William Cullen Bryant.

AURORA

The Artist

GUIDO RENI was born in the city of Bologna, Italy, November 4, 1575. His father, a musician, began to teach him to play the flute and harpsichord as soon as he was old enough to handle the instruments. Guido had much musical talent and would probably have been a great musician had he not possessed an even greater gift for painting. At an early age he was permitted to take lessons in painting, and he spent much time at this work, and also in modeling with clay. He advanced rapidly in his art and at the age of thirteen was allowed to teach some of the other pupils. After studying for some time in Bologna he went to Rome where he remained for twenty years, after which he made his home in Bologna until his death, August 18, 1642.

Guido Reni received large sums of money for his pictures, but the more he earned the more he spent, so that he was obliged to paint hurriedly in order to have more pictures to sell. However, his pictures were successful and his popularity continued. He was especially skilled in picturing beautiful up-turned faces of women and children. It is said that a nobleman once told him that other artists thought he was selfish to keep his beautiful models for his own use only. Reni took the nobleman to his studio, called to him his color-grinder, who was "a great greasy fellow, with a brutal look," posed him, and rapidly sketched a beautiful Magdalen looking upward. Turning to his visitor he said, "Say to your 'other artists' that a beautiful idea must be in the imagination, and in that case any model will serve."



Aurora

Reni

Study of the Picture

Aurora, the rosy-fingered daughter of the dawn, has just wakened Apollo, the sun god, and the hours, and is now leading them in their procession across the sky. Night is gone and dawn is appearing. Apollo is seated in his chariot, driving the fiery steeds that must be held in check so early in the morning, and carefully guided along the narrow path of the clouds. Grouped about Apollo are the hours of the day, the early morning hours looking bright and cheerful, the afternoon hours being less sprightly and somewhat wearied. Above the horses is a cherub, sometimes called the Morning Star, holding aloft a flaming torch. Aurora, who leads, is dressed in loose, filmy garments that are blown by the breezes. She drops roses from her hands as she passes.

Aurora is perhaps the most loved of the goddesses. It is her duty to dispel the night and bring back the day. She precedes the group of sun and hours across the sky, and when their journey is ended, night comes on again.

Questions for Pupils

Who, in mythology, was Aurora? What is the myth concerning her? Point her out in this picture. What is she doing? Whom is she leading? Which one is Apollo? Which one is

called the Morning Star? What is the cherub carrying in his hand? Which figures represent the hours? What in the picture gives the impression of motion? Where is the group going? What happens when they reach the end of their journey?

Daybreak

Day had awakened all things that be,
The lark, and the thrush, and the swallow
free,
And the milkmaid's song, and the mower's
scythe,
And the matin bell and the mountain bee:
Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn,
Glowworms went out, on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim:
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
The crickets were still in the meadow and
hill:

Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,
Night's dreams and terror, every one,
Fled from the brains which are their prey,
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud cup's brim.
Where spurting and supprest it lay,
For not a froth-flake touched the brim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be supprest,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then over-
flowed the world.

Browning, "Day Break," from "Pippa Passes."

AGE OF INNOCENCE

The Artist

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was the seventh child in a family of eleven. He was born in Plympton, England, in 1723, the son of Samuel Reynolds, a well-educated clergyman. Mr. Reynolds mapped out a career for each of his children and he decided that Joshua was to be a doctor. Many interesting stories have come down to us about the Reynolds children. They all liked to draw and each one tried to outdo the others. Their father got so tired of their asking him for paper and paints with which to draw that he told them to draw on the walls of their house. This delighted the children greatly and they spent much time in painting figures and scenes of their own imagining on the bare walls. As Joshua grew up, his father decided that he did have considerable artistic talent, so he allowed him to give up the idea of being a doctor and go to London to study art under Thomas Hudson, who was the greatest portrait painter of that day in England. Joshua worked so hard and diligently for two years that he outdid his instructor who refused to teach him any more. It did not take Joshua long to secure enough good patrons to help him earn his living and enough money besides to study in Rome. At the age of twenty-three he went to Italy to study the old masters, and while he was there he decided to be the Raphael of England. Joshua returned to London and opened a studio there. He traveled very little in Europe after his two years in Rome, and he devoted all his time to his work as he loved England and wanted to do his best for his country's sake. He was knighted by the king, and founded the Royal Academy. During his lifetime, he painted about three thousand portraits, mostly of famous lords and ladies of England, but his real genius is seen in his children's portraits which he did later in life. He studied children for many years before

he painted them. Sir Joshua died in 1792 and is buried in the crypt of St. Paul's.

Study of the Picture

This picture was painted in England, about the time of our Revolution, probably in 1773, though the date is not clearly known, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Reynolds loved children and painted them especially well. In the original of this picture, the coloring is beautiful, and the soft flesh is well shown. The wee maiden has a pink ribbon in her brown hair and another about her waist. See how lovely the little throat is, and how graceful the baby hands are! The head is the center of interest, as it should be, and the detail of the rest of the picture is not so clearly shown. The little girl is sitting outdoors, and the trees and ground show the dull brown of autumn. The sky is blue, with rosy clouds.

See how happy she is after her romp on Sir Joshua's big green lawn. Her dress is cool and comfortable, and she is barefoot. She looks as though she were watching something at a distance. Maybe it is Sir Joshua's jolly old shepherd dog that always played with the little visitors.

Notice the child's trustful, clear gaze. The artist painted her without toys or pets so that your attention would be directed to her face. The position of her hands and the half-parted lips show that she is full of life and action, even though she is in repose. We feel that she is ready to jump up at any moment and start to play again.

Her plain dress helps to give the picture a quiet, restful appearance. Notice that the little girl's figure is light against a dark background. This adds much to the charm of the painting. The large number of curved lines help to carry out the idea of happiness and youth. The figure as a whole impresses us as being natural in its pose.

The original of this painting hangs in the National Gallery, London.



Age of Innocence Reynolds



Penelope Boothby Reynolds



The Strawberry Girl Reynolds



Simplicity Reynolds

A GROUP OF PICTURES BY REYNOLDS

Questions for Pupils

What do you see first in the picture? What do you think that she has been doing? What is she doing now? At what do you think she is looking? Is she very much interested in what she sees? Does she look comfortable? Have you ever gone barefoot? Did you like it? Do you think that this little girl has had a good time? Do you think that you would like to have her for a friend? Why?

Where does the original painting hang? Do you know anything about the artist who painted this picture? Can you name any of his other pictures?

Child of the pure unclouded brow
And dreaming eyes of wonder!
Though time be fleet, and I and thou
Are half a mile asunder,
Thy loving smile will surely hail
The love-gift of a fairy-tale.

I have not seen thy sunny face,
Nor heard thy silver laughter:
No thought of me shall find a place
In thy young life's hereafter—
Enough that now thou wilt not
fail
To listen to my fairy tale.
Lewis Carroll.

THE INFANT SAMUEL

(*Reynolds*)

Study of the Picture

THIS is the picture of a little English boy, whom Reynolds found in the street. He is posing as the Infant Samuel and is asking God to bless him and teach him how to be good. The origin of the Bible story from which this picture was painted, was that Samuel's mother made a vow that if a son were born to her she would give him to the Lord all the days of his life.

A tunnel of light comes from above illuminating the face, giving to it an appearance of spiritual remoteness. All the light is reflected from the boy, radi-

ating toward darkness at the sides and corners.

The child is resting easily, sitting on his feet, and his dimpled hands are raised in prayer. The beautiful curves of the curly head are in keeping with the curves of the face and body, especially those around the knee. The eyes are angelic in expression. The arrangement of the folds of the simple, childish nightgown expresses the movement of the body and the character of the child.

We can easily imagine that angels are among the clouds through which the light streams. We feel that the child sees something heavenly which is beyond our vision.

While this picture is not the greatest of Reynolds' portraits, it is the most often reproduced and is the "darling baby" of the British nation. It was painted in 1776 and hangs in the National Gallery in London.



The Infant Samuel

Reynolds

Questions for Pupils

Have you seen any other pictures of children which Sir Joshua has painted? Which do you like best? Do you know the Bible story upon which this picture is based? Why is the light shining down on the little boy from the clouds above? What is he asking the Lord? Where is Samuel kneeling? How old is he? What color, do you think, are his hair and eyes?

Anne Dillon Durr.

A Child's Prayer

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow,—
A tiny flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all;—
Content to bloom in native bower
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

Matilda B. Edwards.

ANGELS' HEADS

(Reynolds)

Study of the Picture

FRANCES ISABELLE GORDON, the blue-eyed, sunny-haired daughter of Lord and Lady Gordon, was the model for this most interesting study of a child's head. The five poses of the child represent five different moods. The artist arranged them as an angel choir, with a different expression in each face,—interest, curiosity, thoughtfulness, faith and innocence.

Reynolds intended to paint only one picture of the little girl, but as he made sketches of her in different positions he could not decide which he liked best and finally the thought came to him of painting all of them in one picture. Then, as the beautiful face reminded him of an angel, he added wings and clouds and called the picture "Angels' Heads." In the face looking directly at us there is an expression of interest. The one at

the left shows the little girl looking puzzled and curious, and the one just above reveals her in quiet and thoughtful mood. In the face at the right, with its wide open eyes and parted lips the artist has pictured an expression of faith and trust, while the one at the lower right portrays the innocence of the babe.

Lord and Lady Gordon presented this picture to the National Gallery in London.

Questions for Pupils

Do you think all the angels look alike? Why not? Can you distinguish the various expressions the artist wished to portray in the faces? Why did Sir Joshua call it "Angels' Heads"? Describe the little girl, as she looked—her eyes, hair, etc. Why did the artist paint so many pictures of this little girl? Did Sir Joshua plan to make this little girl's portrait look like an angel?



Reynolds

Angels' Heads

Children

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sun-
shine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

Henry W. Longfellow.

Little children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise,
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

Goodness shows in blushes bright,
Or in eyelids dropping down,
Like a violet from the light;
Badness, in a sneer or frown.

Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far;
Or, as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.

Alice Cary.

THE LAST SUPPER

The Artist

LEONARDO DA VINCI was born in 1452, near Florence, Italy, in the castle of Vinci. As a child he showed so much talent in so many different lines that his father gave him every advantage. He studied music, and not only wrote his own compositions, words and melody, but invented an instrument upon which he played. Leonardo had a great liking for mathematics, for botany, and other sciences. It is said that he was especially good in arithmetic and used to make up original problems for his teacher.

When he was just a boy studying with an artist who was at work on an order, Leonardo was allowed to paint in one of the angel figures. The pupil's work was so much better than the rest of the picture that the teacher is said to have broken his palette and burned his brushes, in despair.

Besides all of his other talents, the artist was an engineer, a bridge-builder, a naturalist, an inventor, and an author—and excelled in all he did. He is spoken of as a man in whom "every talent was combined."

He and Michelangelo lived at the same time and were rivals in their work. Raphael, too, lived then, and died a year after Da Vinci, who died in 1519.

Study of the Picture

This picture was painted upon the wall of the refectory, or dining hall, of the Santa Maria delle Grazie, a convent in Milan. Leonardo spent about two years on the picture. He painted slowly and conscientiously, and went over and over his work, day by day retouching and bettering it.

We have a fine study in expression here, not only in the faces, but in the hands and bodies of the twelve disciples who are seated at the table with Jesus.

Christ is at the center. At His right is John; next, Judas, who holds the

money bag. Behind Judas we see Peter, who leans over to touch John's shoulder. Next is Andrew, with up-lifted hands, and beyond him are James and Bartholomew. Seated at the left of Jesus we find Thomas, the doubter, then James, Philip, Matthew, Thaddeus, and Simon.

The disciples, with Jesus, are seated in a large hall with three windows at the back, through which we can look out upon the country beyond. It is evening, and the head of Christ stands out prominently against the central window.

The last heads to be painted were those of Christ and Judas. Da Vinci felt those faces to be the most important of the group and wished to study upon them. But the monks grew impatient over the delay, and one of them urged the artist so persistently that finally Da Vinci, in disgust, painted the face of the nagging monk as the despised Judas.

Then, despairing of ever putting upon canvas his dream of the face of Christ, he painted it hastily, and it is said, with little care. At his death, Da Vinci said the great picture was still unfinished.

The original of "The Last Supper" occupies a wall twenty-eight feet in length and the figures are more than life-size. It is a wonderful picture, showing as it does the astonishment, sorrow, and horror of the disciples, as they say to their Master, "Lord, is it I?" The painting has had rough treatment in the past and is almost entirely gone. Napoleon and his soldiers used the room as a stable for their horses, and the beautiful picture was grimed with smoke, and worst of all, it even had a doorway cut through the middle and lower part of it!

If it were not for the fact that Leonardo's pupils made a number of copies of it, much of its beauty would be lost to us.



The Last Supper

Da Vinci

Questions for Pupils

Who is the central figure in this picture? Explain the title of the picture. How many people are there at the table? Can you name the twelve disciples? Why did the artist place all the figures on one side of the table? About what are they talking? Note the position of each. Which seem most excited? Which seem most calm? How has the artist distinguished the various disciples by their gestures in accordance with what we know of their characters? Can you find the traitor? Point out and name the other disciples. Where was the original of this picture painted? How large is it?

Bess Bruce Cleaveland.

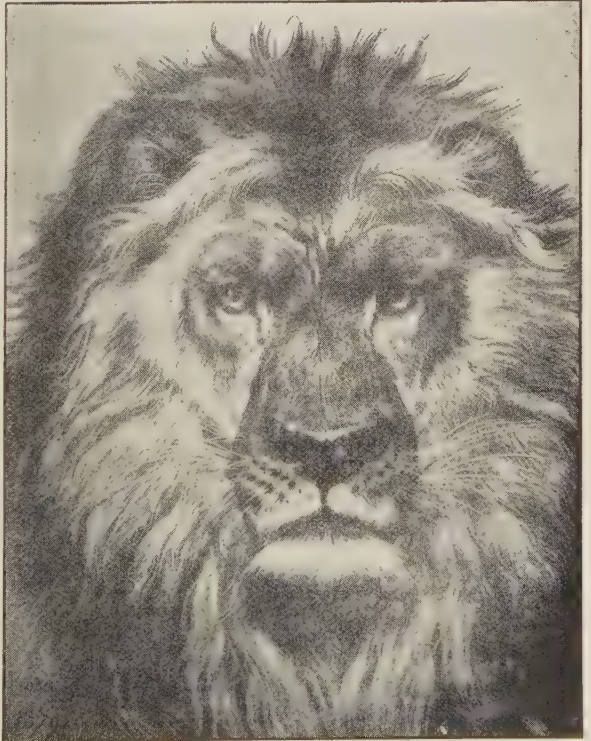
AN OLD MONARCH

The Artist

ROSA BONHEUR was born in Bordeaux, France, in 1822. Her father was an artist who gave drawing lessons in order to support his family. As a little girl, Rosa was very fond of flowers and animal pets. She also liked to draw, model and cut people and animals from paper. When her father moved to Paris little Rosa became homesick for her old home in Bordeaux and for her pets, so her father sent her, with her brothers, to a boys' school nearby. Here she did not apply herself and was finally allowed to return home. Her father was so busy that he left her free to amuse herself in his studio, which she did by drawing and painting. Noticing her drawings one day, he became interested in what she was doing and gave her careful instruction, finally sending her to the Louvre, the great art gallery of Paris, where she copied pictures by great masters.

When Rosa was eighteen she exhibited some of her pictures at the Paris Salon. There her "Two Rabbits" and "Goats and Sheep" attracted great attention. Animals were her favorite subjects. She studied them closely, visiting the pens, markets and fairs, and even the slaughter houses to learn of their anatomy. For this purpose she found it convenient to dress in peasant masculine costume, and this became her usual working habit. Her fame grew and soon she was able to accumulate enough money to buy a fine country estate at By in the forest of Fontainebleau. Here she kept animals of many kinds. She died at the age of seventy-seven.

Rosa Bonheur was the first woman to receive the Cross of the Legion of Honor, presented to her by the Empress Eugenia in person. Among her best known pictures are "The Horse Fair," "An Old Monarch," "Oxen Plowing," and "Deer in the Forest—Twilight."



An Old Monarch

Bonheur

Study of the Picture

This picture is one of the artist's paintings showing her careful study of wild animals. Notice the lion's great head, shaggy mane, massive jaws, wiry whiskers, and finely set eyes. One is given an impression of great strength yet his whole appearance shows dignity and courage rather than cruelty and ferocity.

Rosa Bonheur bought this lion, whom she called Nero, in order that she might paint pictures of him. She treated him so kindly that after a time he became so tame and gentle that she could pet him and even go into his cage. However, he would not allow anyone else to take care of him and was cross and ugly to all except his mistress.

One time when Miss Bonheur went on a journey she sent Nero away from home to be cared for. When she returned she found him homesick and pining for her. "The poor animal," she said, "rose up when he saw me and his glance so eloquent and so pathetic seemed to tell me, or rather his look actually said, 'See what they have done to me. I am weary. I suffer. Save me! Take me back!'" She at once determined to paint him in his grief. The result is this picture which is really a portrait—a picture of this king of beasts, with no landscape or other setting.

Questions for Pupils

Have you ever seen a lion? Where? Describe how a lion looks. Do you know any stories about lions? Where do they live wild? What kind of food do they eat? Do you think this lion looks gentle? Describe the head here pictured. The lion is sometimes called the king of beasts. Do you think the title "Old Monarch" is also a good one? Why? Does it seem strange to you that a woman should choose to paint a lion? Can you mention any other animal pictures painted by Rosa Bonheur?

OXEN PLOUGHING

(*Bonheur*)

Study of the Picture

ONE evening the Bonheur family were sitting in their little dining room. One of the members was reading aloud while the others worked. On this particular evening they were listening to a story of country life. In it the author described a plowing scene with a plowman, the strong oxen, rich earth and bright autumn sunlight, and then said, "It would be a noble subject for a painter." The story called to Rosa Bonheur's mind many such scenes in the country round about. She immediately set to work on "Oxen Ploughing," her first really important painting.

This picture is full of life and action. A long central chain is fastened to the plow and to the oxen's yokes. A yoke is attached to the horns of each pair, instead of lying across their necks. The first pair of oxen are leaders, as they show by the strength of their great bodies and their steady pulling. The second team is lagging behind the first. The ox nearest the driver moves a little faster when his driver prods him with a goad but the other one resents the prodding and tosses his great head in rebellion. The sturdy plowmen guide the plows as they turn up the dark rich earth, while the drivers urge the patient beasts to more strenuous effort.

The plowing is well advanced. The newly made furrows revealing the soft, upturned earth, are ready to receive the seed. Warmed by sun and watered by showers, this seed will spring into life and ripen into harvest, furnishing food for both the plowmen and their helpers. On the hillsides are comfortable homes where the workmen may rest when their day's toil is done, while over all, is the mellow sunlight.

The French people are very fond of this picture and it now hangs in the Luxembourg Museum.



The Horse Fair

Bonheur



Oxen Ploughing

Bonheur

Questions for Pupils

What does this picture represent? In what country is the scene laid? Were oxen ever used for such work in America? How are these oxen pulling the plow? Why do you suppose so many are used to draw one plow? How does the number for drawing loads and the method of gearing them together compare with the method used in America during pioneer days? Which team in this picture are the best workers? Why does the ox nearest us in the second yoke toss his head so angrily? How does the artist show that the oxen are

pulling hard? What do you see in the picture besides the oxen? Which most attracts you in the picture—the oxen, the drivers, or the landscape?

The Ploughman

Clear the brown path, to meet his coulter's gleam!

Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sun-
burnt brow,

The lord of Earth, the hero of the plough!

First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line, along the bursting sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have
trod;

Still, where he treads the stubborn clods
 divide,
 The smooth fresh furrow opens deep and
 wide;
 Matted and dense the tangled turf up-
 heaves,
 Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield
 cleaves;
 Up the steep hill-side, where the laboring
 train
 Slants the long track that scores the level
 plain;
 Through the moist valley, clogged with
 oozing clay,
 The patient convoy breaks its destined way;
 At every turn the loosening chains re-
 sound,
 The swinging ploughshare circles glisten-
 ing round,
 Till the wide field one billowy waste ap-
 pears,
 And wearied hands unbind the panting
 steers.
 These are the hands whose sturdy labor
 brings
 The peasant's food, the golden pomp of
 kings;
 This is the page, whose letters shall be seen
 Changed by the sun to words of living
 green.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE HORSE FAIR

(Bonheur)

Study of the Picture

IN our country perhaps the horse show most nearly resembles the horse fair—an exhibition which the artist has represented in this picture. Down an avenue bordered with trees come prancing more than twenty horses on their way to the fair.

Only eight or nine of the horses and their grooms are made prominent in the picture. In the foreground are the big gray draft horses trotting along rather sedately. Note their broad, round backs, powerful necks, and heavy hoofs. Close behind them is a frightened black colt, rearing under the lash of his rider. On one side of the colt a white horse, in playful mood, is plunging and needs to be held in close check by his groom; on the other side trots a meek little pony without guide or rider. Perhaps he is to be used as a pack

horse at the fair. Behind the pony trots another spirited animal, although he is not rearing or curveting as are some of the others. Every line of his handsome body, however, speaks of high life and mettle. The whole picture is filled with action and suggests rapid movement.

"The Horse Fair" is the largest canvas ever attempted by an animal painter. The artist spent a year and a half making studies for this picture. She used the fine horses of her friends for models, and also visited the horse fairs and horse markets of Paris. The horses were painted two-thirds life size, and the canvas was so large the artist had to use a stepladder to reach parts of it.

After its exhibition in Paris the picture was sent to Belgium. Later it was bought by an American and is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

Questions for Pupils

What is meant by a horse fair? Do we have horse fairs in our country? What exhibition do we have that is most like them? Have you ever attended such an exhibition? How many horses do you see in this picture? How many are made prominent? Tell what each of the latter is doing. What can you tell of the disposition of each by his actions? Which seems most spirited? Which seems mild? angry? Which one do you like best? Have you ever seen horses like any of those shown in the picture? Do you think these horses look and act natural? How nearly life-size did the artist paint them? How did she prepare herself to paint this picture?

Gamarra is a dainty steed,
 Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
 Full of fire, and full of bone,
 With all his line of fathers known;
 Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
 But blown abroad by the pride within!
 His mane is like a river flowing,
 And his eyes like embers glowing
 In the darkness of the night,
 And his pace as swift as light.
Barry Cornwall, from "The Blood Horse."

A READING FROM HOMER

The Artist

SIR LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA was born in West Friesland, Holland, January 8, 1836. When the boy was very young his father died, leaving the mother with but small means with which to care for her large family. It was therefore decided that Alma-Tadema must learn some trade or profession that would bring in financial returns. The lad's progress in school, however, was very slow. He showed no interest in any subject except Roman history, which he read eagerly. His mother wished him to become a lawyer but he made a sorry student in this subject. He did show unusual talent in painting, and at last his mother consented to his taking up the study of art.

For several years he studied at the Academy of Fine Arts in Antwerp. During this time he made a special study of Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman subjects. Finally he opened a studio in Antwerp, devoting himself mainly in his pictures to depicting the life of the Greeks and Romans. For his successful work he was admitted to the Royal Academy and received the honor of knighthood. After his marriage to an English woman he moved to London, where he lived until his death in 1912.

Alma-Tadema was most successful in painting marble and bronze, shown in most of his pictures. Because he has given such an excellent portrayal of the home life of the Greeks and Romans he is known as the "Painter of the Ancients."

Study of the Picture

The greatest name in poetry is that of Homer, who lived about 850 B. C. According to tradition, he was a poor blind man who wandered about from place to place reciting his poems to the accompaniment of the harp. Little is really known about him, Greek historians themselves differing as to when he lived or where he was born. These differences of opinion gave rise to the Greek saying, Seven cities contend for Homer dead, Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

The two poems for which he is famed are the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. These are based on the Greek war about Troy. The *Iliad* tells of the ten-year siege of Troy undertaken by the King of Sparta to recover the beautiful Helen, his wife, who had eloped with Paris, son of King Priam, of Troy. By a stratagem the city was finally taken by the Greeks.

In the *Odyssey* are related the experiences of Ulysses, King of Ithaca, dur-



A Reading from Homer

Alma-Tadema

ing his return journey from Troy. For ten years he wandered about, longing for his old home but kept by many strange adventures from reaching it. Finally his son Telemachus came to his aid, and Ulysses reached home, where he slew the many suitors who had been persecuting his wife during his absence.

In this picture we see a group of Greeks on a portico overlooking the sea. The center of interest is the reader seated on a marble chair and holding on his lap a papyrus scroll from which he is reading one of Homer's poems. The Greek book was a long sheet of paper rolled up on two sticks. As one read, he unrolled the book from the stick in the right hand and rolled it up on the stick in his left. Notice the long strip which the reader has finished reading but has not yet rolled up. A wreath of bay leaves rests on his head, and in his interest and enthusiasm his face lights up and he leans forward toward his eager listeners.

Stretched out prone on the floor lies a man who is wholly absorbed in the interesting tale as it falls from the lips of the reader. From the fact that he is clothed in tanned skins, we judge him to be a servant, as only the lower classes wore this clothing. In the center background are two young people, lovers perhaps, as they are holding hands. On the girl's head is a crown of flowers and in her left hand she holds a musical instrument resembling a tambourine. She is half reclining on a marble bench on which are scattered flowers, and beside her sits the man in a half-lounging attitude. A lyre that he holds in his

right hand leads us to believe that he has been playing and has stopped to listen to the reading. At the extreme left of the picture stands a man wrapped in a long robe and wearing a crown of flowers on his head. He gives us the impression that he is called away to some duty and is about to leave but is standing there to hear a bit more of the thrilling adventures. The whole group are listening in wrapt attention, a look of intense interest on their faces.

This picture should be seen in colors to be appreciated. The costumes in beautiful, contrasting colors and the bright flowers stand out against the background that is almost entirely of marble. Beyond the opalescent colors of the marble we catch a glimpse of the deep blue sea.

Questions for Pupils

Of what nationality are the people in this picture? How can you tell? For what were this people famous? Describe the Greek dress. Is this scene indoors or outdoors? Who in this picture is the center of interest? What is he doing? From the expressions on the faces of the listeners do you think that they are interested? Why is one of the characters standing? To what class would you think the man lying on the floor belongs? Why do you think so? What do you think the young man and woman were doing before the reading began? What famous poems did Homer write? Tell what you know about the stories related in these poems. What can we learn about Greek life from this picture?

Literature and Language

THE BUGLE SONG

(From "The Princess")

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,
dying.

Alfred Lord Tennyson.

Preparation and Assignment

FIND the most beautiful picture of a mountain scene that you can. Now find a picture of an ancient castle and try to imagine it placed among such surroundings. Describe a sunset scene in such a place. Mention a country in which such scenes may be seen.

Presentation

The pictures of mountain scenery collected as a result of the assignments should be compared. The teacher should select the one most accurately representing the scene in the first stanza of the poem. If no good ones have been found let the teacher paint a word picture of

such a place. The cataract, the snow-clad mountains, the lakes and the castles should be included. When the description has reached its full beauty ask the class to imagine a bugler coming out upon the castle walls and blowing a long, sweet blast on the bugle. Ask the class to listen for the echoes answering from hill to hill. Describe the way in which the echoes grow thinner and clearer as they go farther away. Can you imagine that the "horns of Elfland" are answering the echoes?

In what way do these receding echoes suggest death? Do they finally cease forever? Does the distant dying out of the echoes suggest that they are lost forever? A beautiful poem written by Alfred Tennyson, the great English poet, is called "The Bugle Song." While I read it to you I wish you to listen carefully for the thought or message it suggests to you.

The poem is now read by the teacher.

The various members of the class should try to express their ideas of the main thought of the poem. No ideas should be rejected, if sincere, but should be compared and the best statements should be commented upon. If, however, the main thought has not been grasped, the teacher should, by skilful questioning, attempt to clarify the meaning somewhat. However, do not attempt to force your own ideas upon the children. Rather seek by further developments to make the meaning more clear.

What do you like about this poem? Can you give any reasons why it sounds so much like music? How does the

rhythm help? I shall read the poem through again and this time you may listen for added details for your picture.

What new ideas did you get from the second reading? Did you notice any words in particular that seemed to make the poem sound unusual or grand? The children may now be supplied with multigraphed copies of the poem.

I

The first stanza is read by the teacher.

What time of day do you think that the poet pictures? Show how the following words suggest evening or sunset: *splendor, long light, purple glens, yon rich sky*. Why is the place here described a particularly good one in which to "set the wild echoes flying"? What makes you think that the mountains are high? Why are the snowy summits said to be old in story? How does the region about the Lakes of Killarney in Ireland answer to this description? Listen again to the last two lines of the first stanza. How do the words suggest the sounds of echoes? Tennyson loved to use words that suggested the sounds he wished to represent. Show by your voice the way he probably wished the last line to sound. Is there a little touch of sadness here?

II

The teacher now reads the second stanza.

What sounds do you hear in the second stanza? Describe the sound of the dying echoes as they go farther and farther away. Why do the last faint sounds suggest the horns of Elfland? Do you like this suggestion? Do you like to think that the purple glens are replying to the notes from the bugle?

In what way does the last line suggest death? Show that the repetition of the word *dying* suggests something sad and inevitable. How does the second stanza deepen the feeling of sadness?

III

The third stanza is now read.

To whom is this addressed? Do you feel that there is a change in the feeling

of the poet as he reaches the end of the poem? Who can explain what this change is? How does he compare our echoes to those of the bugle's? What do you think he means by "our echoes"? What words give strength and hopefulness to the last stanza?

Read the last stanza and show by your voice that there is a change in the feeling from that of the first two stanzas.

The pupils may now read the poem orally, showing the full meaning so far as possible. Give some reasons why you like the poem. Make a list of the words you like especially. Find all of the rhymes in the poem. Judging from this poem would you think that the poet Tennyson loved beautiful thoughts? How many would care to memorize this?

Mamie Thomson Johnson.

THE DAFFODILS

Assignment and Preparation

CLOSE your eyes for just a moment.

Describe the mental picture that you saw. Perhaps you were not conscious of seeing a mental picture. If so, try to recall a scene or vision that you have seen at some previous time. Is it one that you care to recall? Try to picture to yourself the most beautiful picture or sight that you ever saw. Does it cheer you any to think of it? Why?

Words to be looked up.

vales	host	margin
crowd	fluttering	sprightly
pensive	continuous	jocund

Presentation

Find a picture of the English daffodil. Make a careful drawing of a group of them. Describe some mental picture that to you seems beautiful. Have you ever felt particularly happy and gay when the surroundings were dull and melancholy? Have you ever felt sad and lonely when the sun was shining brightly all about? I want to take you on an imaginary walk with me to-



The Daffodils

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company:
I gazed---and gazed---but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

day. Suppose that you are very unhappy or sad and lonely for some reason or other. All at once you see ahead of you a veritable sea of beautiful golden flowers, so gorgeous and bright that you simply have to stop and look at them. Can you describe the feelings that you have when this picture flashes into view? How will your thoughts change? How will your expression change? What will you probably say? Could you keep from gazing and gazing at them? Do you think it would be worth while to do this?

I shall read a poem entitled "The Daffodils," by William Wordsworth. In this poem the poet has an experience similar to the one we have just imagined. (Teacher reads the poem through. If the preparation has been skilfully made the teacher should be able to trace the progress of the imagery by the expression on the children's faces.)

How many saw the daffodils? Describe just the picture that you saw. What did you think was remarkable about it? Now listen while the poem is read a second time and be ready to add the new details that you see.

Suppose that you have a wonderful painter here in this room and that he is going to paint the picture according to our directions. Describe for him the colors that he is to use.

I

I shall now read the first stanza and you may describe to me the parts that appeal to you most. What kind of day was it? Is there anything in this stanza that makes you feel that the day is dark and dreary? What is it? Show that it is merely the feelings of the poet that give you this impression. Why did he use the figure of a cloud to give us the impression of loneliness? Have you ever felt that way about a cloud high in the sky?

What is the difference between a *crowd* and a *host*? Which word gives

you the stronger feeling of numbers? Show that *fluttering* is a more apt description than *dancing*.

II

Why do you think the reference to the *milky way* a good one? Try to imagine a group or a cluster of these beautiful flowers together in a bowl. Can you conceive of the picture that *ten thousand* of them together would make? Show that *tossing* their heads brings more action into the picture than merely *nodding* their heads would. Show by illustration the difference between nodding and tossing.

III

In this stanza what tells you that the day was a bright one in spite of the poet's feelings at the beginning of his walk? Why a *jocund company*? How does *jocund* differ from *joyful*? Show that the poet's mood has entirely changed. Do you think that everyone would be impressed with this vision of the daffodils? Can you show that there are people who would scarcely see even so vivid a sight as this one? Do you think that they enjoy life and nature as much as one who does observe such things? Would many people that you know consider such a vision *wealth*?

IV

Can you show that this experience did mean real wealth to the poet later? What is meant by the *inward eye*? Can we cultivate the ability to see things with the inward eye? Do you think it worth while to do so? Do you see anything in this poem that suggests a way of being really happy even though we are quite alone? What then would you consider the *bliss of solitude*?

Read the entire poem through once more in order to leave a unity of impression. Then ask the children to read it. Be careful to see that they show by their expression that they understand and appreciate the images.

Mamie Thomson Johnson.

WISHING

Ring-Ting! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose, blowing in the
spring!

The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an Elm tree,
A great, lofty Elm tree, with green leaves
gay!

The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing.

Oh no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For mother's kiss—sweeter this
Than any other thing.

William Allingham.

Presentation

TRY to awaken an interest in thoughts of spring. Ask such questions as the following: What things can you see growing in the spring? What flowers do you see in early spring? What birds do you see first in the spring? Did you ever wish that you could change yourself into something else? What would you like to be if you could change into something else?

Let us imagine that we are going for a walk in the woods on this beautiful spring afternoon. Close your eyes and play that you are going with me as I tell you about the different things to see. It is such a warm, sunshiny after-

noon. Let us leave the schoolhouse and walk, walk, walk, oh ever so far, until we come to the edge of the woods. We get so hot and tired and dusty. Right at the edge of the woods there is a tall tree with the softest, greenest moss and tall ferns growing underneath. What

do you think we shall do as soon as we reach the tree? We are so tired, you know! Yes, let's lie down flat on our backs and stretch out our arms—so. Now let's look about us. There are a few bright yellow primroses blossoming right near our hands. They seem so fresh and cool there under the tall tree. What does it make you wish right away? Why do you wish you were a primrose? What would keep you cool? What visitors might come to see you? Why would you love the tall tree that grows so near you?

All at once you happen to think about the tree that is giving you shade. It stands so straight and tall and has so many bright green leaves dancing in the wind and sunshine. The birds fly in and out among its branches. It seems so contented and happy. What does it make you wish? Then you catch sight of a robin on the lowest branch of the elm tree. Just as you look up at it, off it goes, flying through the woods and off to the fields and gardens. What does this make you wish? But what would you do when night comes? I am going to read you a poem that tells you about a little boy who really did take such a walk and wished these same things. While I am reading, I wish you to watch for the pictures you may be able to see in the poem. The teacher now reads the poem aloud to the class.

How many pictures did you see? Tell me what they were. Which picture did you like best? Tell in a few sentences what this poem is about. See if you can tell it all in one good statement. What did the little boy think was the best thing after all? Do you agree with him?

I

I shall now read the first stanza of the poem and you may listen for all of the things mentioned in this first picture. What colors would you use in painting this picture? What sounds did you hear? What things did you see? If you were lying on your back under the

tree, how would the boughs look above you? Why would it seem as if the boughs were "stooping"? Why do bees love the bright yellow primroses? Do you like the ferns and the moss? Would the elm tree make a good king? Why? What words in this stanza do you like best?

II

I shall read the second stanza and you may listen for the things that help to make a new picture. Why did the boy change his mind and wish he were an elm tree? What kind of leaves has an elm tree? What new sounds do you hear? What kind of pleasures would the little boy have if he were an elm tree? Would you enjoy such things? What other words besides "glance in" could the poet have used? Do you see any reasons why these are the better words? What word might have been used in place of "house"? Why does "house" sound better? With what word in the stanza does it rhyme?

III

After I have finished reading the third stanza you may tell me how it makes your picture change. Why does it make you look away from the tree and primrose? What do you think made the little boy change his mind again? Do you think he saw a bird flying? Of what did it make him think? Why would it be pleasant to fly like a bird? What are some of the disadvantages of being a bird? Why would it not be so pleasant to fly about when winter comes? Why does it seem as if winter had "icy thumbs"? Why do you think the thought of winter will make him change his mind again?

IV

I shall now read the last stanza of the poem. Does this stanza tell you anything about the little boy? Why do you think he takes many long walks such as this? Would the poet call him a "rover" if he didn't? What shows that he loves his mother? Which is really better,

being a bird or being a boy? Why? What reasons does this stanza give? Do you think the little rover was tired when he came home? Why? How does this stanza make you think so? Would he think about places to sleep if he were not tired?

Read the entire poem through once more. What do you like about it? Do you think the title a good one? Why? Do you ever make such wishes? The writer of this poem was William Allingham, an Englishman. Does this poem make you think that you might like to know him? Perhaps it tells you something about his own wishes when he was a boy. Would you care to memorize this poem?

Mamie Thomson Johnson.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the lifeblood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
 And gory sabres rise and fall
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
 Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly 'round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
 By angel hands to valor given;
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before
 us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er
 us?

Joseph Rodman Drake.

Preparation

HOW many flags of other countries can you recognize? What combinations of colors have you seen in the flags of other lands? What combination of colors is used in our own flag? How does it compare in beauty with other flags? Have you ever wondered what suggested the colors for our flag?

Presentation

At what time and under what circumstances was our first flag made? Tell the story of the making of this first flag. What natural objects in the environment of the originators of our flag might have suggested its color combinations? What flowers, birds, etc., might have suggested it? Could the colors have come from the sky? I shall read a poem telling where the poet thought they came from and what they stand for. While it is being read you may try to see the pictures presented.

The poem is now read aloud by the teacher.

What thoughts came to your mind while the poem was being read? What pictures did it paint for you? What ideas does the poet wish to convey to us? From what does he think the colors of the flag were obtained? Is the idea a good one? Why? What does the poet think our flag stands for? Do you agree with him? Do you think it stands for something bigger and better than this? What?

I

Why is the word *Freedom* capitalized in this stanza? Do you like to think of Freedom as a young woman? Where does this stanza imply that she makes her home? Can you prove that people in mountainous countries love freedom more than others? Does history support this idea? Where does the author say that she got the colors and materials for her banner? What is the meaning of *baldrick*? Is "the milky baldrick" a good term for the Milky Way? What is the Milky Way? What part of the flag was thus made? From what do the red stripes come? What is represented as the flag bearer? Why is the American eagle frequently represented thus? Is it a good symbol? What is the meaning of the last line? Why did Freedom select America as her chosen land? Has it proved to be the "land of the free and the home of the brave"? What pictures did you see while this stanza was being read?

II

The second stanza is now read aloud by the teacher. What sights did you see and what sounds did you hear as this stanza was being read? Do you like this picture? What is "the long line" that "comes gleaming on"? How do soldiers feel when they catch sight of the American flag during the battle? Why do you think it inspires them with fresh courage? What picture is suggested by lines 11-14? Should the American flag call up such pictures of war and vengeance? Why should our

flag not stand for peace, prosperity and happiness instead?

III

The last stanza is now read aloud by the teacher. What is the nature of this stanza? Tell in one sentence what it means. What is the meaning of the words *valor, welkin, hues*? What lines make you think that the poet thought the flag of freedom a gift from Heaven? What is your opinion of this stanza? Does he consider our flag one of war or of peace? What makes you think so?

Summary

Would you call this a poem of peace or a poem of war? Why? Does it present pleasing or horrible pictures? Does it make it seem as if war is all right? Do you think so? Give reasons for your answer. Why should we learn to love quietness and peace and endeavor to keep nations from engaging in war?

Mamie Thomson Johnson.

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe—
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!
Rudyard Kipling.

Assignment and Preparation

FIND all the information you can on the prosperity and progress of Great Britain under the reign of Queen Victoria. How long did she reign? Find and be prepared to give accounts of the diamond jubilee in 1897 commemorative of her coronation.

What do you consider the chief need of our nation to-day? (A few of the answers may be considered and discussed briefly.) Before you answer this question finally let us think about a few of the really important and vital things that concern us as a nation. Do you consider us a prosperous nation? How does the prosperity of the average citizen compare with that of twenty-five years ago? How do our commerce, wealth, natural products, army and navy, industries and manufactures compare with those of other nations? In the face of all this do you think that the average citizen is really happy? Is he contented or discontented? Satisfied or restless? Why? What is it that we lack? Withhold your final conclusions until we compare our national condition with that of Great Britain at the height of her glory.

Presentation

What information did you gather about the celebration of the diamond jubilee commemorative of the coronation of Queen Victoria? Says Barbe in his *Famous Poems Explained*: "The celebration was most magnificent in splendor and extravagant in expense; no Roman conqueror ever witnessed such pageantry. Rejoicing in worldly pride and power of Britain on sea and land was the chief characteristic." In the midst of such glory and display why should any citizen see cause for alarm?

Rudyard Kipling witnessed all of this revelry with growing concern. At the close of the festivities he wrote a poem entitled "Recessional" which had the effect of sobering the people. While I read this poem you may listen thoughtfully and see what it was that the British people were in danger of forgetting.

The poem is now read aloud by the teacher.

What is the meaning of *recessional*? Why is it a fitting title for the selection? What picture does it call to your mind? Does the poem seem to have a touch of prophecy? Why is it called "a protest and a prayer"? Against what is it a protest? What does the poet wish England to remember? What is the message of this poem? State it in one clear sentence. What thoughts or ideas impressed you most?

Listen while the poem is read to you a second time. What new impressions or pictures did you get? What phrases struck you as being especially appropriate?

I

Why does Kipling address the Heavenly Father in this way? Show that the phrase "known of old" is true in England's case. Did the early inhabitants of England and the ancestors of the English worship God? Recall some instance proving this. Show by references to the world map that the battle line or limit of England's conquests is indeed "far-flung." Why do these phrases appeal to the ear? What does *awful* mean? Is it appropriately used? Show that the fourth line is literally true. Why do you like this way of stating the fact? What is it that Kipling thinks the English nation is in danger of? What is the relation of this stanza to the rest of the poem? Does Kipling think that England's glory has been attained by the will of God? What line indicates this?

II

Why is *tumult* a good word to use in line one of this stanza? What does line

two mean? Were there captains and kings present during the celebration? Do you think that these words are used to show that all of the power and glory and wealth of the world were represented at this celebration? If England owes all her splendor to God's favor, then should not this celebration have been more in the nature of a thanksgiving or sacrifice to Him? How does such display and revelry compare with the sacrifice most acceptable unto God—that of an humble and a contrite heart? How might this event have been more fittingly celebrated? Do you think Kipling feels this?

III

What happened to the navy and the army after the celebration? Why is "far-called" a good term to use here? To what stations did some of the ships return? What are *dunes* and *headlands*? The *fire* mentioned refers to the many bonfires that were burning on every hilltop during the celebration. After all was over what happened to them? Is there a suggestion of prophecy in this stanza? What were Nineveh and Tyre? What happened to them? Does Kipling fear that a like fate may come to England if she forgets God? Why does he say "Judge of the Nations"? Does God's judgment fall upon nations as well as upon individuals? Why does he say "Spare us yet"?

IV

Explain "drunk with sight of power." Had the English been guilty of such an attitude during the revelries? Do you not suppose that there was a great deal of lawlessness and reckless abandon manifested during these days? Does morality usually run high or low on such occasions? Why? Do you think Mr. Kipling believes that civilization should indulge itself in such material display and wild orgies? To what do the words "the Gentiles" and "lesser breeds without the Law" refer? What pictures are called to your mind by this stanza?

V

Does it seem true that the great nations of to-day do put their trust in great armaments? Give instances to prove this. Is Mr. Kipling right in calling such people heathen hearted? Why? What does he mean by "reeking tube and iron shard"? Explain the third line. Upon what Biblical reference is this line based? Why "valiant dust"? Is this irony? As material man is but dust and all of the creations of the material world are also from the same source, is not dangerous and wicked to forget that it is God's power that gives us all worth-while things? What has happened to those nations that, drunk with power and prosperity, have forgotten to serve God?

Summary

What is the message of the poem? State your answer in one good sentence. Why did Mr. Kipling write this poem? Was it a timely one? Could this same lesson be applied to our nation? In what way?

What things about this poem do you like? What word arrangements contribute to its stately movement? What lines do you like best? After your study of this poem how would you change your answer to the question stated at the beginning of this lesson?

Mamie Thomson Johnson.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

Outline of the Cantos

CANTO I

THE story is the chronicle of the events of six days, each day occupying a canto. The first day, by means of a hunting party, brings Fitz-James, the Knight of Snowdown, (who is really King James V in disguise) to the Highlands, and introduces him to Ellen, the heroine. She takes him to her home where he is entertained for the night. Upon his entrance to the house, a sword falls from its scabbard, and this ill

omen, combined with Ellen's intangible resemblance to the exiled Douglas family, haunts the mind of Fitz-James and fills him with a vague unrest.

CANTO II

Canto two takes the stranger from the isle, and brings Roderick Dhu, Douglas, and the latter's friend, young Malcolm Graeme, to the lodge. Upon being refused the hand of Ellen in marriage, the smoldering jealousy of Roderick flames out against Malcolm. A brief scuffle ensues and Malcolm, in anger, leaves the island that very night.

CANTO III

With canto three, the third of these eventful days dawns. Roderick, believing that a Lowland army is preparing to march against him, gathers his clan. The wild, impressive ritual of preparing the Fiery Cross is conducted by Roderick's vassal, Brian, the Hermit; and borne by Alpine's clansmen, this call to muster flies through the country. By nightfall Douglas and his daughter Ellen have sought shelter in the Goblin's cave, and the clansmen, prompt at the summons of the Fiery Cross, have gathered in battle array on Lanrick mead.

CANTO IV

The fourth canto gives us Brian's prophecy, which is:

"Which spills the foremost foeman's life,
That party conquers in the strife."

We also get the intimation that Douglas has gone to Stirling to beg the clemency of the king for his friends.

The Knight of Snowdown returns and proposes to Ellen. Upon learning that her affections are bestowed upon another, he gives her his signet and urges her to seek the king without delay and crave mercy. He cleverly explains in what way the ring will help.

Fitz-James goes on his way. He meets the insane Blanche, and is warned by her of danger. Red Murdoch, his false guide, accidentally wounds the woman, fatally, in attempting to mur-

der Fitz-James, and in return for this is killed by Fitz-James. Thus the first blood is spilled. Nightfall brings him to Roderick Dhu's campfire on the mountain. He begs for rest, a guide, food and fire. He is kindly received, and these two men, each ignorant of the other's identity, lie "peaceful down like brothers tried."

CANTO V

Canto five finds the two men on the way to Coilantogle ford, Roderick acting as guide. On the way, wrathful at Fitz-James's arraignment of Roderick, the latter dramatically discloses his identity. Nevertheless, true to his promise, he guides Fitz-James on to the ford, where a fearful struggle takes place between them. Roderick is badly wounded, and Fitz-James sends him on to Stirling in care of some of his knights. That afternoon, during the sports at the royal castle, Douglas is seen and recognized, but the king makes no sign. Messengers come with news of a great battle between the Lowland and Highland forces.

CANTO VI

The last canto brings Ellen to the castle of Stirling in company with old Allan-bane. The minstrel is accidentally taken into the cell where the dying Roderick is confined. He tells in song of the battle, and finally "pours his wailing o'er the dead." Ellen is led to the throne room by James himself. There she discovers his iden-

tity, finds that her father is restored to his former position, and receives Malcolm's fate into her keeping.

Teaching the Poem

The primary object in the reading of any bit of literature is pleasure. The point is, how are we to produce this pleasure? In the first place, we must devise a good method of approach. We must arouse the expectation and interest, and create the right mood, by sketching in an interesting background. The teacher must tell something about the situation existing at the time when the story is supposed to have taken place. She must explain the time, place, action



Ellen's Isle

and circumstances of Highland life in those days of love and war. This introduction should not consist solely of hard, dry facts, but also of all the interesting little incidents that may be woven in to give color and understanding to the situation. Pay particular attention to little stories concerning James V and his journeys incognito, such as the incident of the Goodman of Ballengiech and how his identity became known; the return of Douglas; the method of suppressing lawlessness in the Borders. The material for this historical background may be drawn from Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather." The teacher, who must give this introduction, may select and arrange her own material if necessary, although most good editions of the poem give this material in a very convenient form.

After a suitable background has been created, it is necessary to get an outlook upon the work as a whole, as rapidly as possible. See that the class gets a connected idea of the story as a whole. The teacher may accomplish this by rapidly reading the work aloud, pausing only now and then to clear up some involved or unfamiliar passage. By reading it in the best possible manner, get the children to realize the spirit of the poem, to sense the atmosphere, the beauty, the music of it. Carry them in imagination out of the schoolroom and into the Highlands of Scotland. If the pupil's interest flags at any time, the longer and more elaborate descriptive passages may be omitted.

Throughout the reading, the map should be constantly referred to. All possible related material, especially pictures, should be brought in. Pictures of Ellen's Isle, the Goblin's Cave, the Brigg of Turk, of Highland costumes, armor, and the plaids of different clans, all help to create the proper atmosphere and keep up the interest.

Now we will return for a second reading by the pupils. This time we have a new aim, namely, dramatization.

In this second reading the idea is that

the class shall not read every word of the poem. Select the important parts and fill in with summarizing. Pick out the bits that appeal to them, particularly the speeches that will appear afterward in the dramatized form, and have these read in the best possible manner. Unconsciously the poetry of the lines will linger in the pupils' minds.

The work should be step by step, clean and effective, in this second reading, but we must be careful not to be *thorough* in the sense of being *exhaustive*. The keynote is interpretation.

The dramatization should be the product of the class. In the case of "The Lady of the Lake" this is a comparatively simple matter, as Scott's words should be retained throughout.

The dramatic form should be put into three acts.

Each child may be required to dramatize the whole poem, or the play may be blocked out by the class, which may then be divided into three divisions, each division responsible for an act. Certain cantos will have to be combined, certain parts selected for use in the play, and others discarded. For instance, the Blanche story is rather disagreeable and may be omitted easily. The ritual of the Fiery Cross is hard to stage and may also be left out.

The best ideas of each child may be taken and put together into a new, composite play which represents the work of the class as a whole. Then let the parts be chosen and memorized, and the costumes and settings worked out. In so far as possible let the children be responsible for the latter, for therein will they find both joy and profit. In this connection, costumes, armor, weapons and stage properties may be made projects in sewing, manual training and drawing. This play might well be given at some school function for the entertainment of their schoolmates, parents and other friends. If the season permits it is very effective given out-of-doors.

Hazel E. Koch.



In the Trossachs



Loch Katrine and Ben Venue

USE OF THE OUTLINE IN COMPOSITION

IN order to insure clear thinking and make organization of material habitual, training should begin in the first grade by means of story reproduction, the outline being used in this grade to assist the child's memory in retelling a story previously told by the teacher. Use a simple story like "The Little Red Hen." Ask such questions as, "What should we write on the blackboard to help us remember the first part of the story? What will help us remember the next part?" The answers to these questions will make an outline for the children to follow. If the child hesitates when reproducing the story, tell him to look at the blackboard and find out what comes next.

Ex. THE THREE BEARS

1. Goldilocks.
2. The Three Bears.
3. The House in the Wood.
4. The Three Bowls of Porridge.
5. The Three Beds.
6. The Return of the Bears.

In the second year and the latter half of the first, the outlines may be slightly more elaborate. In getting an outline from the children, teach them to condense as much as possible by such questions as, "What must we remember first? Who can say the same thing without using so many words? Who can make it still shorter?"

Ex. JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

1. Jack and His Mother.
2. Jack Sells the Cow.
3. The Beanstalk.
4. The Giant's Moneybags.
5. The Golden Eggs.
6. The Magic Harp.
7. The Death of the Giant.

In the third and fourth years, the outline may be based upon some trip taken by the children, such as a visit to a telephone exchange, a fire house, or a building in the process of construction. Upon the return to the classroom, list up-

on the blackboard the memories and impressions given by the children. Have these points arranged on the blackboard in logical order by one of the children, suggestions and criticisms being made by the class. If written work is desired, the co-operative outline may be erased and each child required to make an individual outline for his own story before writing it. In all cases there should be careful oral preparation before any written work is done.

Ex. A VISIT TO THE ZOO

1. How (or Why) We Went.
2. What We Saw at the Zoo.
3. What We Liked Best.

Have the items listed on the blackboard exactly as the children give them.. The order will probably be somewhat confused. Lead the children to see that it would be absurd to talk or write first about the last thing that they saw or about something which happened on the way home. Group the items under two or three paragraph headings and have these items arranged in logical order. Decide upon two or three good topic sentences for each paragraph and build up several oral paragraphs before beginning to write.

Blanche Jennings Thompson.

THE SENTENCE AND THE PARAGRAPH

THE problem of written composition can be reduced to two important points—the writing of a sentence and the writing of a paragraph. If a child can make one sentence he can make a dozen; if he can write one paragraph, he can write as many more as he needs. The difficulty is to give him first what is known as a "sentence sense."

The first written work must be very simple and, like all written work, must grow out of some need for communication, preservation, or sharing, and must follow a careful oral preparation. First of all, teach what is meant by a sentence. The child should know that every sen-

tence must have in it some person, place, or thing and that that person, place, or thing must either do something itself or have something done to it, something told about it, or something said to it. Place on the blackboard many examples of each type of sentence:

John took the ball.
Mary is very tired.
Chicago is a large city.
Come with me, Helen.
The vase is on the table.
The doll was broken.

Have the children tell why each of these statements is a sentence. Place on the blackboard many parts of sentences and ask the pupils to change them into complete sentences. Next put several phrases and several sentences on the blackboard. Have the children pick out the complete sentences and tell why they are sentences. Back up this work by demanding complete statements in answering questions.

The next thing to accomplish is the putting together of a unified three-sentence story, trying to secure variety in beginning the sentences. If the oral composition work in the first grade has been thorough, the written three-sentence story should present very little difficulty, although persistent drill in the making of sentences will be necessary throughout the elementary school, and even in the high school when the need exists. The writing must be motivated by the need for letters or invitations (communication), by the need for little booklets in which written work may be kept (preservation), or by the desire to tell others of personal experiences (sharing).

The paragraph is the next problem. Something like the following must be taught: Every paragraph must have a topic or subject. That subject is usually stated in the first or topic sentence. Every succeeding sentence must add something to the first one. If it merely repeats or adds nothing of importance, we must cross it out. If it changes the

subject, we must save it for a new paragraph. If I tell a story called "My Pets," about a cat, a dog, and a canary, how many paragraphs must I have? I shall now tell you the story. Raise your hands when I begin a new paragraph.

Count the paragraphs in a given story in a reading book. Tell why a new paragraph was begun. How many paragraphs do we need in telling the story of "The Lion and the Mouse"? How many paragraphs do we need to tell about our visit to the fire house?

Our paragraphs might be very carefully written and still nobody might wish to read them. What other quality must we have? How can we make our topic sentence so interesting that people will wish to read the rest of the paragraph? What other quality is necessary? How can we secure variety? (Suggest the combining or dividing of sentences, the use of pronouns, and so on.) What must be true of our closing sentence? Be sure that it has a finished sound, making the paragraph seem complete.

The best results are obtained by making co-operative paragraphs on the blackboard, each child contributing, criticizing, and correcting. It is usually best to have the entire paragraph written before general corrections are made. It should be read aloud, as mistakes then become more apparent to both eye and ear.

Make the subjects *personal*, *brief*, and *definite*.

Write about *one* thing, or *one* phase of a subject.

Make titles *brief* and *attractive*. (Children are inclined to use long cumbersome titles or very dull and commonplace ones.)

Do not neglect the oral preparation.

So far as possible, forestall errors before the children begin to write.

Write unusual words on the blackboard for reference and spelling.

Remind the pupils about margins, indentations, capitalization, etc.

Have necessary points listed on the blackboard.

Teach the children to make a rough draft of the story just as it occurs to them and then to rewrite, changing and improving as they have been taught to do in co-operative work.

Have several of the papers read and criticized *constructively*. Note first those things well done and then suggest improvements.

Emphasize one thing at a time, i. e., "To-day let us work for more accurate use of adjectives," or, "Let us try to avoid any unnecessary repetition this time."

As often as possible have the work done under supervision.

Encourage the child who has talent, but do not make life a burden to the one who has absolutely no gift for self-expression. Teach him to do a few practical, necessary things well and do not insist upon flights of fancy.

Some suggestions for the motivation of written work will be found below:

1. Paragraph suggested by a picture or chart.
2. Original fables, using real ones as models.
3. New endings or new versions for old stories.
4. Dialogue for a fable or short story.
5. Paragraph suggested by a poem or a piece of music.
6. Paragraph based on a proverb or old saying.
7. Paragraph written for the purpose of amusing.
8. Paragraph written for the purpose of mystifying or exciting.
9. Paragraph written to show bravery, cowardice, timidity, strength, or weakness.

Do not correct the written work yourself but teach the children to criticize their own or their neighbor's papers on content and form.

Blanche Jennings Thompson.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS

Story of Proserpina

CERES, the Goddess of the Harvest, had a daughter named Proserpina of whom she was very fond. The mother was very careful about whom Proserpina played with, and she never allowed her to wander far from home. One warm, sunshiny day when Ceres had to help the busy farmers with their crops, she gave her daughter permission to play with her friends, the sea nymphs.

The sea nymphs could never go far from the water because they must always keep themselves wet in order to live. These happy young people were all playing along the shore when suddenly Proserpina spied some lovely flowers in a meadow close by. She ran from the nymphs, thinking only to gather a bouquet for her friends, when the flowers seemed to grow more beautiful a little farther ahead of her as she romped through the meadow. She finally decided to turn back, when just ahead was a bush of the loveliest flowers she had ever seen. She ran to pull it up by the roots so that not a single blossom would be lost. She pulled and pulled and pulled, until the roots slowly left the ground, and the earth seemed to separate, leaving a huge hole where the bush had been. The hole grew so rapidly that Proserpina stood still in astonishment, unable to run to safety.

A team of black, snorting horses came dashing out of the ground, bearing a golden chariot which was driven by Pluto, king of the Underworld, and the saddest man Proserpina had ever seen.

He leaped from his chariot, snatched the screaming maiden, and rode away with her before anyone could help her. He took her to his kingdom in the regions beneath the earth, and did everything possible to make her happy.

But Proserpina remembered her mother had once told her that anyone who ate food in the Underworld could never return to earth, so she refused the choice morsels that the king brought her.

When Ceres heard what had happened to her daughter, she refused to make the crops grow until her daughter should be brought back to her. All the earth was drying up, when Mercury finally was sent to Pluto, in hopes that he might persuade him to allow Proserpina to return to her mother.

Just before Mercury arrived at the underground kingdom, Proserpina, who had not eaten food in several months, and who had given up hope of ever being rescued, had bitten into a pomegranate which a servant had brought her. When she saw Mercury she quickly withdrew the morsel of fruit from her mouth, but not before she had swallowed six of the seeds. Yielding at last to Mercury's pleas Pluto gave his consent for the unhappy maiden to return to her mother, but said that for every pomegranate seed she had swallowed she must spend one month in the underworld.

As soon as Proserpina returned to earth the flowers began to bloom and the birds began to sing. It was spring again! Ceres asked her daughter if she had eaten anything while in the underworld. Proserpina told her she had swallowed six pomegranate seeds. She therefore had to return for six months every year to the regions of darkness. That is why we have six months of sunshine and warmth, when Proserpina is on earth with her mother, and the other six months of cold and darkness are the days when Ceres mourns for her daughter, who is with King Pluto.

The Easter Robin

There is a legend of the Greek church which tells us that "Our Lord used to feed the robins round His mother's door, when a boy; moreover, that the robins never left the sepulchre till the Resurrection, and at the Ascension joined the angel's song."

Another story of the robin is that of the day of Creation, when all the birds were given their gay plumage the robin was left a little gray bird. The Lord

of Creation promised the robin that he should have a red breast, but that he must earn those bright breast feathers.

For long, long years the little bird did everything that it could to have those coveted feathers. It sang until its little throat almost burst with joy. It performed deeds of valor, it built its nest among the brambles, that the thorns might scratch it. And so it went on for years and years, this brave little bird trying to earn its red breast.

On the day that our Lord was on His way to Calvary, toiling under the heavy burden of the cross, a robin plucked a thorn from His brow, and the blood of the Divine Martyr dyed the breast of the bird red. And that is how the robin's breast is red.

Marie B. McKinney.

The Return of Spring

One year Spring came a little earlier than usual and was surprised to find no children to greet her. She asked the birds if they knew why the children were not out. The birds replied that the children were not thinking of Spring so early and added, "We are glad that they are not out, for they rob us of our eggs."

The trees heard what the birds were saying and called out, "We are glad, too, that the children are not out, for they are sometimes so careless that they break our branches which we have taken years to grow."

Spring was sorry to hear such reports of the children and said she would try to remedy things a little. She proposed that all of the children be sent a present and told that Spring had arrived.

"What shall we send?" they asked.

Many things were suggested and it was finally agreed that an egg should be sent to each child. Every bird, from the tiny humming bird to the great owl, agreed to contribute one egg from its nest. The next question to decide was how the eggs should be distributed.

The bear wanted to carry them to the children, but Spring said that he would frighten them. There were other ani-

mals who volunteered to go on this errand.

Spring said that she knew an animal that would go very timidly and gently and would be careful not to break the eggs. What animal was it? Why, the rabbit. When asked to go, he said he was afraid of the big dogs.

Spring said, "Get ready and go very early in the morning, just before dawn, then you will have nothing to fear." So the rabbit agreed to go.

Now in what should he carry the eggs? The crow said, "I will build a nest for the eggs." Blue jay and robin offered to make nests, too. But these, Spring thought, were too roughly made. Mr. Oriole said he would weave a nest. His nest is long and deep and so neatly and carefully made that Spring thought it would be just the best kind of a basket in which to carry the eggs. So the oriole wove the nest of willow twigs and lined it with soft wool that the sheep gave him. On Easter morning, before anyone was up, the rabbit took the nest filled with beautiful eggs, and ran off.

Ever since, on Easter morning, the rabbit brings us our beautifully colored eggs.

QUOTATIONS

Quotations for March

The stormy March has come at last.

With winds, and clouds and hanging skies:

I heard the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

William Cullen Bryant.

Would you think it? Spring has come,
Winter's paid his passage home;
Packed his ice-box—gone—half way
To the arctic pole, they say.

Christopher Cranch.

Down in the forest something stirred,
So faint that I scarce heard:

But the forest leaped at the sound,
'Twas only the note of a bird.

Ronald.

Be not simply good; be good for something.

Henry Thoreau.

The wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water and turns the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

William B. Rands.

Oh, March that blusters and March that
blows,

What color under your footsteps glows;
Beauty you summon from Winter's snows,
You are the pathway to the rose.

Celia Thaxter.

March is merry, March is mad,

March is gay, March is sad;

Every humor we may know

If we list the winds that blow,

Frank Dempster Sherman.

"Now the days are full of music,

All the birds are back again;

In the tree tops, in the meadows,

In the woodlands, on the plain.

See them darting through the sunshine,

Hear them singing loud and clear;

How they love the busy springtime

Sweetest time of all the year!"

Anonymous.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by
round.

J. G. Holland.

He who ruleth well his heart

And keeps his temper down,

Acts a better, wiser part

Than he who takes a town.

Anonymous.

Use the talent by you possessed;

Very silent were the woods

If no birds sang but sang the best.

Anonymous.

My son, observe the postage stamp! Its
usefulness depends upon its ability to stick
to one thing until it gets there.

Josh Billings.

Quotations for April

Among the nobles in the land,

Though he may count himself the least,

That man I honor and revere

Who, without favor, without fear

In the great city dares to stand

The friend of every friendless beast.

Henry W. Longfellow.

When we plant a tree, we are doing
what we can to make our planet a more
wholesome and happier dwelling place for
those who come after us, if not for our-
selves.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The groves were God's first temples.
William Cullen Bryant.

There is no glory in star or blossom
Till looked upon with a loving eye;
There is no fragrance in April breezes
Till breathed with joy as they wander
by.

William Cullen Bryant.

Woodland green and gay with dew,
Here, to-day, I pledge anew
All the love I gave to you.
Through your bushy ways I trod,
Or, lay hushed upon your sod,
With my silence praising God.

Alice Cary.

Good morning, sweet April
So winsome and shy,
With a smile on your lip
And a tear in your eye;
There are pretty hepaticas
Hid in your hair,
And bonny blue violets
Clustering there.

Anonymous.

A million melting flakes of snow,
A hundred brooklets trickling slow;
The earth in green, with patches brown
Upon her crocus-broidered gown—
That's April.

Celia Thaxter.

April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
Then the moment after
Weep thy golden tears.

William Watson.

Laughing skies of deepest blue,
Grass blades dipped in sparkling dew,
Nature garmented anew,
Birds a-wing,—
'Tis spring!

C. I. Orr.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A gush of bird song, a pattern of dew,
A cloud and a rainbow's warning;
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue—
An April day in the morning.
Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plowed hills
With loving blue.

Alfred Tennyson.

Be kind to every living thing,
Nor seek to take its life;
It has its special work to do
In this great world of strife.
God gives to each his little day,
Of work or joy or love;
Each life is wonderful, and comes
From God's own hand above.

Anonymous.

The best and highest thing a man can
do in a day is to sow a seed, whether it be
in the shape of a word, an act, or an acorn.

Anonymous.

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

Robert Browning.

Quotations for May

The voice of one who goes before to make
The paths of June more beautiful, is thine,
Sweet May!

Anonymous.

Merry, rollicking, frolicking May
Into the woods came stepping one day,
And the bees and butterflies she set
To waking the flowers that were sleeping
yet;

.

And nothing in nature escaped that day
The touch of the life-giving bright young
May

MacDonald.

The sky—was it ever so sunny?
Were fields ever green like to-day?
My heart is so full it brims over
In laughter, this first of sweet May.

Alice Ormes.

Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing,
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

John Milton.

Let little hands bring blossoms sweet,
To brave men lying low;
Let little hearts to soldiers dead
Their love and honor show.

We'll love the flag they loved so well,
The dear old banner bright,
We'll love the land for which they fell,
With soul, and strength, and might!

S. M. Kneil.

Nobly they died in freedom's name,
 Died our country's flag to save;
 Forever sacred be their fame
 And green their honored graves.

Adams.

For the dead, a tribute;
 For the living, a memory;
 For posterity, an emblem of loyalty to the
 flag of their country.
*(Inscription on Soldiers' Monument, Pitts-
 field, Mass.)*

Strew love offerings o'er the grave,
 Their country's joy, their country's pride.
Samuel Smith.

Heroes of old! I humbly lay
 The laurel on your graves again;
 Whatever men have done, men may—
 The deeds you wrought are not in vain.
Austin Dobson.

Oh, you have a mother dear,
 Let not a word or act give pain;
 But cherish, love her, with your life;
 You ne'er can have her like again.
Anonymous.

Hundreds of stars in the silent sky,
 Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
 Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
 Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather;

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
 Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover,
 Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,—
 But only one mother the wide world over.
George Cooper.

So here's to the white carnation,
 Wear it on Mother's Day;
 Flower that blooms for mother,
 Winsome, gallant and gay.
 Flower of a perfect sweetness,
 Flowers for hut and hall,
 Here's to the white carnation
 And to Mother—Our Best of All.
Margaret E. Sangster.

There are soft words murmured by dear,
 dear lips,
 Far richer than any other;
 But the sweetest word that ear hath heard
 Is the blessed name of "Mother."
Anonymous.

Think not on yesterday, nor trouble borrow
 On what may be in store for you to-
 morrow,
 But let to-day be your incessant care—
 The past is past. To-morrow's in the air.
 Who gives to-day the best that in him lies
 Will find the road that leads to clearer
 skies.

John Kendrick Bangs.

Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder
 sea,
 And counted the sands that under it be?
 Hast thou measured the height of heaven
 above?

Then may'st thou speak of a Mother's love!
Anonymous.

It's June-time, and the world is full of song.
Waterman.

Though the world smile on you blandly,
 Let your friends be choice and few;
 Choose your course, pursue it grandly,
 And achieve what you pursue.

Read.

What it is our duty to do we must do be-
 cause it is right, not because anyone can
 demand it of us.

If little labor, little are our gains;
 Man's fortunes are according to his pains.
Robert Herrick.

Quotations for June

And what is so rare as a day in June?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;
 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in
 tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays.
James Russell Lowell.

She brings us Beauty's very self;
 She sets our souls a-tune;
 And at her rose-gemmed throne we fall
 Entranced, and worship June.
I. McWilson.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may:
 Old Time is still a-flying.
Robert Herrick.

Then all hail to the stars and stripes!
 To the flag of the brave and the free;
 And as long as the stars shall endure
 Shall it wave o'er the land and the sea.
Thomas Hill.

Having learned to stand by the flag, we
 must also learn to stand by what the flag
 symbolizes; to stand up for equal rights,
 universal freedom, for justice to all, for a
 true democracy.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

The union of lakes, the union of lands,
 The union of states, none can sever;
 The union of hearts, the union of hands,
 And the flag of the Union forever.
George P. Morris.

Take from your flag its folds of gloom,
 And let it float undimmed above;
 Till over all our vales shall bloom
 The sacred colors that we love.
Alice Cary.



Nature Study



OUTLINE OF PLANS

- I. Plant life.
 1. Flowers.
 - a. Study outline.
 - b. Outline study of the lilac.
 - c. Trillium.
 2. Trees.
 - a. A study of leaves.
 3. Germination of seeds.
 - a. Germination of beans.
- II. Animal life.
 1. Insects.
 - a. The moth and the butterfly.
 2. Water life.
 - a. The frog.
 - b. The common toad.
 3. Birds.
 - a. Baltimore oriole.
 - b. Goldfinch.
 4. Animals.
 - a. Outline study of cotton-tail rabbit.
 - b. The muskrat.

FLOWERS

Study Outline

A LOVE of flowers should be cultivated and the importance of the preservation of wild flowers should be emphasized. Let pupils make a Flower Calendar, in which they may mount specimens or drawings of the different flowers studied with a short description beneath each.

Parts of flowers, with their uses; pollen and nectar; how insects are attracted and rewarded; development of fruits from flowers.

A flower with all the parts present consists of calyx, corolla, stamens, and pistils. Present flower with all these parts present. Calyx means "flower cup"; that part of the flower shaped like a cup. Corolla means crown. It is the crowning part, the showy part of the flower.

In many flowers the stamens grow fast upon the lowest part of the corolla. The slender, thread-like parts next inside the corolla are the stamens. Stamens consist of two parts, a filament and an anther. The filament is the stalk; the anther is a little case or hollow body, borne on the top of the filament; it is filled with pollen. The pistils are the bodies in which the seeds are formed; they are found in the center of the flower. A pistil has three parts. At the bottom of the pistil is the ovary, which becomes the seed vessel. This is prolonged upwards into a slender body called the style. The large portion with the naked, roughish surface is the stigma. Upon this stigma some of the pollen from the anthers falls and sticks fast. This somehow enables the pistils to ripen seeds that will grow. Each separate part of the corolla is a petal. Each separate part of the calyx is a sepal.

Blackboard Outline

1. Calyx—Sepals.
2. Corolla—Petals.
3. Stamens.
 - a. Pollen
 - b. Anthers
 - c. Filaments.

4. Pistils.
 - a. Style
 - b. Stigma
 - c. Ovary

The Trillium

The name trillium was given to this flower because of the fact that its parts are arranged in threes. It has three leaves, three petals, three sepals, and a three-parted stigma. The legend that it awakens the robin has given this early spring flower the name of wake-robin.

The purple trillium has a very unpleasant odor, resembling that of taint-



Photograph by C. W. Johnson
Painted Trillium

ed meat. It is the least attractive of the species.

The large-flowered trillium grows on long stems in damp, rich woods during May and June. Its waxen-like white petals turn to a delicate pink as it grows older.

The nodding trillium has either a white or a pink blossom, which gener-

ally bends beneath its leaves as if bashfully hiding. It is found from Newfoundland and Manitoba south to Pennsylvania and Michigan.

The painted trillium is the most beautiful member of its family. It is very common from Quebec and Ontario southward. It has waxy-white petals with wavy edges, and a V-shaped crimson marking at the base of each petal. Painted trilliums frequent the banks of woodland streams and cool, moist glens. They are most abundant in late May. Their broad ovate leaves are deeply veined, sharply pointed, and petiolated.

QUESTIONS

1. Why was the trillium given its name?
2. How many leaves has it?
3. How many petals?
4. How many sepals?
5. What kind of stigma has it?
6. What other name has the trillium?
7. Why was this name given it?
8. Describe the purple trillium.
9. What can you tell of the large-flowered trillium?
10. How do its petals change as it grows older?
11. Describe the nodding trillium.
12. Where is it found?
13. What is the most beautiful trillium?
14. Where is it common?
15. Describe the blossoms.
16. What does it frequent?

Virginia Baker.

The Painted Trillium

Fair painted flowers, why do you hide
Far from the haunts of men,
Beside some quiet woodland brook,
Or in some cool, moist glen?

You and your sisters should not shrink
From the beholder's gaze;
You are too beautiful to waste
In solitude your days.

Your dainty waxen petals should
Less shyly meet our eyes,
For, all too soon, the summer comes
And springtime's beauty dies.

Virginia Baker.

Outline Study of the Lilac

Color—Of the common lilac the flowers are white or violet.

Protection of buds—Warm, brown scales to keep out the cold.

Unfolding of leaves—Finally scales turn into leaves; leaves harden to protect the buds; buds begin to swell; grow larger and larger; unfold; out comes the green leaves.

In some of the buds, with the leaves flower buds come.

Buds appear in this manner. On one side of the twig a bud, and just opposite this bud another one appears.

The lilac has two buds at the end of the twig. The twig on which these buds appear has a light brown coat outside; inside the brown coat is a green one; then there is another coat, a white coat; inside these coats is hard wood; in the centre, soft pith; spots on brown coat; through these breathing pores the twig gets air.

The Lilac

The sun shone warm, and the lilac said,
"I must hurry and get my table spread,
For if I am slow, and dinner late,
My friends, the bees, will have to wait."

So delicate lavender glass she brought
And the daintiest china ever bought,
Purple tinted, and all complete;
And she filled each cup with honey sweet

"Dinner is ready!" the spring wind cried;
And from hive and hiding far and wide,
While the lilac laughed to see them come,
The little gray-jacketed bees came hum-m!

They sipped the sirup from every cell,
They nibbled at taffy and caramel;
Then, without being asked, they all buzzed,
"We

Will be very happy to stay to tea."

Clara Doty Bates.

How the Flowers Grow

First a seed so tiny
Hidden from the sight,
Then two pretty leaflets
Struggling toward the light;
Soon a bud appearing
Turns into a flower,
Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower.

Anonymous.

GERMINATION OF SEEDS

HAVE pupils observe the sprouting of seeds; the different ways in which the seedlings come out of the ground; parts of seedlings (roots, stem, leaves); uses of parts to plants. All the subject matter mentioned should be given class time. Pupils should be encouraged to raise plants from seeds, either at home or at school. If the plants are raised at home, have them brought into class by those who raised them, and let the life history be told.

Germination of Beans

Beans that have been soaked are distributed. The beans are opened by the children; the baby plant is discovered; attention is directed to its position, form, and color.

Beans may be planted by the children. They may be germinated in sand, in sawdust, on raw cotton, or on blotting paper. Tumblers covered with mosquito netting or with cheesecloth may be used; the tumblers should be filled with water, so that the center of the cloth is wet. Some beans may be planted in pots. Seeds need moisture, air, and warmth in order to germinate. Some of the beans may be taken up daily, examined, and changes observed.

OBSERVATIONS

The beans grow bigger and bigger, fatter and fatter; the seed jackets become too small and rip open a little way. Soon a tiny white tip appears. This tip grows longer; it curves over, bends downward, and makes its way through the netting, the cheesecloth, the cotton, or the blotting paper into the water.

Let us direct attention to the beans planted in the pot. The beans have sucked in from the moist earth a great deal of water; they have become so fat that their seed jackets have become too small; the seed jackets have been torn open; the little white tip has appeared; the tip has bent down into the earth,

has taken a firm hold, has lengthened into a real root and has sent out little root hairs. Its upper part has straightened out and has started upward; from here, the stem has come which lifts the bean above the earth. The bean is no longer the round object; its two halves have opened, have spread outward, and between these two halves a pair of young leaves appear. These leaves grow larger; the two half beans begin to shrink; they grow smaller, smaller, smaller and become more withered all the time. As the little plant is able to care for itself the seed leaves die away; the plant is now a bean vine. In the seed leaves have been stored all the food that is necessary to the life of the baby plant.

Story: Tommy and the Beanstalk

IN TOMMY'S POCKET

Tommy was so proud of his new pocket, which was his first one, that he could not keep his little brown chubby hand out of it.

He would run a little way, skip a great deal, then into the pocket the fist would go again, to find the treasures hidden there.

There was the new knife, there the new marbles, and there the bright red bean. Tommy sat down on a rock and drew them all out to admire them.

When he had played for some time, whittling with his new knife, he heard the "toot" of Cousin Jack's auto horn.

"Oh, Jackie! Jackie! Do give me a ride!" shouted Tommy, tearing down the hill as fast as his legs would carry him.

The knife, the marbles, the bean, forgotten, lay all day, the next day, and many more beside the rock.

A rain came. Down the hill the water poured in little gurgling streams, but not until it had soaked Tommy's lost treasures thoroughly.

Another rain came,—another, another, with bright suns between.

Tommy's once bright knife grew dull

and rusty until it was the color of the brown soil: the marbles sank into the moss upon the rock and rolled no more, but the bean! Something had happened to it; it was twice as big as it was when it lay in Tommy's pocket.

"Oh, here is my bean!" shouted Tommy, "now my knife must be here, too."

Tommy cried a little about that ruined knife but his sister comforted him.

"Look at your bean, Tommy," she said; "it is beginning to grow. Let's you and I take those new garden tools, make a garden, and put Bean in it, and you will have ever so many new beans."

"But poor little Bean cannot grow here," continued his sister, "for the soil is hard and grassy and this big rock under it will make the moisture all dry out when a hot day comes."

Tommy dug in the yard till his back ached. Sister dug, too, because, as she said, the soil must be soft and warm for Bean and the other seeds to eat.

They dug with spade and fork until the hard soil was broken up into cakes.

The plants cannot eat whole cakes, so the cakes had to be all broken up into bits as tiny as grains of sugar. This last work was done with iron rakes and sometimes with the fingers, for the garden was to be small the first year.

At last all was ready: The soil, soft as a down pillow, had been mixed with some things which the plants would need. Then Bean, looking a little less cheerful because he had seen no sun and had had no drink for two days, was taken out of his box, laid carefully in the soft soil and covered over—head, ears, and all.

"Won't he smother?" cried Tommy.

After Bean was nicely planted and Sister had gone to wash her hands, Tommy planted the knife.

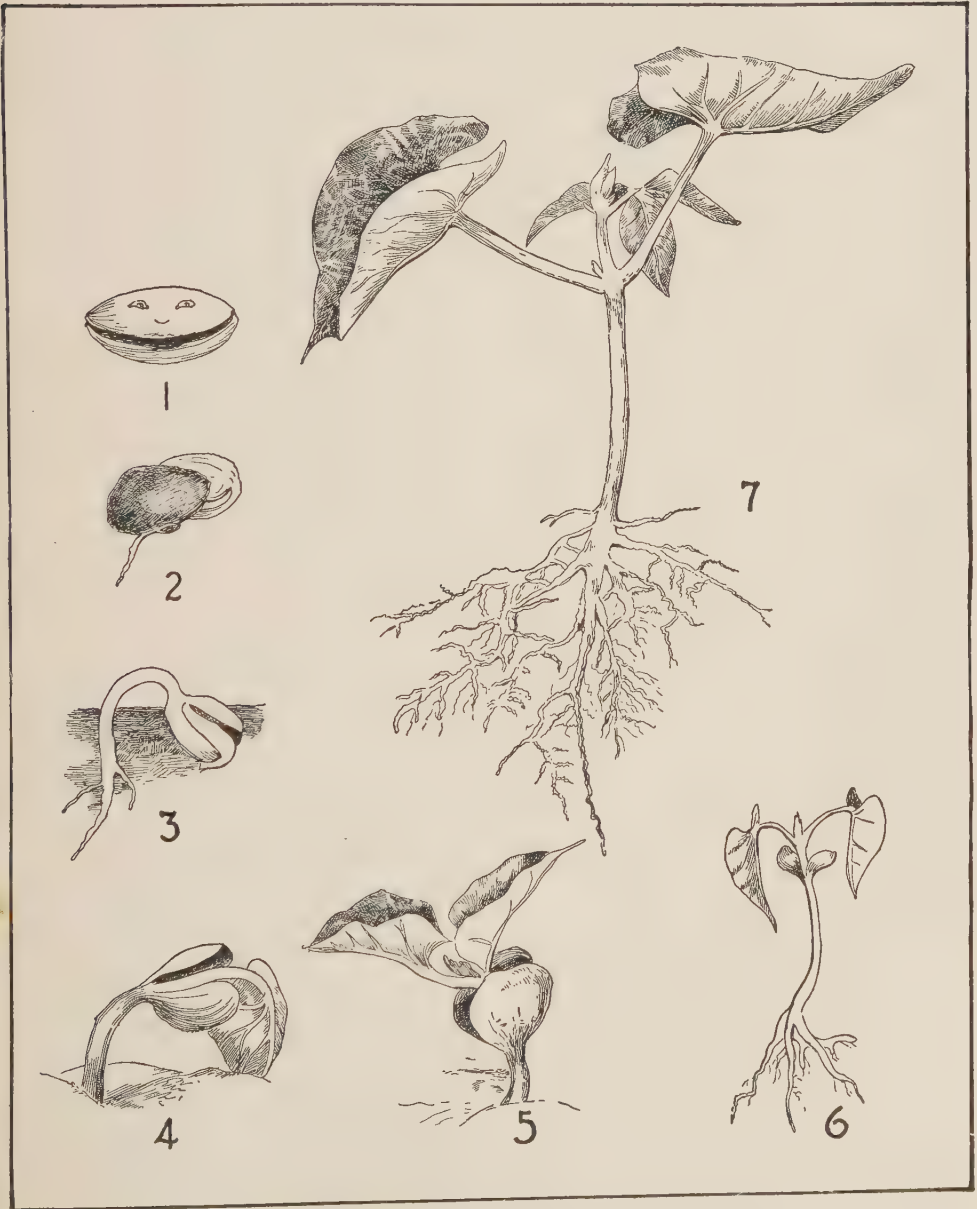
"If Bean will be ever so many more beans, my knife will be ever so many more knives, of course," said Tommy, planting the knife carefully; and, patting the soil down, he set up a little stake to mark the spot as Sister had marked the nasturtiums.

"I am only putting you in the ground," said Tommy, patting the soil blankets tenderly above all the seeds before he ran in to dinner, "because when you are in the ground Sister says you are in the only place where you can get the food you like. Good-by! I am going away now," said Tommy, walking backward to view the new "garden."

BEGINNING TO GROW

Tommy flying away, away, past hill and dale and meadow and into city noise and city joys with Cousin Jack, knew nothing about the wonderful things going on down under the ground in his garden at home.

Bean grinned so he seemed about to shout "right out loud," then he stopped



Stages in the Growth of the Bean

laughing and fell to work. He swelled himself up till he burst the red skin, or outside cover, which Tommy had admired so much.

He pushed till he pushed himself halfway out of this cover, which had been airtight to keep him from harm until he should be put in the ground.

Right when this airtight covering had looked as though it were fastened with a tiny, fancy buckle, he pushed out, on one side, a queer little thread which began at once to look like a root.

On the other side of this same fastening he pushed out a fat, round green stem. This stem being quite simple, could be built up so much faster than the big, fat parts just bursting out of the covering that the stem got very much ahead and "humped" itself up above the ground in a loop like a tiny croquet wicket; while the slower parts, big and fat and sleepy, on the end of this stem, still stayed in the soil.

"My bean is coming up!" shouted Tommy next day after the odd little loop of stem came into sight. "See what a funny stem! It looks like a worm."

But the parts which had stayed head downward in the soil had been at work doing wonderful things.

Tommy found that when Bean had looked as though he were "grinning" he had really been dividing into halves. These two halves of the bean were two very fat green leaves, which all along had been sleeping inside the airtight cover. So plump and pulpy were these that they had filled the whole bean out to roundness.

These two leaves had a work to do. They must feed the new little root just going down into the soil; they must feed the new stem just curling up into the light; they must feed two new little leaves just budding between them.

So these two jolly leaves, not a bit selfish, gave and gave and gave of the plant food all digested in their own bodies, to these new growths, until the roots thus fed could dip down into the soil quite a little distance for food and

the leaves push up into the light for air and sunshine.

"A new plant! A new bean stalk! Oh, will it grow as fast as Jack's?" cried Tommy. But he could not know how much he and the new bean stalk, the stem, leaves, and roots owed to the two little leaves, once fat and rich, now poor and thin, and weak, and yellow, because they had given away all they had.

He did not even see them, and the new bean stalk finally dropped them down on the ground as useless things.

Annie Chase.

The Little Plant

In the heart of a seed,
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.

"Wake," said the sunshine,
"And creep to the light."
"Wake," said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard,
And arose to see
What the wonderful outside
World might be.

Kate L. Brown.

TREES

A Study of Leaves

DURING the winter the children have learned to distinguish trees by their shape, branching, and bark. Now lead them to observation of foliage—the arrangement, color, shape and quality of leaves. Call their attention to the mass of foliage in the woods. What different colors do you see? Dark green, gray green, and pale green. Set the children to find out by closer examination which trees give the different shades. The pine and other evergreens are the darkest; maple, oak and buckeye the bright green; willows the grey green; and poplars the pale green.

Then have them notice the arrangement of leaves. All the leaves on every tree have the right side up or out. Each

leaf is placed so that the sun can shine upon it and the rain reach it. With so many thousands of leaves on one tree, it is wonderful that they can be arranged in that way. But every leaf must have the sunshine or it could not do its work, and each must help shed rain onto the roots.

Bring out the thought that the leaves are not alike on different trees. Ask the children to bring in maple, horse-chestnut, walnut, apple, oak, and willow leaves. Let us look at the maple leaf. It has five large points with many little points or notches all around it. The apple leaf is a broad oblong, while the willow is long and slender. The oak leaf is an odd shape; we shall not find any others like it. Now let us look at the buckeye. One leaf is made up of five or seven leaflets all growing from the same point on the stem. This is called a compound leaf. The walnut is another compound leaf. How are its leaflets arranged? They grow along each side of the stem in pairs.

Now let us see how many leaves we can find that are like the maple in shape. The sycamore leaves are much like them, though larger. In the same way find leaves like all the others studied.

Another way in which leaves differ is the surface. Some are smooth and shiny, some are thick and furry, some are covered with long silky hairs. Bring in various leaves and compare as to surface.

USES OF LEAVES

Of what use are the leaves on trees and plants? They take in air, protect the fruit, and help the tree to look beautiful. The roots take in water from the ground and with it something else, which, mixed with the water, makes sap to feed the tree. Yet this is not ready for tree food until it has passed through the leaves. There is something in the leaves and something that they get from the air, that make sap good food for twig and branch.

The ends of the roots have the mouths to drink in the moisture. So the tree allows its lower branches to grow out just as far as the roots extend below. Then when it rains, all the rain which falls upon the tree drips from leaf to leaf until it reaches the lower branches. The leaves act like the shingles of a house. The water drips off and strikes the ground in just the right place to water the roots. Notice the ground under a tree the next time it rains. Near the trunk you will find it almost dry, while there will be a wet circle about it under the tips of the lower branches. Here it soaks in and waters the roots at just the right place.

INSECT STUDY

THE garden, supplemented by field trips, will afford opportunity for the study of insect life, and will greatly enhance the pupil's interest in the care and growth of his garden. Specimens of the insects seen should be brought into the schoolroom, if possible, and cared for in the vivarium where the class may watch the changes which take place in the insect's life from egg to moth and from egg to beetle. These phenomena not only absorb the child's interest but awaken in him an appreciation of nature's miraculous provision for protecting the life of even the humblest of her creatures.

Definitions—

Bugs have the front pair of wings thick and heavy at base and thin and transparent at the tip.

Beetles have hard wing covers which meet in a straight line down the back and have a pair of thin wings folded under them.

Flies have only two wings, usually transparent.

Bees, wasps, and ants have four transparent wings.

A butterfly's horn has a knob on the end. A moth's horn may be one of many different shapes but never bears a knob at the tip.

THE MOTH AND THE BUTTERFLY

A Primary Lesson Plan

- I. Problem: How can an ugly or yellow worm become a beautiful butterfly or moth?
- II. Teacher's Aim: To have children acquainted with the facts of these insects, to show them, the metamorphosis, and apply it as a health lesson.
- III. Topical Outline: The butterfly or moth, the cocoon, the larva (worm), and the egg.
- IV. Materials: Mounted butterflies and moths, cocoon in vivarium for study and observation, illustrations and diagrams in natural size.

SUBJECT MATTER

- A. Mounted specimens of both insects placed about the classroom several days previous to the study of the moth and butterfly.

1. Structure.
2. Difference.
 - a) Feelers.
 - b) Coloring.
3. Moths.
 - a) Luna.
 - b) Io.
 - c) Emperor.

These three if present are usually chosen by the children because of size.

- B. Habitat.

1. Gardens, fields, and woods.
 - a) Plants.
 - b) Flowers.
 - c) Shrubs.

- C. Habits.

1. Flit from flower to flower.
2. Get food.
 - a) Nectar (sweet juice).

- D. Life history.

(Revives life history of grasshopper.)

METHOD

- A. Visual observation. This method is used to make pupils curious about these insects. At the same time arouse their curiosity as to the development and habitat of moths and butterflies by having cocoons and larvæ in a vivarium or some quart jars for observation.

(First Lesson)

1. What do we want to study next in our nature work? How many have noticed the butterflies very closely? Here a free discussion follows. Some child will give in his own words the structure. Which do you think the prettiest? Why?
2. What is the difference between the moth and the butterfly? What is different in their feelers? Which has the very bright coloring?
- B. Where do you think these beautiful insects might be found?
- C. While playing in the gardens or the fields what have you seen butterflies doing? Why do they flit from flower to flower? What do they get from the flower?
- D. Now comes the children's own problem: "Where does the butterfly come from?" Where did you learn that the little baby grasshoppers "came from"? Why could the butterfly not bury eggs as the grasshopper did? (Make a brief comparison between the two.) "I have a little story that tells where the butterfly came from. The little girl in the story was just like you. She wondered and wondered where the beautiful butterfly came from. One day she just sat wishing she could find out. Who do you think came along to help her out? Children try to guess. How many would like me to tell you?" Tell the story given on the following page.

(Second Lesson)

I

- A. Review.
- B. Cocoons—Have them placed in the vivarium until the adults emerge from them.
- C. "Cut-out" of the life history.

II

- A. Review story told in previous lesson, at the same time checking facts learned previously.
- B. Exhibit cocoons collected previously and that have been in the vivarium. What is this? What is sleeping inside? What would you like to see happen? What could we do with the cocoons?
- C. Conclusion: Have the children make a little booklet with "cut-out" illustrations showing the stages in the life history of the moth or butterfly. These cut-outs will appeal particularly if the body only of the adult is pasted on the pages, with the wings bent back. It then gives the appearance of a butterfly resting, and the slightest air current will cause a movement.

The following stories giving the complete life history of the butterfly, might very well be used to correlate with language, or they might be used as part of the morning exercises to create more interest and pleasure in the study: "The Princess"; "Blurette's Babies"; "Blurette's Smallest Baby"; "The Surprise of the Sassafras Bush," found in *Little Folks Land*, by Madge A. Big-ham.

Story: The Moth

Little Fay was playing contentedly with her doll Sue in the bright sunshine. Suddenly something whisked past her and she looked up from her play. It was a beautiful blue butterfly, blue as the sky above her.

"Where did you come from?" she called to this stranger, but the butter-

fly never heard her, and just went on. Fay wanted to talk with him. But she did not need to despair, any more than any other good girl or boy, for Trixie, the Wee Little Elf from Sunny-land, was near by and knew what Fay had in her heart. He touched her lightly by the hand and said, "Don't be so sad, Fay, we will go and visit the butterfly." Then he touched her with his little magic wand and she became smaller and smaller. Soon two little wings grew on her shoulders, and she and Trixie flew to the next bush, where they waited. Trixie blew on his magic whistle and the blue butterfly came. Here Trixie introduced Fay to Mrs. Mother Butterfly. They talked and they talked and they talked, Fay telling Mrs. Mother Butterfly about her dollies and Mrs. Mother Butterfly telling her about the country, the beautiful flowers she visited, and the sweet nectar she sipped from the cups of these flowers.

Mrs. Mother Butterfly was very sad and told Fay that she had no little baby butterflies; that all she had were a few eggs she laid on the bayberry bush; and that now only dirty little worms were crawling around. She never would have any children, she said, for the ugly worms ate her eggs. Trixie tried to comfort Mrs. Mother Butterfly by telling her that these worms surely would be very beautiful butterflies as she was, but Mother Butterfly would not listen, and flew away. Trixie told Fay that Mrs. Mother Butterfly was sure to die of grief. Then Fay and the Elf flew back to Fay's home, where Trixie left her.

But Fay was not satisfied. She left her dolly and went for a walk, finding many things. She found ants, bees on the flowers, and at a tobacco field she found a large, green worm. Mrs. Mother Butterfly's talk reminded her of the "ugly green worms." She put this ugly green worm into her little basket and took it home, put it in a box, and fed it every day.

One day her ugly green worm would

eat no more and she thought it was sick. She looked at it and saw that it was spinning a very fine, thin thread. She watched and watched. The ugly green worm continued to spin until it had spun a little case around itself. Fay could no longer see the ugly green worm but she saw instead a lovely,

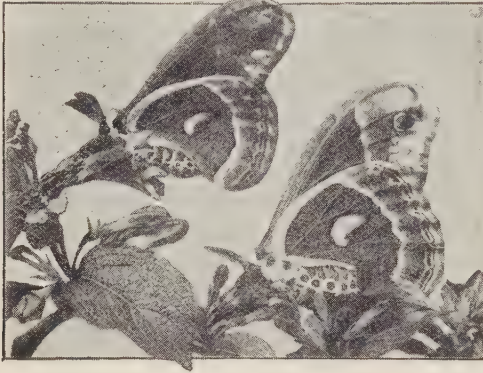


Photo by L. M. Brownell
Cecropia Moths

large, silken case, and she knew that her worm was safely inside of this, snugly tucked away just as little children are snugly tucked into bed when they go to sleep.

This ugly green worm had also gone to sleep, and it slept and slept and slept. Fay looked for her worm every day, but it did not move. She was beginning to think the worm had died, but something kept saying to her, "No, he is not dead, he is just sleeping and resting. He needs a great deal of rest, just as little boys and girls need a great deal of rest; if he does not get enough, he will never become what he should become." So Fay waited and waited and waited, looking every day to see if he would not wake up.

The winter came with its ice and snow and Fay began to forget about her ugly green worm. She went sledding and playing in the snow with the other little boys and girls. Spring came. The snow began to melt, the birds came back, the little boys began to play marbles, fly kites, and roll hoops; the little girls jumped rope and played

jacks. Fay played with these little boys and girls, but she never thought any more of her ugly green worm. One day, during a very warm afternoon when all the windows were open in the house, she heard a little noise. She was startled, for she did not know what it was. She listened and walked about the room, trying to find out where the noise came from. Suddenly she came to the box where she had put her ugly green worm. She opened it, and lo and behold, the green worm was no longer green! It had split the silken covering it had made for itself and was crawling out of it from its long sleep. It was no longer a worm, but yellow and very soft. It crawled out and began to unroll itself just as little boys and girls do after they have rolled themselves into the blanket or into the covers of the bed. It unrolled and unrolled itself before the eyes of Fay. She looked, and could not believe that her ugly green worm would act like that. At last it unrolled itself completely, and Fay saw a very beautiful, yellow butterfly,—no, it was not a butterfly, but the Io moth. On its four wings it had very beautiful spots with red and brown rings. Fay could not believe that the beautiful moth had been such an ugly green worm.

Fay wanted to know why the moth had chased her worm away, and the moth told her that it had not chased the worm away, but that the worm had changed into the moth. It also told Fay that its bed where it goes to take its very long, long sleep is made from silk and is called a cocoon. One of its cousins, it said, was grown for the silk dresses and ribbons she wore. Fay thanked the little Io moth, and bidding it good-by let it fly out through the window to find the flowers that would give it their nectar from their cups.

Fay now knew that all butterflies and moths would first be ugly worms after the eggs were hatched by the sun; that these would get the right kind of food; and that they would rest a long, long

time sleeping, and finally awake to become a beautiful butterfly or moth, as their mothers were before them. But these butterflies never know or are able to see their mothers, for their mothers die before the moth-children become butterflies or moths. All their mothers ever see is the ugly worm.

J. A. Ernest Zimmermann and Mabel Ouzts.

WATER LIFE

Frogs

IT is very interesting to watch the development of the frog from the egg. This can easily be done. Frogs' eggs can be found in the edges of pools and streams. Dip them up, water and all, and put them into a big glass jar. This may be kept where the children can see all the changes.

Each little black egg is surrounded by a clear jelly-like substance, all being massed together about a stick or stem of some plant. From the egg will come a tiny little creature with a big head and a tiny tail. It has no feet. This little thing is called a tadpole. It swims about in the water eating insects and any animal food it can find. Tadpoles are very hungry little creatures. When they first come from the egg they eat the jelly that surrounds them. They will eat leaves and also dead birds, frogs or mice if they can get them.

In a very short time a pair of front legs begin to grow—then two hind legs come. The tail becomes shorter and shorter, and soon drops off. Then the tadpole has turned into a frog. It is still very small, but it soon grows to be a big one.

How does a frog look? Let us look carefully at one and see. The skin is smooth and of different colors—the back green and bronze with yellow stripes, and the under part a silvery color. Of what use are these colors to the frog? They serve as a protection.

The green is like the leaves, the yellow like the centers of flowers, and the silvery gray like the water, so they help to hide it from its enemies.

What are the enemies of a frog? Geese and swans swimming about on the water love to find a nice frog for dinner. Owls and hawks swoop down on them when they are out of the water. And worst of all, boys throw sticks and stones at them just to see them jump into the water. There are so many other enemies, that if there were not many hundreds of frogs, there would be none left.

We have seen that a frog has four legs. In what way do they differ? The front legs are short and weak, the feet having four toes. The hind legs are much longer. They are very strong, as they are used for jumping and swimming. The hind feet have five toes and are webbed.

The eyes are far apart and bulging. The mouth is very large. When a frog opens his mouth we can see his tongue. This is very strange looking. It is fastened at the front of his mouth, and is loose at the back. It is covered with something sticky. When the frog wishes to catch a fly this tongue unfolds and out it darts, the fly sticking to it. At the top of the mouth are a few little teeth for crushing hard insects.

The frog feeds entirely upon insects. He chooses a good place and sits quietly waiting. As fast as they come near, they are snapped up. Frogs live both in water and on land. They cannot stay out in a dry place long, for their skin must be kept moist. They like to paddle in puddles of water as well as any child. In the winter they dig down into the soft mud and sleep.

Frogs make a loud noise in their throats. When hundreds are croaking together, it sounds very loud indeed.

The strangest thing a frog does is the changing of his skin. As he grows, his coat gets too small. A new one grows underneath. The old one gets dry and dull-looking. At last it splits down the

back. He takes a hind foot under a front one, and pulls out of that part. Then the other is taken off in the same way. Now he puts each front foot in turn into his mouth and jerks off that skin as you might a glove. After stepping out of this old coat, what does he do with it? Why, he rolls it up and swallows it! The wood frog lives in the woods instead of the water. The eggs must be hatched in water, though. It is smaller than other frogs and is green and brown. These are the best colors for protection in the woods. Why? This frog keeps its skin damp by remaining close to the ground and staying in damp places.

The tree frog lives in trees, jumping from branch to branch. It is a bright green with dark spots. The reason we see so little of this frog is because it is protected from discovery by its color, which changes with its surroundings.

This frog, or toad, has toes and fingers ending in small round discs which secrete a substance by means of which it can cling to vertical surfaces, even to glass.

Frogs at School

Twenty froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool,—
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests all white and clean.
"We must be in time," said they;
"First we study, then we play,
That is how we keep the rule
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn,
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive;
From his seat upon the log,
Showed them how to say, "Ker-chog!"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks that bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast,
Bullfrogs they became at last:
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot,
Polished in a high degree
As each froggie ought to be;
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

George Cooper.

The Common Toad

There is a cousin of the frog which we often see,—the toad. Let us compare the toad with the frog. We see, first of all, that the frog is much slimmer than the toad. Now look at his skin. The frog is usually more brightly colored than the toad, being green and yellow, while the toad is brown in color and his skin is not smooth like the frog's but is covered with warts. His legs, too, are different. The frog's hind legs are longer than the toad's, though the toes on the hind legs of both are somewhat webbed and both have four toes on each front leg. The toad's head is broader than the frog's and if we look into his mouth we find that, unlike the frog, he has no teeth. The sound-sacs of the toad, instead of being at the side of the throat, as are the frog's, are beneath the throat.

Now let us see in what way the toad and the frog are alike. Both have the same odd tongue and eat insects. The toad likes moisture as well as the frog, but instead of making his home in the water he gets it from damp places on the ground. Since he does not drink by taking in water through the mouth but absorbs it through the skin, he stretches out in shallow water to satisfy his thirst. Again, both the toad and the frog shed their skins in the same way; both also lay their eggs in the water and are tadpoles when they are babies, but the toad lays his eggs in strings of jelly while the frog lays his in masses. They are alike, too, in the fact that they sleep all winter in the mud.

Of what use is the toad? Gardeners will tell us that he is a great help in a garden because he destroys many harmful insects. He has but one fault; he is very fond of bees, so if he finds a beehive, he will take his place near by and catch the bees as they fly back and forth.

There is an old saying that if one handles a toad, he will have warts, but

this is not true. Let us watch a toad and see what else we can find out about him.

QUESTIONS FOR PUPILS

1. Gently rub the back of a toad with a stick. What happens?
2. How do frogs and toads catch their food?
3. Place an insect before a toad. What happens?
4. Make a frog aquarium. Use a large stone crock or glass bowl. In it place stones, water plants and slime. Gather the eggs of frogs and toads from pond water. Place in aquarium some frog or toad eggs. Study the life history of both toads and frogs.
5. Why should toads be encouraged to live in gardens?
6. Will handling toads produce warts on the hands?
7. What protection do frogs and toads have against their enemies?
8. What happens to the toad's skin at different stages of its growth?
9. Has the garden toad a voice?
10. How do frogs make their croakings?
11. What becomes of toads and frogs in winter?

A Toad's Toilet

Oh! the funniest sight I've seen to-day!
 You'd never, never guess!
 A queer little toad sitting under a leaf
 Was solemnly changing his dress.

First, he took off his trousers (a very close fit),
 As if getting ready for bed;
 Then off came the sleeves of the little brown shirt,
 And he drew the whole over his head.

He'd a fresh new suit underneath of brown,
 With spots of a lighter hue,
 And gravely he looked himself over with care,
 As much as to say, "Now I'll do."

Next he picked up his dusty cast-off clothes,
 And folded and rolled them tight,
 Then (no, I'm not joking) he swallowed the roll,
 And slowly hopped off out of sight.
Prentice V. Rogers.

BIRDS

DISCUSS with pupils the spring migration of birds. Ask them to watch for the return of the birds and to report to the room as often as they see a new one. Whenever a pupil sees a bird for the first time let him describe it as well as he can and have him and the others look it up in a bird book and find out its name and other interesting facts about it. Encourage first-hand observation and so far as possible use the book for reference purposes to check up on the pupil's observation and to answer any questions that he has been unable to answer for himself. Keep a Bird Calendar, noting on it the name of the bird, the date when first seen, the place where it was seen, and the name of the pupil first seeing it.

If possible, show colored plates of the birds under discussion which may be secured from many dealers in school pictures.

Have pupils bring in statistics from different sources, such as government publications in regard to the usefulness of birds to farmers. Nos. 630, 868, 506, 755, 497 furnish information on this subject. Nos. 844, 609, 1239, 185 are also useful in the study of birds. Address U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Organize a Bird Club and interest pupils in making bird houses and bird baths. The material sent out by the National Association of Audubon Societies, (1974 Broadway, New York) is interesting and instructive. Each leaflet contains one colored picture of a bird, an outline picture to color, and a story about the bird.

Baltimore Oriole

About eight inches long; male has head and throat black extending to about middle of back; wings black tipped with white; also the tail; other parts golden orange in color; female duller yellow and olive, with dusky wings and tail. Nest is woven of twine, bits of wood

fibre, fine grass and scraps of weeds, suspended like a bag from the branch of a tree, usually at least twenty feet from the ground; eggs bluish white spotted and scratched with black; song a rich whistle.

In 1632 Lord Baltimore founded a colony which now comprises the states of Delaware and Maryland. In the woods and along the shores of this sec-



Baltimore Oriole

Biological Survey

tion of the country were great flocks of orioles. Because the colors of these birds were the same as those of Calvert's livery, they were named for him, being called Baltimore orioles.

Like many of our birds, the oriole's summer dwelling place is the whole of the United States east of the Rockies and northward to New Brunswick and Manitoba. He winters in Central America.

When the fruit trees are blooming, the first orioles arrive. The males come first, flaunting their brilliant colors before the eyes of all who see them. Flashing about in the orchard trees, they daintily pick small insects from the opening buds.

The clear, loud notes of the oriole are repeated constantly in May and June, as he feeds on fruit-tree insects. The last note of his theme, always ending in an upward inflection, makes the phrase sound so much like a question that one

almost wishes that the questioner might be answered to his entire satisfaction. Master Oriole's song takes on a richer, fuller tone as he sings to his gentle little mate.

They go to housekeeping, preferably in some tall tree with drooping branches, perhaps an elm or a willow, and near enough to civilization to keep hawks away. The orioles' nests are among the most interesting in birdland, for Madam Oriole is a famous weaver and adapts the style of her architecture to the needs of the situation. In order to keep out the bird's many enemies, the pensile nest is woven bottle shaped. The opening is quite a distance above the nest proper. This slender, neck-like entrance enables the Mother oriole to slip in and out of her nest without danger of foes being able to reach the precious babies in her absence. The nest is placed on a swinging bough and hangs like a hammock or cradle swaying with every passing breeze.

The nesting material varies. Milkweed, flax, string, grass, plant fibre—in fact, anything of the sort that is convenient—are woven and felted into the strongest kind of cradle. Often the nests are used a second year, new material being woven into the old weather-beaten fabric. In the South the oriole's nest is often made of Southern moss or of tough fibre from the edges of the yucca leaves.

The young birds when feathered resemble the females in coloring. The young males do not acquire their brilliant black and gold plumage at once, but by gradual degrees. Orioles do not change the color of their garb when they molt, as do bobolinks and goldfinches.

The orioles are very desirable "garden guests," for they not only eat grubs and worms but strip cocoons of their latent mischief. Their food is largely

insects, although, like many other birds, they vary their diet with wild fruits and berries.

Orioles have a second period of song from August to early September, when they leave us to flit about the tropic jungles of Central America. In this warmer country their bright coloring undoubtedly is more in keeping with their surroundings and they are less conspicuous than they are amid our more sombre leafage.

Marie Ellis Hegler.

The Oriole's Nest

A whirl of wings, a flash of light,
A glimpse of orange and of night,
A trill of song both sweet and low—
The sights and sounds that charm us so.

A nest of straw and grasses neat,
A home for birdlings, fresh and sweet,
So high above on slender rack,
Is swinging gently forth and back.

On lofty bough the nest is made,
And glimmers in the light and shade,
Among the leaves so deep and green
They shimmer in their silver sheen.

The maple tree is tall and old,
That stood through heat and winter's cold;
Its twigs are strong to bear the nest
Of orioles with golden breast.

So silently they come and go,
With scarce a note, though soft and low,—
The orioles are bringing food
On tireless pinions to their brood.

Oh what a nest of love is this,
Sweet emblem of the heav'nly bliss,
Where hallowed peace and calm abide
Through all the gentle summertime.

W. H. Sheak.

The Baltimore Oriole

Hush! 'tis he!

My oriole, my glance of summer fire,
Is come at last, and, ever on the watch,
Twitches the packthread I had lightly
wound

About the bough to help his housekeeping,—
Twitches and scouts by turns, blessing
his luck,

Yet fearing me who laid it in his way,
Nor, more than wiser we in our affairs,
Divines the Providence that hides and
helps.

James Russell Lowell.

The Goldfinch

About five inches in length; male bright yellow with black cap, wings and tail; wings and tail tipped with white. In winter he dons a dress more like his mate. Female head and back brown with under parts yellowish white. Nest in bush or tree; eggs bluish white in color, four to six in number. Song a ripple of sweet, twittering notes.

Golden, indeed, is our little friend the American goldfinch with his jaunty black cap tilted over his nose, the jet black of his wings and tail in sharp contrast to the brilliant yellow of



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Goldfinch

his coat. He is warbler size and is often called the wild canary or thistle bird.

His mate is dressed in much more somber hues, being olive above and buffy below. Her light-colored feathers are tinged with yellow. She has darker wings and tail and a rather rusty suggestion of a cap. In winter Master Goldfinch, too, dons an inconspicuous dress, resembling that of his mate, in which to brave the winter storms.

In summer the constantly reiterated notes grow almost tedious in their monotony as a flock of goldfinches settles in the swaying tops of a weed patch,

rising and shifting about at the slightest disturbance. They twitter and sing continually as they feed. They are especially fond of sunflower seeds, which they pry out with their strong little bills.

Goldfinches are to be found in temperate North America. They nest anywhere east of the Rockies, from Virginia and Missouri northward to Labrador, but they winter mainly in the United States. They wait until late summer, often remaining in flocks until the middle of July, before seeking a mate and settling down to home building and family duties.

It seems that the supply of thistle-down, the goldfinches' favorite nest lining, has something to do with their putting off nest building so long. If the summer is forward and thistles ripen their seeds unusually early, *Sir Astragalinus Tristis* may be tempted to leave the jolly companionship and care-free life of the roving band, and with his trim little mate construct a home. This may be placed in the upright fork of a sapling or growing plant.

The nest, a well-woven and dainty bit of bird architecture, is often so solidly constructed that it will hold water like a cup. It is made of the inner bark of hemp, if obtainable. If hemp is not available, grasses, weed stocks, bits of leaves, and so forth, are fastened securely together with cobwebs, and the inner lining of the cup felted, preferably with thistle. If no thistle-down can be obtained some other plant down or even horsehair is used. The nest is firmly attached to the surrounding twigs and forms a very durable cradle for the nestlings, in spite of its apparent frailty. The material of the nest bleaches to a silver-gray, harmonizing perfectly with its surroundings.

The eggs hatch in fourteen days, and busy indeed are the tiny parents from that time until the wee birdlings are old enough to take care of themselves. Goldfinches are clean little birds and like to have access to a shallow pool

somewhere in the vicinity of their nests, to which they repair for frequent baths during the nesting season.

The mother bird is the builder of the exquisite little home. Her handsome consort spends most of his energies in singing to her, which no doubt cheers his industrious little mate. He feeds her during the period of incubating the eggs, seeming to accomplish with ease the feat of singing with his mouth full of seeds.

The value of this bird to the agriculturist is very great, for he seeks out the hidden seed of the thistle—a weed that always means trouble to the farmer. The wheat fields, too, come under the goldfinch's assiduous police duty, for there he devours great numbers of that dreaded pest, the Hessian fly. In winter he consumes large amounts of plant lice eggs; those of the aphids affecting our shade and forest trees are his especial care. By combining both seeds and insect food in his diet he is doubly a blessing to mankind.

Marie Ellis Hegler.

ANIMAL LIFE

Outline—Cotton-tail Rabbit

CHARACTERISTIC movements and actions—Digs retreats, is quick in motion, jumps, leaps, nibbles, nostrils tremble, sits when not moving about, dives away suddenly.

Important feature—Gnaws.

Color—White, black, gray, fawn.

Parts—Head round; neck stout; eyes large and prominent; ears long, to hear approach of enemy; teeth: upper and lower pair of incisors and on upper jaw a short incisor on each side of the large teeth—(not used); at back of each side of upper jaw six grinding teeth and five on each side of lower jaw.

Body—Round, plump—tail small, upturned.

Legs—Four: hind legs longer than fore legs; strong hind legs enable animal to jump long distances.



Comstock Publishing Co.

Rabbits Eating

Toes—Five on each fore foot, four on each hind foot. Soles of feet are covered with hair for protection from cold.

Claws—Long, sharp; each toe has strong claw much like cat's but can not be drawn back.

Whiskers—Like those of a cat; used as feelers.

Lips—The upper lip is divided, so as not to be in the way when biting.

Covering—Soft fur of brownish gray on back and lighter along sides and under parts.

Food—Green herbs, lettuce, carrots, dandelions, corn, grass, leaves, clover. In winter they often eat the bark of trees.

Care of young—Mrs. Rabbit makes a nest for her young ones. The bottom of it she lines with soft fur from her own breast. After the young rabbits are born she pulls out more fur to make a coverlet to hide and keep warm her little blind bunnies. After about nine days their eyes open and by the time they are two months old they are large enough to take care of themselves.

My Rabbit

I have a little rabbit,
His name is Bunny Cotton;
He winks at me, he blinks at me,
He thinks I have forgotten

To bring his carrots and his oats,—
His special evening dinner.
He stares at me, 'most glares at me,—
The saucy little sinner.

So then I run and get my doll,
Her name is Dotty Dimple;
And we get Bun his supper,
Aunt says, "A menu simple."

He eats it up, just scoops it up,
He's all done in a hurry;
Then wipes his cheeks and whiskers
On a paw that's soft and furry.

He winks at me, he blinks at me,
His nose at me he'll wrinkle;
For that's the way he says good-night
To me and Dotty Dimple.

Cora Curtis Long.

The Muskrat

The muskrat, or musquash, is like a tiny beaver in both form and habits, and its winter house is like a beaver's doll house—if beavers only had dolls! You ought to see a muskrat build his winter lodge! He selects a place in a shallow, marshy pond, and choosing a tussock of sedge for a foundation, he piles up mud and sods in a circle around it, building it up into a dome above the water. By this time he has already dug a well at the bottom that extends down below the frost line in the pond, and from this he digs tunnels that lead out to places where food, such as water

plants and roots of cat-tail or sweet flag, may be found.

He uses the mud that he digs from the tunnels to build the dome of his lodge and to construct a dry chamber, above water line, on top of the tussock. This chamber is furnished with a bed



Biological Survey

Young Muskrat

of soft grass and has a hole above for ventilation and a passage down one side to the well below. It is all finished late in the fall. When the weather becomes cold, the dome is frozen solid and ice covers the pond. Then the muskrat is safe for the winter. He sleeps on his soft, dry bed, and when hungry he goes down into his water cellar and out through a tunnel to find some nice roots to eat. Sometimes a muskrat makes his winter chamber in a burrow in a bank above high water, but he always digs a tunnel from it up to the surface of the ground and another down into the water.

The muskrat is about four times as large as a real rat and has a solid body and short legs. His hind feet have webbed toes to be used as oars in swim-

ming; his tail is bare and scaly and is used not only as a rudder but as an alarm. He slaps the water with it, thus making a noise to warn his fellows, if he sees an enemy—such as an owl, fox, or mink approaching. The muskrat has an undercoat of very thick, fine fur which never wets through, and he can swim under water all day, coming to the surface now and then to get his breath, and never a drop of water touches his skin. Several litters of muskrats are born each season. They are blind and helpless at first but are tenderly cared for by their parents.

One of the queerest things about a muskrat is the way he washes his food. He will swim out and dig up flag root and haul it to the shore and then souse it up and down in the water until it is white and clean before he takes even a nibble. He is very fond of fresh-water clams also; he digs them up and pries open the shell, washing each clam thoroughly before swallowing it.

QUESTIONS FOR PUPILS

1. What animal does the muskrat resemble?
2. Compare the size of the muskrat with a real rat.
3. Describe his fur.
4. Describe his feet and how he uses them.
5. Describe his tail and how he uses it.
6. What does the muskrat eat?
7. Describe his manner of eating.
8. Where does the muskrat usually build his winter home?
9. What does he choose for the foundation of his home?
10. Of what does he build his home?
11. Describe its shape.
12. What does he build at the bottom of his home?
13. How does he use his well and tunnels?
14. Describe the dry chamber of his home.

Anna Botsford Comstock.



Hygiene

HYGIENE IN THE GRAMMAR GRADES

IN health instruction in the upper grades the teacher should recognize the peculiar mental characteristics of children in these grades. This is the time for group activities and of team games. If the teacher can show pupils of this age that good health brings desirable results by making them more eligible for participation in sports or in excelling in some other respect it will prove an incentive and cause them to practice right living. In the seventh and eighth grades the organization of a health club or health league will prove an excellent means of teaching constructive hygiene.

School Health League

All the pupils are members of the league and the officers should be chosen from the pupils of the upper grades. The officers are president, vice president, and secretary.

An individual health chart should be made by each child. These charts have thirteen horizontal lines, as there are thirteen questions to be answered, and as many vertical lines as the paper will hold. These vertical lines are for the days of the week.

The questions with the number of credits allowed for each are as follows:

1. How many slept last night with their windows open at least three inches from top and bottom? (1.)

2. How many brushed their teeth once, twice, three times yesterday? (1, 2, 3.)

3. How many cleaned their nails, once, twice, three times yesterday? (1, 2, 3.)

4. How many brushed their shoes before leaving home? (2.)

5. How many slept eight hours last night? (1.)

6. How many kept fingers and pencils out of mouths yesterday? (2.)

7. How many combed and brushed their hair before coming to school yesterday? (2.)

8. How many practiced at least three exercises yesterday? (2.)

9. How many had clean handkerchiefs yesterday? (2.)

10. How many washed hands and face before meals and before going to bed yesterday? (2, 3.)

11. How many tried to sit and stand correctly yesterday? (1, 2, 3.)

12. How many took one bath last week? (1.)

13. Sanitary Reports. (Children are given credit for several things under this heading. If a child sweeps up crumbs or papers and rubbish from the school yard he may be given credit according to the teacher's judgment.)

Each morning at the opening of the school session the president asks the list of questions. Each pupil puts on his individual chart, in the space after each question, the number of credits he has earned for each. Each pupil then gives to the secretary the total number of credits earned each day. It is his duty to enter the amount after each pupil's name. Following this the secretary and president enter the totals for each day on the large Health League Chart. This is a

piece of white cardboard with the words Health League and the thirteen questions with their points attractively printed across the top and ruled horizontally and vertically into one-half inch squares. Each pupil's name is written in a four-inch margin at the side. Opposite each name in the squares is placed the total number of points secured by each pupil each day.

Correlation with Civics

Sanitation, the milk supply, water supply, and other community health problems may also well be studied in the grammar grades. Clean-up campaigns begun in the schools will spread into the homes. A project for community improvement, such as cleaning up a dump in the vicinity of the school, will enlist interest and enthusiasm of pupils of grammar school age and such clean-up campaigns begun at school will spread into the homes. This kind of work, enjoyed by the Health Clubs, will train in the right kind of citizenship.

Because pupils of the intermediate grades and the grammar grades are instinctively hero worshipers, biography becomes the natural vehicle for the conveying of those truths which we are so desirous of stamping indelibly upon their lives. So, from time to time, the lives of certain persons having a direct bearing on the topic under consideration may be studied. Some of these are

Lister, the Hero of Safe Surgery.

Gorgas, the Conqueror by Sanitation.

Florence Nightingale, an Apostle of Cleanliness.

Trudeau, a Pioneer of Sanatorium Treatment.

Roosevelt, the Hero of Healthful Living.

The study of these heroes of health and sanitation may be done in connection with language, literature, geography and general science. The treatment of the life of General Gorgas, for example, will naturally lead to the considera-

tion of sanitation as a scientific achievement, closely related to other scientific achievements—a totaling of the commonplace features of everyday civic and home life for the solving of problems of national and international importance. The pupils will readily understand the application of science to the following: building a great reservoir for water supply; draining swamps; exterminating mosquitoes and other insects; making and enforcing laws on screening and fumigating houses; keeping these same houses free from rubbish and as “clean as a hospital”; forcing the natives to bathe regularly. The fact that in doing



Health Poster

these things the United States spent twenty million dollars, and as a result of having done them succeeded where France had failed in this great world project—such a concrete demonstration of the effects of sanitary living lifts the subject to a high plane of dignity and interest. With this new viewpoint the pupils will be able to make direct application to conditions in school, in their own homes, and in the community.

*Rose Holcomb and
Blanche Bulifant McFarland.*

OUTLINE OF STUDY FOR GRADE VII

SUBJECT MATTER

METHOD

A *Beautiful and Efficient Body*—

The body should be respected, well fed, and well cared for.

Systematic care of the body tends to self-respect.

The individual to a certain extent is the architect of his body. He fashions it largely through:

1. Exercise.

Why does the body need exercise?

What kinds should be taken?

When should we exercise?

What effect does exercise have on the body?

To understand the topic thoroughly the children will discover that they must know something further about the structure of the body and its bony and muscular systems.

The Body Framework or Skeleton.

Structure of bones and names of important ones.

Adjustment for efficiency—joints.

Special bones—vertebrae.

Relation of diet in building up bony structure.

The Muscular System.

Purpose of muscles.

A study of muscle structure and fiber.

Adaptation of muscles for their peculiar work.

Names of common ones.

Voluntary and involuntary muscles.

Muscle tonus—due to nerve control.

Effect of exercise on muscle development.

Muscle fatigue.

Rest—relaxation in reference to muscles.

Good Posture—

Correct posture implies "that the muscle pull shall be so equalized that the body shall be in as nearly a state of absolute balance as possible. This minimizes muscle strain."

"The line of correct posture falls straight from a point in front of the

At the first meeting a study of Greek life and the part that physical education and training played in it may be decided on. Members of the class may divide into groups to work on different topics. The reports may take the form of papers to be presented by one member of each group at the third or fourth meeting.

The following are suggestive topics:

The Olympic Games.

Greek Festivals.

Training of the Young Athlete.

Greek Standards of Health.

The Education of the Greek Boy.

Why Physical Exercise Was an Essential in Training Greek Youths.

A study of the life of the Romans may be made in a similar manner.

Study the life of any well-known figure in the athletic or sport world.

Regulated life as an essential to steady nerves, controlled muscles, keen sight, etc.

See Happy's *Parody Book of Sport*, American Child Health Association.

Write compositions on a topic such as "Health Factors Underlying Babe Ruth's Batting Average," "How Professionals are Made."

Have children suggest their own topics. Papers should emphasize the underlying health habits and the health point of view.

Make a study of a local college celebrity and his training table.

Have every member of the class write him a letter and from these select the best one to be sent to him, asking him what his regime during "season" includes and what health habits have helped him make the team. The girls may write a similar one to some one who has won a beauty contest.

When studying correct posture conduct a "Posture Drive." Advertise it widely before the time.

SUBJECT MATTER

METHOD

lobe of the ear through the tip of the shoulder joint to a point just in front of the ankle."

How bad posture is acquired and how to avoid it.

Effects of bad posture.

Prevention and correction of bad posture.

Relation of exercise to posture.

Work in relation to posture.

Overcoming effects of work through exercise.

Clothing in relation to posture.

The Nervous System—

In discussing "muscles" the tone of muscles will be found to be due to nerve energy. This will bring up the subject of "nerves," which should be developed but not too technically. Follow outline suggested in any modern health text. Teacher should read a good physiology for her own background.

Food—

Review foods from standpoint of how they build up the body and repair it. Review also digestive system. What foods are necessary for complete body maintenance? Why? Examples of each class.

Diets for undernourished.

Diets for overweight.

Foods to increase iron supply.

Foods to increase calcium supply.

A diet which is meatless and yet substantial.

Air and Sunshine—

Their relation to a healthy body.

Sleep, Rest, Relaxation—

Efficiency of body is due to fresh air, proper food in sufficient amounts, rest, recreation, cleanliness, right mental attitudes and sufficient exercise which will assist the body in properly performing all its functions.

Make posters for the corridors and various rooms.

Compose slogans.

Prepare three-minute speeches to be given in the various rooms.

Choose captains to tag individuals with good posture.

Make a special posture poster to be awarded to the room which, in the supervisor's opinion, has the best posture for a week.

Have each row make a special point of checking up posture with their other habits after the drive.

At the end of the year award a banner to the room showing the greatest improvement in posture.

Other Suggestions to Aid in Posture Study:

Study posture of a soldier—his life, emphasizing drills, exercise, simplicity. Investigate the systems of training at West Point and Annapolis.

Make a study of right and wrong kinds of clothing—use pictures, charts or drawings.

Prepare booklets or posters showing clothes suitable for sports, school, social life.

Select pictures of Greek art and statuary to study for posture.

Have an exhibition of shoes.

Explain their effect on posture.

When studying food emphasize caloric values. Keep a week's record of food intake according to meals with calories figured. Also energy output. Consult Rose: *Feeding the Family*.

Show how to improve menus.

Make graphs for weights, normal and actual.

Make graphs for a lower grade.

Make out menu cards suitable for a tearoom or cafeteria, indicating the caloric value at the side of the food name.

SUBJECT MATTER

The Special Senses and Their Care—

Make for better efficiency and beauty.

Study eye, ear, nose, etc.

Clean Living—

Nature always exacts a price whether we disregard a health law or a moral law.

The Ends of Creation—

How physical fitness helps in service to God, country, neighbor, and ourselves.

Health (personal) is Purchasable—

Through hygienic living—obeying laws of nature.

Cures, patent medicines.

When to call the doctor.

When to use home remedies.

How the Beauty and Efficiency of the Body are Impaired—

Germ—disease.

Communicable diseases.

Colds and their treatment.

Tuberculosis a curable disease.

Cancer still incurable.

Worry—folly of it.

Overwork not dangerous.

Nerves.

"High Living."

Improper food.

Lack of exercise.

Injuries from accidents and carelessness.

Physical defects and their effects on body.

Repairing the Broken-down Body—

Air, Food, Rest, Exercise, Environment, Pleasant Work.

Discuss these topics from the viewpoint of the part they play in building body endurance. Have groups take charge of the various topics to be presented on successive days or weeks following the class discussion. Stimulate healthy rivalry among the groups as to presenting their topics

METHOD

After studying the special senses have a "lecture" afternoon at one meeting. Three or four members of the class play "Oculist," "Throat Specialist," "Ear Specialist" and give short health talks on them to the class.

Collect from magazines and newspapers "Health and Beauty Ads," also health columns. Discuss.

Suggestions for Debates:

1. Athletic competitions should be inter-class rather than extra-mural.

2. Adequate physical education for every student is more important than a winning team.

3. The Greek system of training athletes was superior to ours.

Have the boys and girls work on separate projects.

The boys make a book, "Making an Athlete."

The girls, "Many Roads to Beauty."

Illustrate with cut-out pictures. Books will include compositions, stories, rhymes, and general information relative to the subject.

In teaching First Aid avoid mere recitations. "To do" is the important thing. Let the discussions include considerations of why such a procedure is used, and the underlying physiology. Dramatize all the procedures. Every pupil should be provided with a first aid package, the contents of which can be used in the demonstrations. Boy Scouts or Girl Scouts in the class may give exhibition demonstrations. If the class is given under a teacher who holds the Red Cross certificate the children may take the examinations and try for certificates also.

Suggestions for Practical First Aid Teaching—

(Gilbert Junior High School)

Making a first aid booklet: The "test" hour in first aid was spent out in the

in the most novel and interesting way.

First Aid—

Wounds—their repair and treatment.
Hemorrhages.
Bruises, Sprains, Fractures, Dislocations.
Bandaging, Burns.
Accidents, Shocks.
Artificial Respiration.
Poisoning.
Treatment of Sudden Illnesses.

woods. Different members of the class thought up situations in which accidents might occur. The class acted out these in each specific case. Every rescue was kodaked. At the next health period stories were written concerning the out-of-door adventures. Those stories which best described each snapshot were chosen to put in the class book.

OUTLINE OF STUDY FOR GRADE VIII

SUBJECT MATTER

METHOD

Man and His Environment—

The health of an individual or a community is dependent on:

1. The individual.
2. The environment.

The relation of the individual to the community.

A general review of personal hygiene.

How an individual contributes to raising health standards of his group.

Ways in which an individual may be a menace to the group.

From personal point of view.

Failure to follow health and sanitary laws.

Failure to support better health movements.

Failure to vote for health laws.

The Environment in Relation to Health—

The Home—

How it affects the health of the individual members.

Location.

Ventilation.

Lighting.

Heating.

Provision for recreations.

Food.

Value of the aesthetic in regard to health.

Have pupils of this grade undertake the publication of a monthly health paper or magazine. If there is no department of manual training have it type-written or "published" in their best handwriting, and a few copies sent monthly to the grades from the fifth up. It may be worked out in the health, English, and writing periods.

Suggestions for the magazine or paper: Topics which are being discussed in class—brief summaries or articles, current happenings relative to health movements—local, state, or national—health rhymes, stories, plays (original), health-grams, health slogans, news items concerning health work in the various grades, an honor roll of children who during the current month have had physical defects corrected, a special article addressed to parents monthly relative to the school health work and home-cooperation. Different eighth grades in a school or city might exchange their monthly "copies."

Have children work on a booklet, "Better Homes." Pictures may be collected from their home magazines or from advertising material and should cover such topics as the exterior of the house in its various phases, the different rooms, home furnishing, home decoration. Short explanations or articles might follow the pictures. Have an

SUBJECT MATTER

The health standards of the community are the result of the standards of individual homes.

The Community—

It provides for all jointly what the individual house could not supply.

Water supply.

Sewage systems.

Removal of wastes.

The city streets.

Health supervision in relation to communicable diseases, to sanitary conditions in homes, stores, restaurants, bakeries, dairies, etc.

Health ordinances.

Fire protection.

Property and life protection.

The Life Occupation—

The major part of after school days is spent in the environment furnished by one's work.

Choice of occupation.

Sedentary occupations.

Factory work and trades.

Dangers to health in each.

How to offset these disadvantages.

Industrial Hygiene—

Its place in life of every individual as a worker, employer, or voter who will make laws relative to working conditions.

Some conditions in factories making them unsafe for health.

Health Provisions—

Proper lighting and ventilation.

Adequate wash rooms and other conveniences.

A lunch room.

Rest rooms.

Recreation rooms.

Humane working hours.

Dispensaries or infirmaries with services of nurse.

Education of employees in health.

Physical examination for employment.

METHOD

exhibition of pictures on the bulletin board and of clippings relative to the hygiene of the home.

Use a good text as Brown, *Health in Home and Town*; and reference books as Jewett, *Town and City*, Allen, *Civics and Health*, and others available.

Make a score card for estimating the efficiency of a community in caring for the health of its citizens. Score the local community.

Have a member of a profession, well known locally, speak to the class on "Health in Relation to Efficiency" or a similar topic.

Have every member of the class determine how far his personal habits are contributing to his efficiency.

Have them make charts or graphs showing the relation to normal which their height, weight, and habits of sleep, exercise, eating, bathing, etc., bear. Do this at the opening of school and at the end of each term. Compare.

If your community is in a manufacturing town arrange a class visit to a factory, visiting the lunch room, recreation rooms, the infirmary, and class rooms, if there are such. Have children notice all provisions made for the "Safety" of employees, as signs, guards, special types of clothing worn by employees, etc. Have children write up their trip on returning. If such a trip cannot be arranged, have children investigate a topic relative to industrial hygiene—example: "Provisions for Safety in the Cotton Mills," "The Workmen's Compensation Act," "Vocational Training for Factory Employees."

Suggestions for Eighth Grade Debates—
Resolved that:

Pasteur did more for France than Napoleon.

Health is the greatest asset for success in life.

SUBJECT MATTER

Health Heroes—

From the environment lead to world health conditions and a study of the progress of health movements and preventive medicine. These topics are to be presented through biographies of "Health Heroes."

William Harvey. 1578—1657.

Discoverer of Circulation of Blood.
Edward Jenner. 1749—1823.

Vaccination.

Pasteur. 1822—1895.

Germ theory of disease. Rabies.

Lister. 1827—1912.

Antiseptic methods of surgery.

Florence Nightingale. 1820—1910.

Nursing training and service.

Clara Barton. 1821—1912.

American Red Cross.

Robert Koch. 1843—1910.

Tuberculosis bacillus.

Coma bacillus.

Studied treatment of malaria.

Reed, (1851—1902), *Gorgas,* (1854—1920).

Yellow fever, malaria.

Trudeau. 1854—1920.

Treatment of tuberculosis.

Roosevelt. 1858—1919.

Overcoming physical handicaps.

Some Agencies Engaged in Furthering Health Work—

National Tuberculosis Association and its affiliated state associations.

American Red Cross.

American Child Health Association.

United States Bureau of Education.

Child Welfare League of America.

National Dairy Council and affiliated councils.

American Medical Association.

United States Public Health Service.

Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, New York.

Elizabeth McCormick Memorial Fund.

METHOD

Mental training without physical training is poor economy.

Athletics are more valuable than formal gymnastic exercises.

Suggestions for Mock Trials.

For neglecting to follow three of the health rules.

For failing to provide individual drinking cups.

For using patent medicines.

For failure to visit the dentist twice a year.

For drinking less than six glasses of water a day.

For drinking coffee.

For refusal to have eyes tested.

For Girls—

A brief course in home nursing and care of the sick. If the school has a nurse she should teach the class and have them take examinations for the Red Cross certificate. Include some consideration of infant care. If there is no nurse, the teacher can teach the underlying principles. While the girls take their course the boys may investigate health conditions in their city or make a survey of city markets, groceries, and stores or study the elements of camp cookery. Or the course may be given as an elective after school hours for all girls who are to take it. Use the Red Cross textbook—*Home Nursing and Care of Sick*. Consider the following topics as a minimum: The Sick Room, The Home Nurse, Personal Care of the Patient, Sick Room Procedure, Symptoms, Special Problems, Care and Feeding of Children, Feeding of Sick—trays, medicines.

See *Health of the Family*—Federal Board for Vocational Education, Washington, D. C., *Bulletin* No. 86; *Home Economic Series* No. 8.

Adapted from "Health Through the School Day," by Mary E. Spencer. Used by permission.

HEALTH RHYMES

Playing the Game

Tune—"Jingle Bells"

Life is fresh and gay,
 Go it while you're young,
 Join our ranks to-day
 And sing this good health song.
 Just take your little rules,
 They are not hard to keep,
 Eat and drink just what you should,
 And get a lot of sleep.

Chorus—

Healthy boys, healthy girls,
 Joy to all can give,
 Eyes so bright, hearts so light,
 What fun it is to live!

Youth can come but once
 And quickly pass away,
 But you can take along
 The thing that keeps you gay.
 Once your health is gone,
 You'll fight with might and main,
 And what you've idly thrown away,
 You may not win again.

—Chorus

And so we sing our song,
 Of good health and its fame,
 Just keep your courage strong,
 And gladly play the game;
 For life is meant for joy,
 And joyous we will be;
 We'll do our parts, with cheerful
 hearts,
 And stand for jollity.

*—Chorus**Mildred Rife.*

The Health Game

The jolly game of health we play
 To make us stronger day by day;
 Our brains and bodies soon will do
 The work they were intended to,
 If we but follow every rule
 Of health that we are taught in school.

There's happiness in keeping well,
 As everyone of us can tell,
 Who has not been correctly taught
 Or lived exactly as one ought.
 Almost as soon as we've begun,
 We find that health adds to our fun.

The game of health has rules that we
 Must practice each day faithfully;
 But all of these are simple, quite,
 And when observed each brings delight;
 Fresh air and exercise, we know,
 Will help to make our bodies grow.

No one who's really nice enjoys
 The sight of unclean girls and boys;
 It's not enough to be just neat—
 Our flesh, too, must be fresh and sweet;
 This means that we must wash a lot,
 Both when it's cold and when it's hot.

Our hair must each day be brushed,
 And finger-nails their story tell;
 Teeth must be brushed twice every day,
 If we would keep them from decay;
 And after we have really tried
 To keep ourselves just right *outside*,

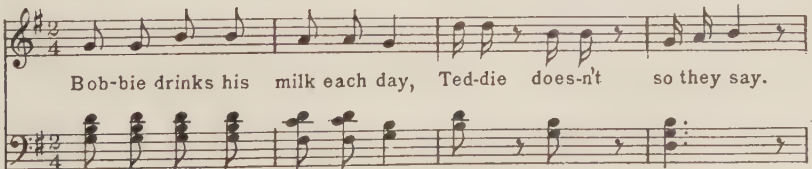
We have another thing to do,—
 And that's to keep clean *inside*, too;
 We must drink water, pure and good,
 And eat the simplest kinds of food.
 The health game you will soon admit
 Is well worth while—not hard a bit.

Maude Wood Henry.

Bobbie and Teddie

SHIRLEY SOMES

JOSEPHINE BROWN BURT

*Twice as fast.*

ORIGINAL RHYMES AND POSTERS

An excellent method of following up a health program in the primary grades, to find whether or not the health principles children have studied have made a lasting impression on their minds is to have them write health rhymes in Mother Goose style and illustrate them. The following rhymes and posters prepared by third and fourth grade pupils are examples of the kind of work that can be done.

Poster No. 1

Jack Sprat was strong and fat
For he drank milk and cream,
Ate vegetables and lots of bread
And left his plate quite clean.

Posters No. 2 and No. 3

Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,
The milkmen are coming to town,
Some in trucks and some in carts
And some in autos brown.

Poster No. 4

Sing a song of healthiness,
A bottle full of milk,
Four and twenty children
All as fine as silk;
When the bottle opened,
The milk began to run,
Made the children happy
And full of fun.

Posters No. 5 and No. 6

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat,
Where have you been?
I've been to the Dairy and back.
Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat,
What did you there?
I licked up some spilt milk
Under a chair.

Other Rhymes to Illustrate

Jack and Jill went up a hill
To get some milk to drink.
They both fell down, but saved their crown,
For it made them fat, I think.

I had a little pony,
His name was Dapple Grey;
I sold him to the milkman
Who comes to us each day.
He didn't pay me money
To make me very wealthy,
But paid me in good rich milk
To make me strong and healthy.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
A bottle of milk had he.
He took off the top
And said to his Pop,
It will make me fat, you see.

Apples are healthful,
Milk is too,
But tea and coffee
Will never do.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
Where a bottle of milk had sat;
But when she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And all of the children were fat.
Anonymous.

HEALTH BOOKLETS

1. Have children cut pictures and make scrapbooks—

- About people with good teeth.
- About standing well and sitting well (might contain pictures of bad posture also).
- About the right kinds of foods.

2. Have children write a statement concerning each picture placed in scrapbook.

3. Have children find pictures illustrating healthful activities which one might perform from the beginning of a day until the end of it.

4. Have children make lists of habits which make for good health; for instance, eating nourishing food at each meal, etc.

5. Write a list of "Remembers" at the bottom of a sheet of drawing paper and above each rule paste a picture cut from magazines to illustrate it. For example:

Remember: If one wishes to grow straight and strong he must, while he is young, get the habit of sitting, walking and standing straight.

Remember: It is the strongest people who win the race and have the most fun in life.

Remember: Sound teeth are necessary for good health. They should be cleaned thoroughly after each meal.

Jean F. Mackey.



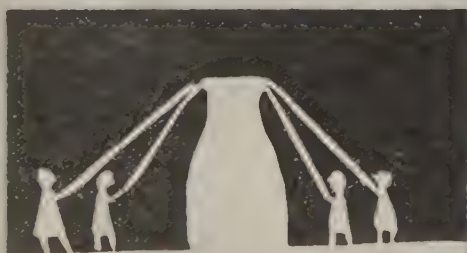
POSTER
No. 1



POSTER
No. 2



POSTER No. 3

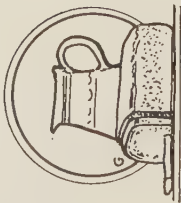


POSTER No. 4

POSTER
No. 5

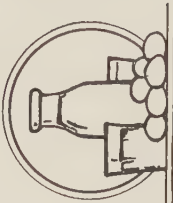


POSTER
No. 6



SOME GOOD FOODS

	12	13	14	15	16	19	20
WHOLE WHEAT BREAD	9	11					
MILK	28	29					
VEGETABLES	31	30					
EGGS	17	18					
FRUIT	12	16					



This drawing may be used in connection with a class health campaign. Millions are spent in advertising foods of questionable value, which are very widely consumed. Malnutrition often results from ignorance regarding the matter. Whole wheat, for example, contains sixteen vital elements of nutrition. Yet man mills away most of these to obtain a bread that pleases the eye. Proper food habits may be pointed out in the classroom, and the above device is suggested to encourage this idea.

After explanations, a daily list is kept of the number who eat the things listed. The four side drawings will add interest to the problem. Yellow may be used for the straight lines in the food list, and white for the words and numbers. One of the side sketches may be added daily in yellow or orange. Other colors may be used in the case of vegetables and fruit.

—Morris Greenberg.

HEALTH PLAY

THE FIGHT FOR HEALTH

CHARACTERS

THE MAYOR
 THE LEADING CITIZEN
 THE BUTCHER
 THE BAKER
 THE CANDLESTICK MAKER
 GENERAL HEALTH
 RED CROSS NURSE
 EIGHT LITTLE GIRLS REPRESENTING

Fresh Air	Cleanliness
Nourishing Food	Good Habits
Exercise	Cheerfulness
Rest	Sanitary Surroundings

The characters are dressed in costumes appropriate to their respective occupations. The Eight Little Girls may merely wear placards across the front of their dresses on which is printed the name of what each represents.

Time—Present

Place—Our Town

Scene—A mass meeting of citizens.

THE DIALOGUE

LEADING CITIZEN—

An enemy is stalking about through the land
 And smiting our citizens on every hand.

MAYOR—

And what is the name of this foe, if you please?

LEADING CITIZEN—

He goes by the unpleasant name of Disease.

MAYOR—

And what shall we do with this unwelcome foe?

BUTCHER—

We must smite him, and fight him, and cause him to go.

MAYOR—

And who will our general be in this cause?

BAKER—

General Health, who has helped us in all of our wars.

(All cheer: "Hurrah for Health! Hurrah for Health!")

CANDLESTICK MAKER—

What are the weapons we'll use in this fight,
 To drive out the foe and put him to flight?

GENERAL HEALTH—

The first that we'll use is the air, fresh and pure,

A weapon that's tested and worthy and sure.

The sunshine comes with it—a weapon that's given

As freely as any from bounteous Heaven.

(Indicates "Fresh Air," who steps forward and bows.)

Another that's always unfailing and good
 Is plenty of wholesome and nourishing food.

(Indicates "Nourishing Food," who steps forward and bows.)

Exercise does its part in the fray,
 We must use—not abuse—it every day.

(Indicates "Exercise," who steps forward and bows.)

Another that's good, really one of the best,
 Is plenty of undisturbed repose, or rest.

(Indicates "Rest," who steps forward and bows.)

Cheerfulness, too, and a merry heart
 Will help us out and do a great part.

(Indicates "Cheerfulness," who steps forward and bows.)

Good Habits are weapons to use in this fight

To drive out the foe and put things right.

(Indicates "Good Habits," who steps forward and bows.)

Cleanliness, too, is a wonderful aid
 And helps if we use it in making a raid.

(Indicates "Cleanliness," who bows.)

Healthful Surroundings, the last we cite,
 Are as worthy as any to use in this fight.

(Indicates "Healthful Surroundings," who steps forward and bows.)

ALL—

Hurrah, hurrah,
 We sound the call to war!

We'll rid our land
 On every hand
 Of the enemy, Disease.

(Weapons now present themselves to General Health, coming forward two and two in order given.)

FRESH AIR AND FOOD—

We're ready to work,
 None of us will shirk,
 If Health will be our leader.

EXERCISE AND REST—

We've set our hearts

To do our parts,
If Health will be our leader.

CHEERFULNESS AND GOOD HABITS—

We'll all join in,
The fight to win,
If Health will be our leader.

CLEANLINESS AND SANITARY SURROUNDINGS—

This deadly foe,
Disease, must go,
For Health will be our leader.

ALL—

Hurrah, hurrah;
We sound the call to war!
We'll rid our land
On every hand
Of the enemy, Disease.

MAYOR—

In ridding the land of Disease's curse,
A wonderful help is the Red Cross Nurse.
I think she can give us some sound instructions,
And we can all make our own deductions.

1ST NURSE—

If we would be physically healthy and strong,
And happy as birdies the whole day long,

We must open our windows and breathe
the fresh air,
And feed upon wholesome and nourishing fare.

2ND NURSE—

We must exercise often—of course we must rest;
If we're regular in it—why, that is best.
We must wash our hands and brush our teeth,
Up and down and underneath.

3RD NURSE—

Good Habits and Healthful Surroundings
Will cause Disease to flee.
Water and Soap are plentiful,
Sunshine and Air are free!

4TH NURSE—

We must keep our hearts cheerful,
Our bodies quite clean,
And then old Disease germs
Will never be seen.

ALL—

Hurrah, hurrah,
We sound the call to war!
We'll rid our land
On every hand
Of the enemy, Disease.

Mrs. B. H. Blalock.



Health Poster

Projects

ROBIN HOOD—A DRAMATIZATION PROJECT

OF all the children's heroes, none holds a stronger appeal than does Robin Hood. Because the primitive instincts expressed throughout the story so thrill the child, project work is easy. The ideals exemplified of fair play, humanity, and triumph of right make *Robin Hood* a desirable classic for ethical training. It is not necessary to dwell on the fact that Robin Hood was essentially an outlaw.

The dramatization here given formed a scene in the pageant, "A Child's Joy in Literature" given by the Fredonia Normal Training School, N. Y. Each grade of the training school was asked to choose a favorite classic and dramatize it as part of the program. The fifth grade unanimously chose the hero of Sherwood Forest.

Introductory Work

At the suggestion of the teacher that the play must be true to the story and to the history in the matter of staging,—costumes, costumes, and speech, interest was aroused in the following activities:

1. Historical research.
 - a. Reading, biography of William the Conqueror, Richard the Lion-Hearted. (*Hero Tales from History*, Burnham; *Heroes and Heroines of English History*, Hoffman.)
 - b. *Story of Robin Hood*, Bush, No. 212 in Instructor Literature Series.

2. Picture study for ideas of medieval life under the Normans and Saxons in England.
3. Construction Work.
 - a. Sand tables—Saxon village, Norman castle. (Good illustrations in Parker's *Types of Elementary Teaching and Learning*, and *General Methods of Teaching in Elementary Schools*.)

Preparation for Dramatizing

1. Oral reading and discussion of Robin Hood to choose part of story for play.
 - a. Editions read: Harvey's, Warren's and Pyle's (Pyle's edition good for illustrations); *Tales and Plays of Robin Hood* by Eleanor Skinner.

From the last-named source the class gained an idea of how to begin writing the play, but none of the scenes considered met the requirements of their situation. This demanded a scene

- (1) interesting; (2) including whole grade; and (3) presenting striking costumes.
2. Oral reading—"The Archery Contest" from *Ivanhoe*.

Writing of Play

Naturally the suggestion was made that the play, "The Archery Contest" would include the whole grade, as the girls could be used as spectators and court ladies at the tournament.

1. Writing the play in language class.
 - a. Choice of chief and minor characters.

- b. Introduction, climax, and conclusion.
- c. Effective manner of presentation.
- d. Style of expression.

After this preparation the pupils chose the main speaking parts from *Ivanhoe*. The ballads are from the sources indicated.

Dramatization

CHARACTERS

ROBIN HOOD
MAID MARIAN
PRINCE JOHN
HUBERT AND OTHER NOBLES
THE QUEEN AND COURT LADIES
ROBIN HOOD'S MERRY MEN
SHERIFF
PAGE

SETTING

Trees, target, pavilion for the prince. Several spectators, including sheriff, present when curtain rises.

(Enter Prince John, followed by Hubert and two other nobles. Applause. Enter Queen, attended by Maids. Applause. Sheriff signals for attention with bugle.)

PRINCE JOHN (*addresses Locksley, who stands apart*)—Ah, I guessed from thy bragging that thou couldst not wield the long bow, and I see that thou dare not shoot against my merry men.

LOCKSLEY—I have another reason besides that of fearing any disgrace or failure.

PRINCE JOHN—And what is thy reason?

LOCKSLEY—I do not shoot at their targets; and besides, I fear that thou wouldst not like it if I won a prize above thy merry men.

PRINCE JOHN—What is thy name?

LOCKSLEY—My name is Locksley, sir.

PRINCE JOHN—Thou shalt shoot, Locksley; and if thou winnest, I will add twenty nobles to the prize. If thou failest, the provost will scourge thee from the lists.

LOCKSLEY—It is not fair! nevertheless, I will shoot. To the sports, my merry men! A feast awaits the winners!

(Three archers shoot. Hubert's comes nearest the mark. Crowd shouts "Hubert! Hubert!")

PRINCE JOHN—Now, Locksley, wilt thou yield up thy bow to the provost, or wilt thou try thy skill with Hubert?

LOCKSLEY—I'll shoot, sir, but if I must aim at his target, it is but fair that he should aim at mine.

PRINCE JOHN—So be it. *(Laughing)* Hubert, thou must shoot at this braggart's target!

HUBERT—I'll do my best, sir. My grandsire, they tell me, drew a good bow at Hastings. *(Shoots near center of the target.)*

LOCKSLEY—Had you allowed for the wind 'twould have hit the center. *(Shoots near the center of the target.)*

PRINCE JOHN (*to Hubert*)—If you let this braggart win, you deserve the gallows.

HUBERT—I'll do my best, sir. My grandsire drew a good bow at Hastings.

PRINCE JOHN—Enough of thy grandsire and Hastings! Mend thine own shot! *(Hubert shoots again. Applause. "A Hubert! In the clout! A Hubert!")* Now, Locksley, canst thou mend that shot?

LOCKSLEY—No, but I'll notch his shaft. *(Shoots. Spectators quiet in amazement.)* And now I ask your grace's permission to plant a mark used in the north country. Let him who wins give a golden arrow to the lass he loves best. I go but to cut a willow rod from yonder forest. *(Returns, peeling willow.)* Who can hit this is worthy to serve King Richard himself. Yonder target is as easy as the Round Table itself.

HUBERT—A man can but do his best. My grandsire drew a good bow at Hastings, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. *(Throws down bow.)*

PRINCE JOHN—Coward! Shoot, Locksley, and the prize is thine if thou winnest.

(Locksley shoots. Attendants bring wand, cleft in two.—In the play, the willow, already split, is held with a ring of invisible wire. This the page removes as he shows target to audience. Applause—"Locksley! Locksley!" Prince John hands Locksley bugle of pennies; Locksley refuses. Takes golden arrow instead and presents it to Maid Marian. Applause: "Maid Marian, Maid Marian, queen of the tournament!")

PRINCE JOHN—If thou, Locksley, wilt take service with me these twenty nobles shall attend thee.

LOCKSLEY—I will serve none save the royal King Richard, noble prince. These trophies go to Hubert. (Gives trophies to Hubert.)

PRINCE JOHN—But who art thou, Locksley? I know well that Locksley is not thy real name.

LOCKSLEY—

I am Robin Hood,
I live in the wood,
And my merry men serve me;
When my horn I blow,
With its notes so low,
They come tripping o'er the lea.

(Outlaws, wearing green, appear from behind evergreens on stage and kneel before Robin Hood, hailing him "Robin Hood.")

PRINCE JOHN—Robin Hood, thou and thy men are safe for forty days. Amnesty was granted all who appear in the sports. Thou hast added much to our pleasure. Wilt thou present thy brave archers to the court?

LOCKSLEY—Aye, noble prince.

(Robin Hood stands. Kneeling Merry Men sing "Robin Hood," by Laura Rountree Smith, found in "Little Plays and Exercises," F. A. Owen Publishing Company. Robin Hood singing questions, with his men singing answers, makes an effective presentation.)



Characters in "Robin Hood"

LOCKSLEY—And now, noble Prince, I crave your permission to present my lass of the golden arrow to my comrades. (*Prince John bows. Marian advances with Robin Hood.*)

LOCKSLEY—Maid Marian, Queen of Sherwood Forest!

(*Song, "Love Will Find Out the Way," is sung by Robin Hood's men. This is found in Warren's "Robin Hood"—Rand McNally. As Robin Hood blows horn, Merry Men skip off stage, leaving nobles and spectators in semicircle tableau. Curtain.*)

Art Work

1. Posters illustrating different parts of the story formed problems in free-hand cutting. The best of these were used in advertising the play.
2. The Robin Hood costumes were made from cambric of hunter's green. A sleeping garment pattern was used for the suit, which fitted very snugly. Over this a short doublet of tan was worn. A leather belt held the hunter's horn. A flowing green cape was fastened over the left shoulder. The caps were also of green thrust through with a pheasant's feather.
3. The suits of the nobles and court ladies were of variously colored sateen and cretonne in imitation of brocade. Hats were made of the same material and trimmed with plumes from old hats. Swords were borrowed, but may be made from wood and gilded.
4. Both nobles and Robin Hood men used bows and arrows made by the boys.
5. The banners were made of cambric in a variety of colors, decorated with the seal of Richard Cœur de Lion. The designs were traced and painted with gilt or appliqued in contrasting colors.

Margaret Noel.

THE GREAT LAKES-ST. LAWRENCE CANAL PROJECT

GEOGRAPHY texts are only reliable guides through the lands of the world. Were they to include all available knowledge of social merit pertaining to geography, they might be too cumbersome to admit of such flexible use as is demanded by the varying needs of different localities. Even then, so rapid is our social and industrial development that many recent projects of economic importance would not be included. Yet one of the greatest needs where the people govern, is knowledge and interest on the part of the lay public in civic affairs, in large as well as in local areas. This project aims to meet such a situation by introducing a typical economic problem in the intermediate grades.

Specific Purposes of Project

1. To give information on proposed Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Waterway.
2. To create an attitude of interest toward an international enterprise.
3. To develop an appreciation of the varying economic demands of different geographical sections of the United States.

Introductory Work

In the class where this project was developed the proposed waterway was incidentally referred to in Current Events, and as a potential source of hydro-electric power in connection with the study of the Keokuk Power Plant. In geography class the St. Lawrence Canal came under the study of transportation in the North Central States. The Outline here given very briefly suggests the work done in developing the project.

Class Discussion (Current Events)

1. Unrest in the Northwest because of transportation facilities.
 - a. Claims of high freight rates, slow canal and lake shipping, constant

congestion in New York Harbor.

2. Are these claims justified? How can we tell?
3. Should citizens of New York State be informed on this question?
4. How may this canal affect us?
 - a. Effect on northern part of state, Erie Canal, New York Harbor.

Here the class decided to investigate the question if material were available. The pupils were divided into four groups and a leader appointed for each. Material with *marked references* was given each leader. Special reports were assigned certain pupils. Maps showing canal and railway routes and drawings of the profile of the proposed canal were included. Maps showing general Waterway Improvement System of the United States were placed on the bulletin boards.

The following questions were given all pupils as a guide in finding the information needed to decide the issue.

Questions for Outline of Research

1. Locate this waterway.
 - a. How much will it cost?
 - b. Who will pay for it?
2. Who wants it improved? Why?
3. What does the Northwest import and export now?
4. Through what routes?
5. What makes each route expensive?
 - a. What do you know about freight rates?
 - b. St. Lawrence traffic. What do you mean by a lake steamer, ocean steamer, and St. Lawrence boat? How much can a lake vessel carry? How much can a St. Lawrence vessel carry?
 - c. What is the time of retardation through St. Lawrence at present?
 - d. What will it be through the new canal?
 - e. How long does it now take to go from the head of the Lakes to Liverpool?
 - f. How long will it take through the new route?
 - g. Would the route be shorter

from New York to Liverpool, or from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Liverpool?

- h. What other objections besides distance are there to going through New York City?
6. Compare the rates on the Lakes and on the St. Lawrence.
7. What makes this difference?
8. How will the proposed waterway help?
9. How many boats are ready now for this commerce?
10. Would this waterway help any part of our state? How?
11. Would it hurt New York City? Why?
12. Would it make our relations with Canada more or less friendly?

Special Reports

1. How the new canal will differ from the present St. Lawrence channel.
2. Effect of new canal on New York State Barge Canal.
3. Effect on New York City Harbor.
4. Effect on northern part of state.
5. How will increase of earnings in Northwest affect New York City as a manufacturing city?
6. What is the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association?

Presentation

From material given leaders, the four groups discussed answers to questions at lesson period each day. Ten minutes was given to general discussion of points not decided on by pupils.

After three days of group work the whole class discussed the problem, answering the questions and giving reports. (A blackboard map was used for illustration and reference.) This required two days.

Outcomes of Project

1. Information
 - a. Proposed canal.
 - b. Water transportation.
 - c. Commercial problems of Northwest.

2. Preparation for understanding National Waterway Improvement Program.
3. Attitude of interest in social and economic problems.
4. Skill in using reference material as a means of solving problems or answering questions.
5. Understanding of different localities through study of economic problems of geographical origin.

Reference Material

Book of Facts, and other publications of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association.

Current magazine articles.

Margaret Noel.

AN AMERICANIZATION PROJECT

(For Fifth Grade)

Story: What America Did for Tony

THE first sight in America to greet Tony's eyes, after his long trip from southern Italy across the blue Atlantic, was the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. It was the symbol of opportunity to those who came seeking new homes on a new continent.

Tony's first home in America was in Paterson, New Jersey, where he attended school and learned our language and our ways. His father worked in a pottery there—he was an Italian immigrant. But the children—they were Americans!

In school, Tony learned many, many things about his home city, his state and his country. He learned how the large potteries, such as gave his father work, obtained their raw materials from New Jersey's own rich clay banks. He received a comprehensive idea of the converting of natural products into marketable commodities. And then, he had to leave school and go to work.

Tony's first job, like his father's, was in a pottery, and oh, how he liked the work! For him, everything had a meaning. Life spelled opportunity. He left Paterson and went to Trenton, where he obtained a much better position in a larger pottery there. He became interested in the decorative department. At night, he went to New York and studied art. All of his innate

Italian love of beauty found an outlet in his work. Tony loved America, and America had need of him.

The above little skeleton of a story was delightfully worked out and converted into a most interesting Americanization-local geography project.

Chapter by chapter we worked out together, bringing into the study every detail of local geography, and correlating with it nearly every subject in the curriculum. Oral expression, composition (paragraph construction), spelling, penmanship and drawing—all were strengthened by the work. And through it all ran the strong theme of Americanization.

We made very attractive, illustrated booklets, with covers both unique and clever. Their contents were remarkably well written, and showed clearly outlined knowledge assembled in good paragraphs. At the end—as the climax to a really constructive project—we made from modeling clay the pots and vases of our classroom pottery.

On the broad window sills, covered with dark green crepe paper, we staged our pottery exhibition. But the deepest inspiration of the project, and the one which did the most lasting good, was that sincere, abiding sense of American opportunity which was left in the hearts of the girls and boys.

Outline of Project

Local geography subject—Pottery industry.

Americanization theme—American opportunity.

Materials—Drawing paper; crayola; modelling clay; any available reading material.

- I. The landing of the immigrant on Ellis Island.
 - A. Informative discussion.
 - B. Any available supplementary reading.
 - C. Subject correlation.
 1. Elementary civics—Customs and immigration laws.

2. History—The Statue of Liberty and its historical significance.

3. Oral expression—Paragraph construction by the children, followed by class critical discussion.

4. Written language—The forming of a good written paragraph.

5. Penmanship and art work—Construction of the first chapter of an illustrated project booklet.

II. Tony's trip to Paterson, N. J., and his new home there.

A. General information—Study of railroad schedules.

B. Potteries—Where Tony's father obtained work.

C. The public school which Tony attended.

1. What he learned.

a. The English language.

b. American customs and ideals.

c. Local geography.

a) From what pottery is made.

b) How material is obtained from New Jersey's own rich clay banks.

c) The converting of raw material into marketable commodities.

d) American patriotic songs.

D. Subject correlation.

1. Local geography.

2. Local history.

3. Continuation of paragraph construction and class criticism.

4. Art work and penmanship—Second chapter of illustrated booklet.

5. Music—Comprehensive study of patriotic songs.

III. Tony leaves school and goes to work.

A. The further study of potteries—where Tony also finds work.

1. Different kinds of work done.

2. Markets for finished product, and transportation routes.

B. Subject correlation—Practically the same as in part one.

1. Third chapter of project booklet.

IV. Tony moves to Trenton, N. J., and takes up work in a pottery there.

A. American opportunities stressed.

1. Tony becomes interested in the decorative department of the pottery.

a. American opportunities—Night schools of art in New York where he goes to study decoration.

b. America's need of Tony—His industry and his innate love of beauty.

B. Correlative subject work continued.

C. Fourth chapter of illustrated booklet worked out.

D. Booklet covers made.

V. Project conclusion.

A. Modeling of pottery by class from modeling clay.

1. Originality.

2. Decoration.

B. Pottery exhibition.

1. Finished articles arranged on window sills (covered with dark green crepe paper).

2. Other teachers, friends, and parents attend and examine work.

3. Project booklets also on exhibition.

4. Best booklet and piece of pottery sent to County Superintendent of Schools, and put on exhibition in the Court House.

VI. Special points stressed in this particular project.

A. America's need of the good immigrant.

- B. What America can do for the good immigrant.
- C. One phase of local geography (the pottery industry) studied thoroughly and comprehensively.
- D. Oral and written composition, class criticism and art work emphasized.

Ella May Rankin.

NOTE: A project similar to the one outlined above may be worked out in any school in any state. Take some local industry, and combine with its study a deep comprehensive theme of Americanization. Show the immigrant's place in American industry, and the opportunities afforded him by our institutions, our laws, and our ideals. Subject correlation has great possibilities in this project. Any available supplementary material may be used, but very little is essential.

A NORSE PROJECT

IN different parts of the United States live the descendants of many old-world nations. In the large, they represent the best their respective countries could offer,—the physique, aims, ideals of the pioneer, plus the traditions and racial characteristics of their native land.

True of groups as of individuals is the fact that the more crude, unpleasant habits and customs are forgotten in activity amid newer and better surroundings. Thus have these peoples, each in a locality peculiarly adapted to the group's own manner of living, carved a worthy place in the structure of American life. Instead of accepting the dictum "Never the twain shall meet," in the United States it is the social duty of the teacher to see to it that they not only meet, but respect and admire each other for the rich social contribution each brings to our civilization.

The following project was successfully developed in a fifth grade composed mostly of Italian children. It is given as suggestive of similar lines of work for other groups. It was worked out entirely through the regular course of study and daily program and extended through a period of nine weeks.

A typical list of available material is here given, rather than an exhaustive bibliography. The value of a project depends upon the selection and proper use of material, not on the amount; and much socialized work of intrinsic merit can be based on such information as newspapers and magazines furnish.

Teacher's Aims

1. To create an interest in school work.
2. To lay a foundation for socialized subject matter course during the year.
3. To develop right social attitude through studying life of a different people.

Pupil's Aim

To learn about ancient and modern Norwegian life in order to give program at school.

Procedure

The subject naturally divided itself into the three following questions:

1. Who were the Norsemen?
2. How and where do some of their descendants live now?

History

1. Textbook lesson on Norse exploration.
2. Supplementary reading.
 - a. *Leif and Thorkel*, Snedden.
 - b. *The Book of Sagas*, Hoffman.
 - c. *The Skeleton in Armor*, Longfellow.
 - d. *Story of Ships*, Walker—Parkman Reader.
 - e. *How the Cliffs Won*, Bolenius Reader.
 - f. *Stories of the Norsemen*, No. 97, Instructor Literature Series.
 - g. Any available magazine articles.

Related Art and Construction Work

1. Maps—Early explorations.
 - a. Present centers of Norse population.
2. Drawing and water color.
 - a. Viking ships.

- b. Figure drawing from children in Norwegian costume.
- c. Early Norse ships, weapons, furniture from plasticine and construction paper.

Related Language Work

1. Oral reports from reading.
2. Letter writing.
 - a. Letters exchanged with pupils in Norse centers of population in the United States.
 - b. Oral reports on letters and enclosed pictures, etc.
3. Organization of program.
 - a. Choice of subjects and arrangement of topics.
 - b. Choice of representatives from pupils doing best work in the various activities outlined.

- c. Program as finally agreed upon by grade and presented at school.

A Norse Program

The Norse in America
 A Viking Boat
 Norwegian Costumes
 Any Norse Story
 Any Danish Song
 Norwegian Folk Dance—"Norwegian Mountain March"—*The Folk Dance Book*, Crampton, and other collections.

Related Geography Work

1. Approach to geography of North Central States was provided through the following material furnished in the letters exchanged with children in that section.



Pupils Who Participated in a Program on Norse Life

The girls' costumes are of red or green cambric, with white underwaist and apron. Hardanger designs in contrasting colors are added with tempera paints.

- a. Descriptions and pictures of prairie life, small towns, local institutions, school activities. Native birds and animals.
- b. Weather conditions.
- c. Occupations, crops.

- 1) Manufacturing. Labels from ten different brands of condensed milk were enclosed.

- 2) Related geography questions.

- a. Why is dairying an industry here?

- b. Why is the milk condensed instead of being marketed fresh as in N. Y. City?

(Similar pictures provided material for study of grain raising, milling, and meat packing.)

Outcomes of Project

1. Information.
 - a. Knowledge of ancient and modern Norway.
 - b. Ideas of life of people in North-west United States, different nationalities, etc.
 - c. Co-operative farm and marketing organizations, and progressive ideals of government in North Central section a modern parallel of ancient Norse life.
 - d. Skill in letter writing.
 - e. Skill in oral expression.
 - f. Type lesson for study of Spain, France, England.
2. Concomitant results.
 - a. Intrinsic interest in geography and history.
 - b. Sense of responsibility for room; i. e., a *presentable* program.
 - c. Ideals of toleration through *understanding life* of a different people.
 - d. Improved morale of room through *co-operative effort* for a definite *purpose*—a program.
 - e. Higher plane of happiness for children, resulting from interest, and participation in some line of *integrated* parts of project.

Margaret Noel.

A BIRD PROJECT

Teacher's Motives

1. To create in pupils an understanding love of birds.
2. To establish higher ideals of recreation and pleasure.
3. To observe more closely the haunts and habits of wild things.

Children's Motives

1. To entertain mothers with a Bird day program.
 - a. Prepare and dramatize the poem "The Birds of Killingworth," by Longfellow.
 - b. Decorate their rooms by use of
 - 1) Blackboard border.
 - 2) Bird posters.
 - 3) Bird book.
 - c. Write invitations to the mothers.
 - d. Write out program of the day's entertainment.

Procedure

- A. Interest the children in the project through having them list the birds that they have seen or heard during the last week.
- B. Give each child the name of a bird and let him find out the following about his bird:
 1. History.
 2. Size.
 3. Color.
 4. Value.
 5. Habits.
 - a. Nests.
 - a) Where built.
 - b) From what made.
 - c) Size, shape, how built.
 - b. Eggs.
 - a) Number laid and when laid.
 - b) How long before the eggs hatch.
 - c. Care of the young.
 - a) Food.
 - b) How fed.

- c) Duties of the parents.
- d) Time young leave their nests.
- d. Protective influences.
 - a) Song or cry.
 - b) Color.
 - c) Flying.
 - d) Unusual ways of protecting themselves and young.
- C. Let children list the kind of insects the birds eat.
 - 1. Nuthatch—Larvæ of insects.
 - 2. Chickadee—Insect eggs.
 - 3. Woodpecker—Grubs of insects.
 - 4. Flicker—Ants, beetles, and flies.
 - 5. Meadowlark — Wireworms and other insects.
 - 6. Dove—Weed seeds.
 - 7. Mocking bird—Cotton boll weevil, moths.
 - 8. Catbird—Night flying moths, beetles, caterpillars.
 - 9. Hawk—Mice, reptiles and grasshoppers.
 - 10. Blue jay—Various insects.
 - 11. Purple martin—Caterpillars and grasshoppers.
 - 12. Wren—Flies.
 - 13. Hummingbird—Tiny insects in the nectar of flowers.
 - 14. Oriole—Larvæ of the gypsy brown moth.
 - 15. Cowbird—Grasshoppers.
- D. Let each child find the insect or pest his bird likes best and find out the following about it.
 - 1. Description.
 - 2. Stages.
 - 3. Eggs.
 - 4. Time for maturity.
 - 5. Food (how destructive to vegetation).
 - 6. Value.
 - 7. How destroyed.
- E. Plan for the bird book as follows.
 - 1. Have child write a story of the life of his own bird in the first person.
 - 2. Write bird letters.
 - 3. Write story about own bird (original).
 - 4. Write poem about own bird. (original).
 - 5. Find story about bird.
 - 6. Find poem about bird.
 - 7. Make up bird alphabet.
 - 8. Make up bird riddles.
 - 9. Find songs about birds.
 - 10. Find picture of each bird in the alphabet.
- F. Plan blackboard border, using the following suggestions:
 - 1. Birds returning in spring.
 - 2. Birds building nests.
 - 3. Birds nesting.
 - 4. Birds feeding young.
 - 5. Birds teaching young to fly.
 - 6. Birds drinking from fountain.
 - 7. Birds leaving.
- G. Make bird posters.
 - 1. Our friends.
 - 2. Herald of Spring.
 - 3. The Bluebird Stands for Happiness.
 - 4. We Help You: Help Us.
- H. Teach poem on appreciation—"The Birds of Killingworth."
 - 1. Introduction:
 - a. Give children a basis for the poem.
 - b. Take up expressions and phrases which the children will need to fully appreciate the meaning of the poem.
 - c. Reading of the poem.
 - d. Discussion of the poem, bringing out especially the value of birds to mankind.
 - e. Decide how the poem may be dramatized.
- I. Divide the class into groups to work out the different phases of work.
 - 1. Prepare poem for dramatization.
 - 2. Prepare program.
 - 3. Prepare invitations.

4. Prepare blackboard border.
5. Prepare posters.
6. Decorate room and stage.
7. Welcome visitors.

Teaching Poem—"The Birds of Killingworth"

In teaching poetry it is necessary that the first impression be pleasurable and vivid.

In teaching "The Birds of Killingworth" these steps are suggested:—

1. Background for poem.
 - a. Question for discussion—What would happen if we had no birds?
 - b. Historical setting of poem.
2. Teacher reading poem to children.
3. Consideration of poem in thought units.
 - a. Coming of spring to Killingworth.
 - b. Town meeting.
 - c. Characteristics of men who attended meeting.
 - d. Attitude of each toward birds.
 - e. Summer following bird massacre.
 - f. Return of birds the following spring and its effect upon men.
4. Preparation of poem for dramatization.
 - a. Discussion of how poem may be divided into acts.

ACT I

May be given as a prelude either by having a good reader read to the place where a town meeting is arranged or by having a child tell in story form the first part of poem.

ACT II—TOWN MEETING

Let each child study carefully the character he represents and as nearly as possible give his part as it is in the poem.

ACT III—DESOLATE SCENE

Trees without branches. Discontented people meet and discuss their troubles; as:

1. Children (No shade from sun. No fruit.)

2. Women (Worms everywhere. No place to walk.)
3. Farmers (No crops. No garden beds.)
4. Repeal of law,—but too late.

ACT IV—A YEAR LATER

Return of birds and the welcome given them by all. Music should be played during the last act. The selection suggested is Mendelssohn's familiar "Spring Song."

Materials

1. Bird pictures.
 - a. National Association of Audubon Societies, 1974 Broadway, New York City. Picture of bird, drawing for painting, and pamphlet.
 - b. Joseph H. Dodson, Inc., Kankakee, Ill. Group of 15 birds, large pictures.
 - c. Church and Dwight (makers of Arm and Hammer Soda), 27 Cedar St., New York City. Set of 23 birds, small pictures.
2. Famous paintings.
 - a. Song of the Lark (Jules Breton).
3. Bird stories: "The Quails," *Bobbs Merrill Fourth Reader*; "The Skylark's Spurs," *Elson Reader, Book III*; "What Kept the Chimney Waiting," *Elson Reader, Book III*; "The Nightingale and the Pearl," *Bolenius Sixth Reader*; "The Lark and Her Young Ones," *Bolenius Fourth Reader*; "The Nightingale," Hans Christian Andersen; "My Chickadee Friends," *Elson Reader, Book III*; "The Old Women Who Wanted All the Cakes," *Elson Reader, Book II*; "How the Robin's Breast Became Red," *The Children's Hour*, Bailey; "The Kingfisher and the Nightingale," *Aesop's Fables*; "The Owl and the Grasshopper," *Aesop's Fables*.
4. Bird poems: *The Birds of Killingworth*, Longfellow; *Robert of*

Lincoln, William Cullen Bryant; *Scarecrow*, Celia Thaxter; *To an Oriole*, Edgar Fawcett; *Sir Robin*, Lucy Larcom; *The Bluebird's Song*, Emily Huntington Miller; *The Brown Thrush*, Lucy Larcom; *Bob White*, George Cooper; *The First Bluebird*, James Whitcomb Riley; *The Little Red Lark*, Katherine Hickson; *Whippoorwill Time*, Madison Cawein; *The Poet's Birds*, Phil Robinson; *Robin Redbreast*, Allingham; *The Blue Jay*, E. H. Miller; *Who Stole the Bird's Nest?* Child; *The Song Sparrow*, Van Dyke.

5. Books on Bird Life: *Southern Birds*, Miles; *The Fall of the Year*, Sharp; *Handbook of Nature Study*, Comstock; *Birds of the United States*, Apgar; *Nature Study*, Holtz; *Nature Study*, Porter; *Birds of The Bible*, Porter; *Birds Every Child Should Know*, Blanchan; *Birds of the Year*, Gilmore; *Bird Nests*, Dixon; *Birds Worth Knowing*, Blanchan; *Peeps into Bird Nooks, I and II*, Nos. 136 and 139, Instructor Literature Series; *Our Dooryard Friends*, Prueser; *Bird Guide*, Reed; *Bird Life*, Chapman.

Gertrude Stafford Boren.

A COTTON PROJECT

Teacher's Purpose

THE teacher saw an opportunity to impress pupils with a better appreciation and understanding of the economic importance of cotton and cotton products, thereby increasing their respect for the cotton farmer; also a chance to make this information serve a social purpose, thus finding a motive for the study. The children made the problem their own and were anxious to show through picture and story something of the occupation of their fathers.

Origin of Project

The children in the fifth and sixth grade room in a Central Texas school became very much interested in a letter their teacher received from a friend who was teaching the same grade in Tokio, Japan. This friend wrote a good deal about her work and about her pupils, giving several of their names. The Texas children were interested in the school work and in the queer-sounding names of the Japanese children.

"Let us write to some of these children," said one. "Yes, let's do it," said another. Soon there was a clamor for the letter writing. "Very well," said the teacher; "shall we write a letter all together?"

Several chose to work together and write a letter to the class in Tokio, while others wrote individual letters. It was decided by the children that among other things they would ask the Japanese children what their fathers did for a living—"their occupations." The rough draft of each letter was criticized and re-written. This gave valuable lessons in English "in a natural setting."

The answers to the letters to Japan soon began arriving. The questions asked the Americans were much like the ones they had asked their foreign friends—the Japanese children wanted to know what these American children worked at, what their games were, and what their fathers did—their occupations.

When one of the letters was read to the class, this remark was heard, "Oh, they don't care anything about what our fathers do—just farming!" And another, "Just have to tell them we raise cotton; that's about all; nobody cares anything about ploughing, hoeing, and picking cotton; goodness knows I don't."

The teacher interrupted, "You think that way, maybe, because you see so much cotton and have sometimes had to work hard with it; but nearly every-

body works hard at something; and others become tired, too. But I really think you could make cotton and its cultivation very interesting to those far-off children. There is much more to cotton than ploughing, hoeing, and picking. In the first place I doubt if you children have any idea yourselves of the importance of cotton in our lives—how the world depends on it. Do you know anything that is done with cotton—things that are made of it, and made from it?"

"My overalls are made of it."

"My dress is cotton."

"My book-satchel is cotton."

"Yes," the teacher answered; "and many more things. You probably rested last night on a mattress of cotton, and cotton sheets and blankets were used. You stepped out of bed on a rug made of cotton. You put on underwear, shirts, and dresses made of cotton. Some of you, I notice, put on shoes with cotton tops. You raised a cotton window shade to let in the light. You washed with soap made with cotton oil grease, and dried your face on a cotton towel. Cotton-seed meal put the fat on the beef that some of you had in your lunch to-day."

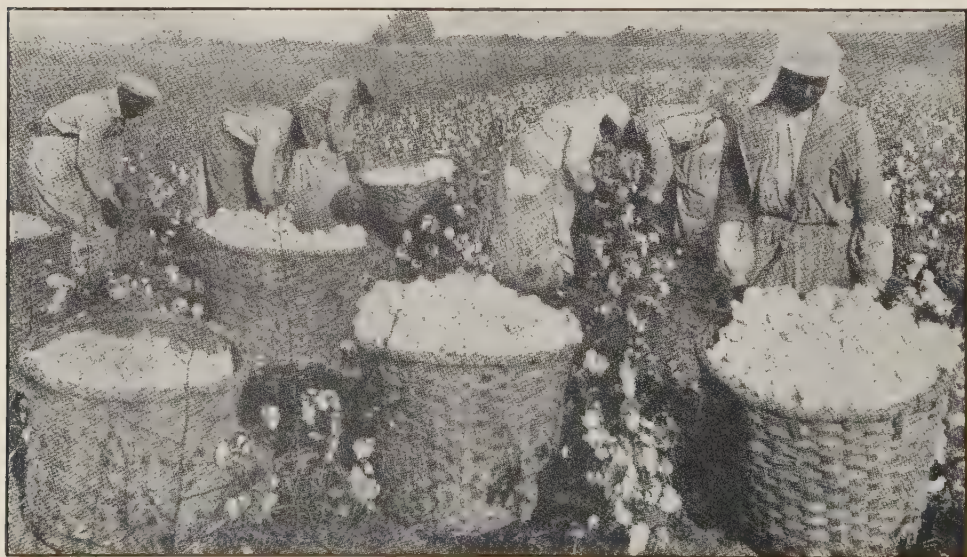
"Oh, please do not tell any more," said one pupil; "let us find out some more interesting things that come from cotton. I think the Japanese children would like to know things like that. We will have to study it a lot, to learn more to tell them."

"That you will. Some Japanese right now are making a success in the cotton industry. Rich Japanese own most of the cotton industries in China. What are some of the things that you think would be interesting to these children of Japan?"

The children worked out the following:

1. The Cotton Plant.
2. How Cotton Is Grown.
3. How It Is Cultivated.
4. The Part Used.
5. How It Is Made into Thread.
6. How It Is Made into Cloth.
7. Different Kinds of Cotton.
8. Other Things We Get from the Cotton Plant.
9. Life on a Farm.
10. Enemies of Cotton.
11. The Story of Cotton.

The class divided into groups. Each group selected a subject to study from the above list and chose a chairman,



Picking Cotton on a Southern Plantation

who was leader in keeping everybody at work.

The following references were made available.

BOOKS FOR PUPILS

Geography of Texas, Smith and Walker; *How We Are Clothed*, Carpenter; *The Cotton Boll*, Timrod; *Agriculture*, Warren; *Industrial Geography*, Allen; *Agriculture in Common Schools*, Fisher; *Textile Industry in the United States in Colonial Period*, Bagnall; *The Heritage of Cotton—The Fibre of Two Worlds and Many Ages*, Crawford; *Southern Field Crops*, Duggar; *Cotton in Australia*, Harding; *Larger Types of American Geography*, McMurry; *From Raw Cotton to Cloth*, Crabtree; *All About Cotton*, Storey.

BOOKS FOR TEACHERS

From Cotton Field to Cotton Mill, Thompson; *The Old South and New*, Morris; *The Cultivation, Manufacture, and Marketing of Cotton*, Burkett; *Textiles* (chapter on cotton industry), Barker; *Cotton, the Universal Fibre*, Darby; *Geographical Influences on American History*, Brigham; *The Land of Cotton*, Scarborough.

No group was ready to make more than a tentative report in less than three days. The group that had "The Story of Cotton" was ready first. They had read the most of four or five books, had made a map of the United States and placed on it small drawings of bales of cotton to show where cotton is raised. The size of these drawings indicated roughly the proportionate amount of cotton raised in different regions. In their explanations, they brought out the influence of soil, climate, temperature, and rainfall on cotton production, and traced the cotton belt. It was noted that irrigation had made possible the growing of cotton in New Mexico.

The group working on the cotton plant became so interested that they declared they wanted to go on, and

"study everything about cotton." They reported the fifth day.

The group on thread wrote to the J. and P. Coates Co. for the story of thread, and got most of their report from that.

The group who worked out "How Cotton Is Grown" insisted on using in a booklet the material they had collected. They said they could almost tell the story with pictures, and in the booklet which they made they showed by pictures every phase of the planting, cultivating, and harvesting of cotton.

The letters written by two different groups to the Japanese friends, follow.

Letter No. 1

THE STORY OF COTTON

"We tried to find out how long cotton cloth has been used for clothing, but we could not, so we know it has been a long, long time. When Columbus came to our country he found it growing wild. (Of course you have learned that Columbus discovered America.) After that, some explorers found cotton in Mexico. In ancient times the cotton came from India. We read that the natives of India were wonderful spinners. They could take one pound of cotton and spin it into a thread so fine it would be fifteen miles long. They made muslin so fine that when it was spread on the grass and the dew fell on it you could not see it at all. Some of this finest cotton cloth was made near a city named Calicut. That is where we get the name of calico, but maybe your mothers do not wear calico dresses. Ours do for every day. It has little flowers on it.

"A long time ago in our part of the country we did not know the cotton plant was good for anything. Our great grandmothers grew it in their yards for flowers. After the Revolutionary War (that was a war we had with England) our people began to grow it for what it would make.

"In one picture you can see the big white bolls on the stalk—they look like flowers—that is the part which is spun into thread to make cloth.

"In the same picture you see great baskets of this white fibre, or lint, as we call it, that the negroes have just picked. A machine called a gin takes out the seeds, so that the lint can be spun and woven into cloth. We pinned a piece of lint in the booklet.

"One picture shows a woman sitting at

an old-fashioned loom weaving by hand. Now we have great mills with many looms. You can find pictures of these in many magazines published in this country.

"The seeds that the gin separates from the lint have many uses. They are put under great pressure and an oil comes out which is fine to cook with, even to put into cake. What is left of the seeds—the hulls and the inside part are ground up into meal—makes the finest feed for cattle.

"We are sending you samples of coarse and fine cotton cloth, and pictures of hundreds of things that are made of cotton, or have some cotton, or cotton product in it.

"We certainly have enjoyed the work we have done to make you understand something about our homes, and something about the one thing that is cultivated more than anything else in Texas.

"We hope you like it all.

"Committee on 'Story of Cotton'"

Letter No. 2

THE COTTON PLANT

"There are two important kinds of cotton, the Sea Island and the Upland. All of it is what we call annuals; that is it has to be planted every year. The Sea Island cotton is so called because it was first raised on the islands on the east coast of our country. It is finer than the Upland cotton. The stalk grows about three feet high if the soil is rich.

"In Texas we plant cotton the last of March or in April. It grows fast through the summer; then the bolls come on it—you can see them in the pictures. These bolls grow about as big as a baby's fist and in the fall they pop open and show the white soft cotton—the lint. Then we begin to pick the cotton out of the burrs.

"We forgot to tell you about the bloom on the cotton stalk. It is a big single flower and it is pale yellow at first; the second day it turns red, then falls off. It is after this falls off that the boll comes. Some people here even think that cotton has different kinds of blooms, but it does not; the flowers are all alike at first. They are very pretty, and useful too. The nectar from cotton blooms makes the best honey and it will not turn to sugar.

"Nearly all the work in the cotton fields is done by negroes. They pick the cotton, put it into sacks hung on their shoulders, and pull it along the long rows, or put it into baskets. When they get about fifteen hundred pounds picked, they

pile it into a wagon and take it to a gin. This gin takes the seeds out and bales the cotton. Fifteen hundred pounds makes about a five-hundred pound bale and a thousand pounds of seed. We sometimes get over a hundred dollars for the bale and the seed.

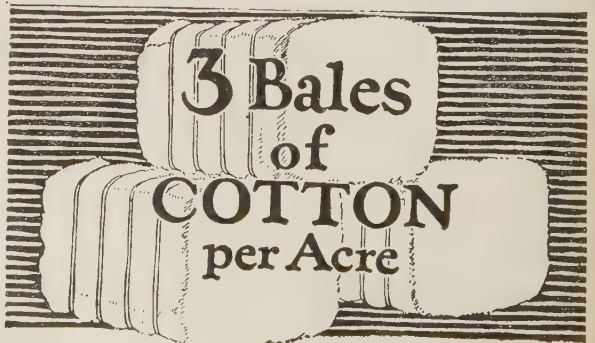
"We sent you a picture of a gin with the wagons of cotton waiting to be unloaded, and one showing just how the bales look when they are ready to sell. Notice where a boy of 13 made three bales on one acre."

Value of Project

In carrying the project forward, the children organized and developed their own topics; they did the reading and selected the parts they wanted to use; they searched for pictures that illustrated their ideas; they cut and mounted these, and assembled and bound the booklets. Much reading was done, and valuable language experience gained in talking over the project, and in writing the different stories.

Another value derived from this school activity was the active interest taken by many of the fathers. The books and magazines consulted were carried home and read jointly (in part at least) by the parents and children. Some parents helped to work out maps and graphs showing cotton belt, rainfall, and soil types. We found that reading of farm magazines had been stimulated. The entire study extended over a period of three weeks.

Mrs. Otho Hanscom and Ethel C. Massey.



This crop was grown by a thirteen year-old boy who won the Louisiana State Cotton Growing Championship for boys

A HIGHWAY PROJECT IN GEOGRAPHY

Origin of Project

THE fifth grade in the Demonstration School in the North Texas State Teachers College had done most of the required study of the United States. Interest lagged. The children were asked to suggest some activity that they might undertake that would require a knowledge of what they had done, and include also a knowledge of the parts or phases of the United States that had not been studied. During the discussion it was said that the teacher and supervisor were planning a trip by automobile for the summer. It was finally decided that the class would divide into groups, and that each group would represent the advantages of a trip over one of the trunk highways of our country. This gave the needed review, and also served a real social need. These teachers were sincere in wanting information about a trip.

General Procedure

The children were first supplied with large maps of the United States showing in bold outline the twenty important highways—the trunk-line highways of the United States. State highway maps and automobile guide books may be used for this purpose. They were also supplied with a Guide to Trails, which listed in order the cities and important towns that each highway passed through. The maps and guide books were studied, to find just what sections of the country each highway covered. The children traced these highways out carefully. About this time such books as are listed in the bibliography were made accessible, or actually put into their hands. Some study of these books, with the texts in geography and history, helped the children to choose a highway for intensive study, and to organize groups according to interest. When organized, each group chose a leader, who assumed considerable re-

sponsibility in carrying the group project along. In a school of several grades, these leaders could easily come from the advanced grades.

Group Procedure

After the groups were organized, the children set to work to win out in the contest—the group that made the best showing hoping to have their route chosen by the tourists. They found they were confronted by many problems. The following are illustrative, and were suggested by the children themselves: (1) Kind of road the highway offers; (2) Approximate cost of the trip; (3) How long to make it; (4) What accommodations are provided along the way for tourists? (5) What attractions does it offer?

Under the last topic they decided to consider:

- a. Points of historic interest along the way.
- b. General appearance of the country.
- c. The occupations of the people.
- d. Evidences of industrial and manufacturing activity.
- e. Kinds of people and about how many.
- f. Products of the country traveled through.
- g. Scenic beauty, such as rivers, mountains and parks.

Letters were rushed to the chambers of commerce of different cities, to railroad offices, and to the other places listed under "Sources of Material." The material soon began coming in and special assignments were given to each member. The following vehicles of expression were chosen by the four different groups.

1. Best pictures representing route were collected and pasted on large cardboards, 28 x 36 inches. These boards were supported in a wooden frame. Eight or ten sheets were made. As these boards were shown, one by one, a member of the group (each took his turn) talked on the points listed in the above

outline, trying to convince his hearers of the advantage of his route.

2. Peep boxes, containing best scenes and points of interest along the route, were made. The material in the boxes consisted of pictures, cut-outs, and some "sculpturing," or carving, from ivory soap. Explanations of contents of each box were typed and tacked on side front of box. A map of this route on cardboard, 28 x 36, was on an easel as talk was made and route followed. Some of the ivory soap carvings were the Hermitage, on Dixie Highway; capitol building, Texas; and the Alamo, on Old Spanish Trail.

3. Modeling of the entire highway, through all the states, putting in rivers, vegetation, cities with their buildings, famous battlegrounds near and monuments. The talks kept the audience informed as to what the travelers were passing through or visiting. Reality was given to this device by having each child move a tiny motor car along his part of the territory as he talked. The Old Spanish Trail, covering Florida, and also parts of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California, ending at Los Angeles, was divided into six sections.

4. Two different groups used the illustrated lecture. Small pictures representing the types of activities, the contour of country, occupations, products, and industries, were mounted on heavy cardboard 6 x 6 inches. These were thrown on the screen from a projection machine. The talks were so organized as to be worked in with the showing of the pictures. Probably the best English work, and quite as much geography, came out of the last type of travelogues.

Correlated Work

The following are merely outlines of other values to the children in different school subjects.

ENGLISH

1. Improvement in the writing of

letters as indicated by responses under "Sources of Material."

2. Wide reading experience in studying and classifying materials received.

3. The organization of all this material into talks for advertising the highways.

4. Memorizing talks after organizing them, and giving them orally on the final program. Much care was taken here, because the manner of giving this talk would affect the convincing quality of the whole presentation.

5. The spelling of many new words was learned, and the meaning and use of many more.

HISTORY

The history phase was quite prominent at times, as when passing through places of historic interest. These points were always brought out in the talks explaining the interesting places, for example, stories of the Alamo and of San Jacinto were told as the traveler paused in San Antonio or Houston, Texas; stories of Jefferson, Jackson, and Davis by groups conducting us over various highways.

ARITHMETIC

A good deal was done in finding costs of trip, and distances from point to point.

HANDWORK

Handwork was enriched with the initiation of this project—modeling, painting, cutting, and pasting.

Value of Project

This project, as to subject matter selected, and the manner of handling, will stand the test of the soundest principles of curriculum construction and of methods of teaching. The material was close to the lives of the children—chosen from their own environment. The whole project moved forward by

pupil activity—planning, purposing, and executing, even to the final program, where each group planned their own way of presenting to interested friends the result of their study.

The supervisor later traveled over one of the highways studied—the Old Spanish Trail—and brought back to the children kodak pictures made along the route.

Further Possibilities of the Geography Project

Much more handwork might be introduced. Sculpture could be done in the higher grades by working out great buildings, historic homes, monuments, and other similar things. Not only could monumental works and buildings be thus pictured; actual life as representative of different sections could

be modeled—as, a typical rice farm, a tobacco field, or a cotton field.

Much could be done in advanced grades on engineering. Road-making could be studied in detail, as to material used, how applied and preserved, and upkeep—more work in mathematics. Why roads were made here or there as to economy of time and labor, would afford ample basis for further study.

Some of the possibilities already named could be classed as branches of art, but much could come directly to the study of art from our project. Posters advertising different great highways would necessarily require discrimination in likable and distasteful features of a country. In lower grades, this could be applied by asking which would be the most pleasing to the prospective tourist. In the higher grades,



In Florida (One of the six sections modeled to represent The Old Spanish Trail)

The dark part of the picture is a horizontal board and holds the relief map, modeled from a mixture of corn starch and salt. The vegetation was stuck in before the material hardened. Water color was used to paint the surface. The light strip indicates the location of the highway, and the road signs show distances from city to city. The upper lighter colored part—vertical in the picture—works on a hinge, and can be lowered like a lid over the lower part, making a convenient arrangement for taking care of the project. The “lid” has pasted inside it kodak and other pictures of scenes along the way. The same is true of the exhibit on page 104.

the different qualities likely to appeal to man could be studied and worked out accordingly. This would be no mean study of art.

Then, too, there is the social question which we find arising from our project. The economic conditions, ways and customs of people, could be taken up from this work and developed in any grade according to the interest of that grade. The industries of people along the different routes cause us to wonder why they are doing this or that, and thus we could go on finding more and larger questions arising.

Sources of Material

1. Magazines, newspapers, and postcards of noted places.
2. Replies to letters to relatives in other states, asking for information and pictures.
3. Responses from chambers of commerce in various cities.
4. Highway Commission in Depart-

ment of Interior, Washington, D. C., on most important highways, maps, etc.

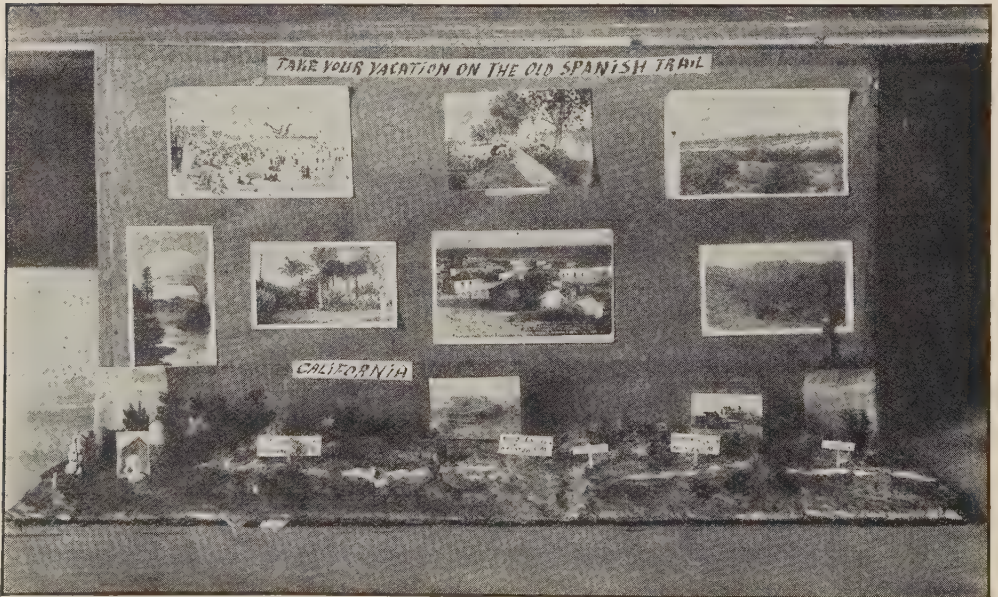
5. Railway advertisements in current magazines—asked for illustrated booklets, maps, etc.

6. Illustrative advertisements sent by real estate agents.

7. Folders from managers of the different trails or highways along routes.

8. Books: *What Pictures to See in America*, L. M. Bryant; *Locke's Guide*—published yearly; *Historic Boston*, E. F. Hale; *Tour of American Parks*, Reik; *Walks About Washington*, O. F. E. Leupp; *Places Young Americans Ought to Know*, Tomlinson; *World Book*; *A Guide to the National Parks*, Allen; *Compton's Encyclopedia*; *Auto Trails*, G. F. Cram; *Automobile Blue Book*—published yearly in April; kodak pictures, given by local friends or sent in from different parts of the country.

Mrs. Otho Hanscom and
Lola Jackson.



California Section of The Old Spanish Trail

History

PUSHING TOWARD THE NORTHWEST

The Northwest Territory

WHEN the thirteen colonies decided to declare themselves independent of England, the Appalachian Mountains formed their true western boundary. Back of the Appalachians and north of the Ohio, however, lay a region that had been added to the British province of Quebec in 1774, and the chief military post of this region was Detroit, commanded by Sir Henry Hamilton. This officer stirred up the Indians to attack the Kentucky settlers, but by this action he also stirred up a bold and hardy young man, George Rogers Clark.

Clark, though only twenty-five, was a backwoodsman of long experience, and a born leader of men. He determined to strike at the "Northwest Country" and remove that dark danger which forever hung over the pioneers south of the Ohio. First he prudently sent scouts into that country, who reported that the inhabitants, who were French, did not greatly care for British rule.

Kentucky was a Virginia county, and in the winter of 1777 young Clark set off on horseback to Virginia. He explained his plan to Governor Patrick Henry, who gave Clark his

blessing, commissioned him as a colonel, and granted him permission to raise men for an expedition against Hamilton's forts. By spring Clark's flat boats were drifting down the Ohio from the Monongahela, with one hundred fifty men and some adventurous settler families. These families built cabins at the "Falls of the Ohio," and as at this time news came that King Louis of France was ready to help the Americans, the settlement received the name of Louisville.

Without trouble the Americans captured Kaskaskia on the Mississippi and Vincennes on the Wabash, but Hamilton came with a strong force, took Vincennes again, and settled down to await the passing of winter. Before spring had come Clark made a march of terrible hardship through the "drowned lands" and took Hamilton by surprise.



George Rogers Clark Heading an Expedition into the Northwest

The backwoods rifles proved more than a match for the English cannon. Hamilton surrendered, and Virginia claimed the whole "Northwest Country" as the county of Illinois. At the close of the war Virginia generously gave this vast region, as large as Texas, to the United States, and it became the Northwest Territory. From it five great states, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, have been formed.

In 1785 the Indians of eastern Ohio signed a treaty allowing the whites to settle there, and a handful of troops established Fort Harmar at the mouth of the Muskingum. Congress appointed Thomas Hutchins as "geographer of the United States," to lay off the public land so that it could be sold. Thus the present system of townships six miles square, with thirty-six "sections," each containing a square mile, came into use.

To the Revolutionary army officers, who had received land certificates for their services, the Northwest Territory seemed to offer a fine opportunity. In Boston a number of these officers met and decided to go West. Geographer Hutchins advised them to settle the fertile country along the Ohio River, so the "Ohio Associates" organized and bought from Congress about two million acres at sixty-seven cents an acre. The spring of 1788 saw General Rufus Putnam, cousin of famous Israel Putnam, descending the Ohio, with a colony. They settled in the shelter of Fort Harmar and named their town Marietta, after the beautiful and unfortunate French queen Marie Antoinette.

That summer a party of New Jersey emigrants founded Cincinnati, opposite the mouth of the Licking River in Kentucky, and a year later Fort Washington arose to protect the settlement. Thousands of home seekers rushed to the Ohio country, and the Indians became threatening at this invasion. General Harmar, and after him General St. Clair, were defeated, and there was danger that the whites would be driven out of the region.

President Washington called General Anthony Wayne, "the General of the Bayonet," from his farm in Pennsylvania to save the situation. Wayne recruited a force which he called the Legion of the United States, and spent a long time in training his men; then he advanced into the heart of the Indian country. The braves awaited him in a natural breastwork formed by a hurricane that had laid uprooted trees in a long row, but Wayne's bayonets soon settled this battle of the Fallen Timbers. The savages made a treaty of peace at Greenville, and as England now agreed to give up the forts which she had been holding for twelve years at Detroit and elsewhere, the way was clear for Moses Cleaveland, in the employ of the Connecticut Land Company, to establish the village of Cleaveland (Cleveland) in 1796. In 1802, Ohio, first of the states carved from the public domain, entered the Union.

Trouble with the Indians had not ended, however, and the tribes settled along the important Wabash River obstructed settlement. Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, who claimed to have risen from the dead, took up their abode at Prophet's Town on the Wabash and stirred up the Shawnees. "Sell no more land to the white man," preached Tecumseh. In 1811 General William Henry Harrison marched toward the Indian stronghold, and one night was fiercely attacked in his camp on Tippecanoe Creek. When daybreak came, Harrison's sharpshooters drove the red men back and the Indian power was broken. The path of settlement lay clear to the Mississippi.

In the year of the Tippecanoe battle, the *Orleans*, first steamboat on western waters, captained by Nicholas Roosevelt, made the trip from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. For some years it was doubted that a steamboat could make way against the current of the upper Mississippi and the Ohio, but in 1816 a boat managed to steam from New Orleans to Louisville in twenty-five days,

then reached Pittsburgh in ten days more. Now the steamboat offered a smooth and rapid means of passage to the emigrant. Even before the steamboat came, there had been a constant procession toward the west of wagons in summer and sleighs in winter—the march of an army of settlement. After

seized the opportunity and doubled the size of the United States. Thus, in 1803, the year after Ohio became a state, this vast region between the Mississippi and the Rockies came into our hands.

Even before Louisiana was formally delivered to the Americans, President

Jefferson directed his private secretary, Captain Meriwether Lewis, to explore Louisiana, report upon its resources, and open a road to the Columbia River and the Pacific. Lewis selected as his second in command William Clark, brother of George Rogers Clark. The party of forty-five started from St. Louis in the spring of 1804.

In their three small boats the party toiled up the swift Missouri, averaging only about ten miles a day. They

passed the last cabin, the home of Daniel Boone, and plunged into the wilderness. Where Council Bluffs, Iowa, now stands, they held a friendly conference with the Indians. They wintered among the Mandans in what is now North Dakota. The next spring they again pushed on, crossed the Great Divide, and launched canoes upon the Clearwater, which bore them to the Snake, which led to the Columbia, and that in turn to the Pacific. Two and one half years after Lewis had started, he returned safe and successful. America realized that there was a great Far West, although it seemed unfit for settlement by the whites.

As soon as Lewis reached St. Louis again, he reported to Jefferson that the route he had taken was the best for crossing the continent. Less than three hundred fifty miles, said Lewis, separated navigable water for small boats on the Missouri from navigable water on the Columbia. Two hundred miles of this land interval was along a good road, but Lewis had to admit that the



The Northwest Territory (Shaded)

1811 this army was greatly increased.

In this year of 1811 the government began the Cumberland Road from Cumberland on the Potomac to Wheeling, at which point Zane's Trace led southwest across Ohio. After seven years the road was finished to Wheeling, but by this time its eastern portion was worn out and the government had made no provision for its repair. Nevertheless the road brought crowds of home seekers. The removal of Indian fears, the use of steamboats, and the national road, resulted in an increase of population so great that between 1810 and 1820 the Northwest Territory nearly tripled its population, and Indiana and Illinois entered the Union as new states.

The Louisiana Territory

What a surprise it was when James Monroe and Robert R. Livingston, who had expected to make a modest purchase of land surrounding New Orleans, were offered by Napoleon the whole Louisiana Territory! Though almost overwhelmed with amazement, they

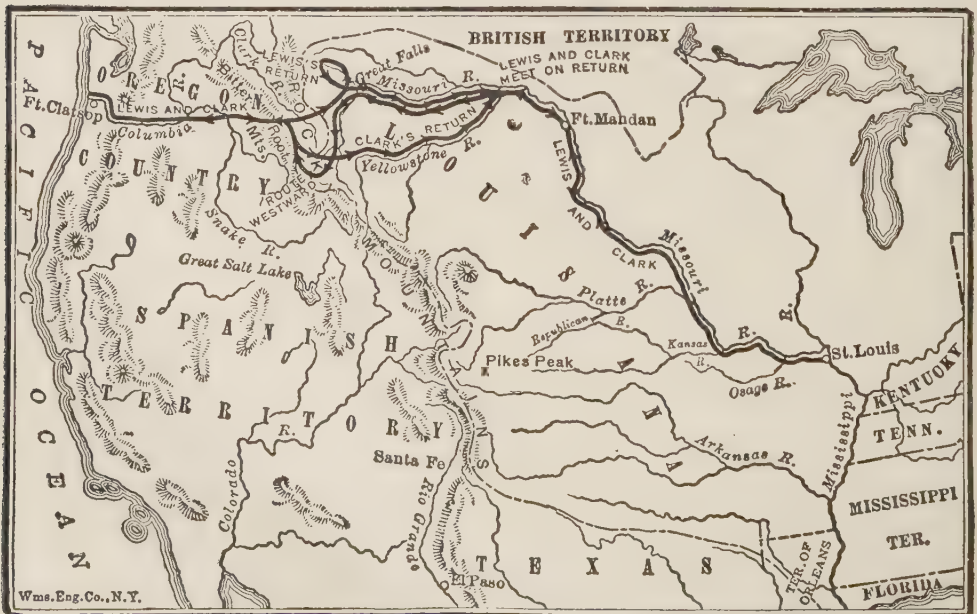
rest of the route lay through "tremendous mountains" and could be traversed, on account of snow, for only three months of the year.

This Pacific route, continued Lewis, offered special inducement for the fur trade, by taking the furs to the mouth of the Columbia and exchanging them there for goods from the Orient. The upper tributaries of the Missouri were declared to be "richer in beaver and otter than any other country on earth." The English Northwest Fur Company, however, planned to get that rich trade and to seize the entrance to the Columbia. Although Captain Gray had sailed his American ship into the Columbia, which was named for the vessel, the British could say that Captain Vancouver had visited Puget Sound. Lewis and Clark's expedition was matched by Mackenzie who had carried the British flag across Canada to the Pacific. Thus each nation claimed title to the Oregon country through which flowed the mighty Oregon or Columbia River.

John Jacob Astor, a shrewd German

who had risen from peddler and fur-buyer among the Indians to be a great New York fur merchant with an enormous European trade, decided to beat the English. He planned to stretch a line of trading-posts between the Great Lakes, the Mississippi and the Pacific; his first step was to organize in 1808 the American Fur Company, and then the Pacific Fur Company. A party sailed to the Columbia in 1811, and erected a settlement appropriately called Astoria. Trade was very successful, but when the War of 1812 began, Astor's partners on the spot sold Astoria and the inland stations to the Northwest Company. As it proved, they sold just in time, for in six weeks a British vessel arrived to take possession.

Meanwhile, Major Andrew Henry, of Missouri, had established the Missouri Fur Company and in 1809 had taken a group of brave men far up the Missouri River into the mountains. There he set the first American trading post in the Rockies. When the Blackfeet Indians forced him to abandon his post at the Three Forks, he pushed on across the



Regions Explored by Lewis and Clark on the Great Expedition to the Pacific Coast

continental divide, but as the red men pursued him there, he floated back his scanty store of furs down the Yellowstone River.

Some of Henry's wandering men discovered in what is now Wyoming a great open way to the Northwest. The Wind River Mountains stopped suddenly and left a wide rolling plain that led through the Rockies. From the Missouri this South Pass, as it was called, because it lay two hundred miles south along the Rockies from Lewis and Clark's pathway, could be reached by the Sweetwater branch of the North Platte River.

In 1818 Great Britain and the United States made a treaty by which Astoria was given back to the Americans, and the northern boundary of Louisiana was laid down as the forty-ninth parallel, where it is to-day; but Great Britain would not agree to continue that line west of the Rockies to the Pacific and thus form the northern line of the Oregon country. Instead, it was determined that the British and the Americans should jointly occupy the country for ten years. This "Oregon Question" thus was not settled, but very few Americans had any interest in it.

The lack of interest was aided by the report of Major Stephen H. Long, an army officer who in 1819 led an expedition to explore the Great Plains. He took his steamboat, the "Western Engineer," one of the first to ply on the Missouri, up as far as the mouth of the Platte, then traveled overland, eventually giving his name to Long's Peak, now in Rocky Mountain National Park. Long, in his account, declared that the plains were "almost wholly unfit for cultivation."

Though John Floyd, of Virginia, inspired by stories from Astoria men who had gone through South Pass, fought hard in Congress to plant settlements in the Oregon country, he was answered: "Nature has fixed limits for our nation; she has kindly interposed as our western barrier mountains al-

most inaccessible, whose base she has skirted with irreclaimable deserts of sand." On the maps then published, the western portion of the plains was marked "The Great American Desert." Our government thought that no states would be formed west of Missouri and that the plains would forever remain the country of the Indians.

Trappers, however, could not be kept out of the plains. At St. Louis, that important fur center, General William H. Ashley organized in 1822 a new fur company and employed Major Henry to lead the first hundred young men who went up the Missouri. Ashley and his men reaped a rich harvest. He led pack-horse trains through South Pass and finally brought through that trail a cannon on wheels, showing that wagons could follow. In 1829 "Captain Billy" Sublette did bring a wagon train, even accompanied by two buggies, each drawn by a single mule, as far as the South Pass, and in 1832 Captain Bonneville, of the United States Army, who turned fur trader, brought loaded wagons through the pass. There was nothing, it had been shown, to prevent a great emigration to Oregon.

The Oregon Country

To the "mountain men," the journey into the Oregon country seemed easy, and year by year more trappers and traders wandered in that direction. Missionaries were now at work among the Indians of the plains, and hearing some faint rumor of their activities, four chiefs from the Upper Columbia decided to learn what the white "priests" had to teach. Traveling their far way to St. Louis, they sought out William Clark, now a general, who had come to their country more than twenty-five years before. Clark received them kindly, and though three of the four never lived to return to their own land, their strange visit set the missionaries on the Oregon trail.

In 1834, the year after Captain Bonneville's wagons rolled through South

Pass, a party of five Methodists went through, on missionary duty bent. They began a mission post on the Willamette River, sixty miles from its mouth, where a dozen or so former trappers had settled. The next year the Presbyterians sent out Dr. Samuel Parker, a minister, and Dr. Marcus Whitman, a physician, to survey the prospects, but they did not go beyond Green River. Before they reached Oregon, they met Indians of the Columbia, who seemed to be anxious for the coming of the gospel word; so Dr. Whitman returned to bring out helpers.

In 1836, having married, with his wife and three fellow missionaries, H. H. Spalding and wife, and W. H. Gray, he set out to work among the Indians of the upper Columbia. They joined a company of fur traders and went with them to the mountains, then continued to Fort Hall on the Snake River. Farther than that no wagon had gone, but as Mrs. Spalding was not well enough to ride horseback, Whitman managed to drive as far as Fort Boise (now Boise, Idaho), the one-horse vehicle which carried her, thus marking out a new possibility of the trail. Near the junction of the Snake and the Columbia, close by the site of the present Walla Walla, Washington, the newcomers set up their abode. Soon Catholic mission posts were also founded. Thus a bond was formed between the United States and the distant Columbia, and many persons began to think of going to Oregon.

Now the government decided to send out an Indian agent, and Dr. Elijah White, one of the first missionaries, was chosen. He was told to take out with him as many settlers as possible; after going hither and thither, White managed to bring out in 1842 about one hundred twenty. The "Oregon fever" grew violent, and in the spring of the following year a thousand persons gathered at the starting point, Independence, Missouri, near the spot where Kansas City stands to-day.

Their canvas-covered wagons took the name of "prairie schooners," for they moved like sluggish white ships over the grassy plains. Each division of the long train had a captain, and the movement of the whole was governed by a guide or "pilot," who went ahead with his men to find good watering and grazing places. At night the wagons formed a circle or barricade, inside of which the fires were lighted. Four and one half months were consumed in this caravan journey.

In this same year Senator Benton, an ardent believer in the future of the Far West, induced the War Department to send his adventurous young son-in-law, John C. Fremont, to make a detailed report on the route to the South Pass. Fremont's "Journal" became such a popular book that through the East he was called the "Pathfinder," but in regard to South Pass he was no pathfinder at all; he merely made an exact map. Yet Fremont did really explore the mountains for a considerable distance on each side of the pass, and described his experiences in a most interesting way.

Nearly fifteen hundred more emigrants arrived in Oregon in 1844, and in 1845 almost three thousand people started over the trail. They broke up into parties, but one of these, in trying to find a short route, was guided into the lava desert of eastern Oregon, where water gave out. Seventy-five died before a stream was discovered. When all the parties of that year arrived, the population of Oregon was doubled, and settlers even began to build homes around Puget Sound.

The Oregon trail thus became a well-beaten pathway. The government post of Fort Leavenworth was a little above the starting point at Independence. From that fort three hundred miles of travel brought the trail to Fort Kearny, at Grand Island in the Platte; after somewhat over three hundred miles more, the adobe-walled Fort Laramie, in what is now eastern Wyoming, was

reached. Not long after South Pass was traversed, the travelers came to Fort Bridger, famous Jim Bridger's post, where the road branched off to Salt Lake City. The trail reached the Snake at Fort Hall, also a private post, and continued to Fort Boise, where the Snake now crosses the Idaho-Oregon boundary. Thence it went on to Walla Walla, Washington, and down the Columbia to Fort Vancouver at the mouth of the Willamette. It was a hard road, two thousand miles long, taking four to eight months for the journey, and the pathway was marked by bones of oxen, deserted household goods, and pathetic graves.

When the emigrant rush began, the Oregonians met in convention and established a provisional government "until," as they said, "the United States of America extend their jurisdiction over us." This government was revised from time to time until it met all the needs of the settlers. Horace Greeley, the famous New York editor, had declared that moving to Oregon was "an act of insanity," but those who went were well satisfied to stay. Finally the Hudson Bay Company, which had been so strong in the region, agreed to come under the new Oregon government, and this was a great step forward.

The Democratic party, supporting James K. Polk for President, began to call for the annexation of "the whole of Oregon." That meant all the territory between the Rockies and the Pacific, from the northern line of California to the southern point of Alaska, which was then held by the Russians. In latitude this claim reached from 42° to 54°40', and the cry arose, "Fifty-four forty or fight!" Great Britain, however, had good claims to the land north of Puget Sound. Her voyagers had explored the coast, her traders had explored the passes and the rivers, and her fur companies had controlled the commerce of that section for thirty years. President Polk, nevertheless, took up the slogan, "all of Oregon."

When the Americans found that our cousins across the sea were just as determined to uphold their claims as we were to support ours, the dog-in-the-manger feeling died away, and the two nations agreed upon a compromise. The boundary was settled at forty-nine degrees, the same as the line between Canada and the United States east of the Rockies. Thus we obtained a little more than half of that which we had



The Oregon Country

claimed in a north-and-south direction, and secured the lion's share of the actual territory, profiting not only in area, but also in quality of soil.

For the first time the United States actually was recognized as owning a stretch of Pacific coast; but Oregon was not yet given a government by her country. President Polk tried to get Congress to pass a bill making Oregon a territory, but Congress was not ready. At last startling news came across the mountains. Dr. Whitman had been laboring faithfully with the barbarous natives of the interior of Oregon, but the Indians had grown tired of the new religion and suspicious of the white

men who were now coming from the East in such numbers.

At last the measles came with the emigrant trains; it spread to the savages, who being unused to this disease, died off fast. They blamed Whitman and thought his medicines were poison. Finally the red men massacred the doctor, his wife, and a dozen other persons. The rest of the whites in that part of the country were saved only by the action of Peter Ogden, an English trader who came posthaste to pay ransom for their lives.

When Joe Meek, one of the sturdiest of the Oregon pioneers, reached Washington with the news of the massacre, all regretted Whitman, "every inch a man, and no common one." Meek brought, also, a petition that Oregon be recognized as a part of the Union in government, and in 1848 Congress declared Oregon a territory. California, by the treaty which closed the Mexican War, was now also in our power, but it was the push toward the northwest that brought our nation from ocean to ocean.

Walter Lefferts.

STORY: WITH WHITMAN TO OREGON

"YOU can't take a wagon into Oregon. I tell you, wagon never has gone over these mountains, and wagon never can. Why, at Fort Hall I can show you a corral full of wagons and everything that could be put in them, left behind because it was no use to try to take them any further. Hundreds of dollars' worth of tools and clothing and furniture! You may be sure settlers would not abandon such things if there was any way to take them on."

"But — but — can't the folks get to Oregon?"

"Oh, yes, they get there—if they are lucky. But they tie their bedding and pots and provisions on the backs of their mules and oxen, and drive them over the mountains. It's the hardest

six hundred miles of travel any of them ever attempted."

"Oh, dear!" Mary looked at John for comfort, and John—boy as he was—had actually turned white under all the dust and tan that covered his face. For who would not turn white with dismay to hear such a dictum after he had traveled fifteen hundred miles with a mover's wagon and happily believed they were nearing the end of the long, hard, interminably slow journey? Six months before they had left home and friends, and had been painfully toiling along in the white-covered train of "prairie schooners" ever since. They had crossed the backbone of the Rockies at South Pass and had confidently believed that the worst was over. And now, when they were within sight of the last chain of mountains that separated them from their journey's end, to receive this discouragement!

It was an English rider who gave them the disastrous tidings. He had come all the way from Fort Hall on purpose to tell them this.

"Maybe," whispered Mary, "maybe the English don't know."

But the speaker heard her and glared at her fiercely.

"Don't know, girl? Who could know better than a man who has been stationed at Fort Hall for ten years! I tell you I have seen every train of emigrants that has gone into Oregon. They all left their wagons at the fort, every one."

The look and the words were more than the worn-out little girl could bear. Tears came to her eyes. But she must not cry before folks. She looked wildly around the circle of wagons, which were drawn up every night as a barricade against wild beasts and Indians. To the very farthest one she slipped away, and dropping down behind it she covered her face and cried as bitterly as a dismayed little girl can.

She thought she was completely hidden, but somebody missed her and came in search of her. Very softly a pair of

scratched, brown feet—bare because they had worn their shoes until they had dropped off and no more were to be obtained—stole up beside her. A brotherly hand awkwardly patted her hair. A brotherly voice said huskily:

"There, there, there! Don't cry!"

"Oh, but, John, what shall we do? Mother can never walk over the mountains. She can't ride a mule with the new baby. We can't go on at all without the wagon."

"We can't stay behind. We'd starve, or freeze to death. I'll tell you, Mary, I'll ask Doctor Whitman if it is so. He knows everything about the trails. He wouldn't have tried to take us into Oregon if he hadn't known we'd get there."

"Doctor Whitman has ridden ahead to find the best place for us to ford the river to-morrow."

"Don't you worry any more, Mary," John whispered. "I'll stay awake until Doctor Whitman comes back to camp, and then I'll go right away and ask him whether it is true that a wagon can't go over these mountains."

It was eleven o'clock when the good missionary doctor, Marcus Whitman, who held the unpaid office of leader, guide, physician, comforter, friend, and chief adviser to all the long caravan of emigrants of the West, got back into camp. He had taken a long, hard trip while the others rested, to make sure of a safe route for them the next day. But, late as it was and tired as they were, a score of men—heads of families—were waiting to tell the doctor of this dreadful new trouble. The good doctor heard the story with unruffled serenity.

"It isn't true," he said. "The English fur company have simply given orders to discourage every American settler who starts into Oregon. They do not want to have it settled by Americans. That is all."

"But he said we couldn't take our wagons across the mountains! They said a wagon couldn't be taken across."

"It is not true. I myself took a wagon across the mountains into Oregon six years ago."

Wonderfully comforted and cheered, John betook himself back to Mary and the wagon. It seemed only a minute to him before the sentinels fired the signals for the camp to get up at four o'clock in the morning.

It was their father's assigned duty this morning to ride out and help in the rounding up of the loose cattle and horses that were driven after the caravan, which gave the "cow column" its name. The cattle were allowed to graze at night and sometimes they strayed away to a considerable distance. So John made the camp fire and attended to the rest of the morning chores of the camp while Mary helped her mother prepare breakfast.

It wasn't much breakfast, just fat salt pork fried and pancakes, but the plains' pancakes required skill to bake them. They were not such little pancakes as we have on our breakfast tables. Each one completely covered and filled the bottom of the big skillet in which it was cooked. And they were not turned with a knife or pancake-turner. As soon as one side of the cake was done, it was the cook's part to seize the long-handled skillet and give it a dextrous flip that loosened the pancake and tossed it up in the air. It was caught coming down as it turned over, and then the other side browned.

"I wonder why Father doesn't come back?" John said, as their neighbor's oxen were led up to be yoked to the wagon. "It is getting near time to start. We may lose our place in the line after all."

He hastily crammed the last of his pancake into his mouth and ran to bring up their own oxen and hitch them to the wagon. Why didn't Father come? At seven o'clock the signal to march would be given, and the wagons, divided into groups of four, would roll out, creaking and groaning, to start on the weary journeying again.

"John," said his mother anxiously when the signal for the seven o'clock start sounded and still the father had not appeared, "I believe something has happened to your father. No, John, don't start the oxen on! I'm going to stay right here till he comes."

"I'll go to the pilot and ask him if I can take a horse and go back and look for Father," said John. "Don't worry. We'll come riding up in a little while."

The pilot consented, somewhat troubled himself. There were hostile Indians always hanging around the edge of the train and no one could tell what mischief they might do. The rest were sorry for the occupants of the one wagon left alone on the sandy plain, with only wheel-tracks and dead camp fires for company; but they could not wait for them. Every minute must be used in travel if they were to cross the mountains before the storms made them impassable with snow.

How still the plains became as the creaking of the wagons and the shouts of the drivers grew faint in the distance! John could hear his own heart beat. Some one had pointed out to him the direction in which his father had ridden off. There was no sign of him or of his horse. He must be behind that curious mass of rock, huge as a castle and as flat on top as a table, which rose so strangely from the plain.

The great rock seemed very near in the clear air, but it was quite half an hour's riding before the boy rounded it. What were those two dark heaps on the ground? One was the poor horse his father had ridden away. It had fallen into a deep hole that had been entirely covered up, and had broken both front legs. The other was his father lying, oh, so still, a little distance away. He had been pitched on his head on the rocks and was unconscious. But as John dismounted and bent anxiously over him, he groaned and opened his eyes.

"Father," exclaimed John, "what can I do?"

The injured man groaned again.

"Oh, I don't know. Can you lift me on your horse?"

John tugged and strained and the injured man helped himself as much as he could, so finally he got on the horse; but they had to go very slowly.

John walked beside his father and held him as steady as he could, but every motion hurt. It had taken half an hour's swift riding to reach the rock, and a longer time to put the hurt man on the horse. How long it was going to take them to get to camp there was no telling. And when they reached it there would be no one there except their one wagon, and Mother so weak and sick that she needed care herself!

A black speck appeared on the distant horizon. It was a figure on horseback. Was it an Indian? Would he shoot them? Then what would Mother and Mary and the new baby do? Perish alone on the plains of slow starvation? There was great danger of it.

The figure on horseback came nearer. It was not an Indian. It was a white man. John's courage bounded up again. It must be one of their neighbors or friends in the caravan come back to look for them. Which one of them could it be?

There was only one man in the caravan who looked like that. As the rider came nearer John could distinguish the dignified, erect figure, more imposing than all the rest, although the clothes he wore were the very roughest, shabbiest, and most worn of all. John's heart lightened as his eyes rested on the familiar old buckskin blouse and shabby shapeless cap, the iron-gray hair and kindly eyes. For this was Marcus Whitman himself—leader and director of all! He had missed in the long line of wagons the one containing the sick woman and new baby, and had ridden back to help them in whatever need they might be.

Oh, how relieved the boy felt as he delivered his burden and responsibility into Whitman's hands, and, at Whit-

man's kindly order, climbed up on the leader's horse to ride ahead and reassure the sick mother! For this leader of theirs was a physician as well as a missionary.

The emigrant train would not drive away without *him*. They were dependent upon his leadership. No one else knew all the trails and passes. No one else was able safely to direct where the caravan should ford the rivers, just where they should camp to be safest and most comfortable, and just how to make friends with the threatening Indians.

This physician friend knew just what to do for Mother, as well as for Father, and what to tell John and Mary to do. He rode along beside their single, slow-moving ox-team for hours in order to be on hand in case of need; and when he had to go ahead for the sake of the others he promised to come back each night until the sick people had caught up.

Finally they came up with the others in safety; and, guided by Whitman's skilful management, they reached Fort Hall in time to get over the mountains before winter. There they heard the same old story from the fur company and their emissaries, who were determined to discourage the settlement of Oregon if possible.

"You can't take a wagon over the mountains into Oregon! It's no use to try! The pitches are too steep and terrible!" And they showed to the troubled emigrants wagons by the dozen, agricultural implements, tools, furniture, and hundreds of useful things that those who had crossed before had left behind them.

"You will risk your lives if you try to take your wagons over!" They gave the advice they had given other emigrants: "Pack what you can on the backs of mules and horses and oxen. Leave everything else! It is your only chance of getting through."

But Dr. Whitman said, "Men, I have guided you this far in safety. Believe

nothing you hear about not being able to get your wagons through. Every one of you stick to your wagons and your goods. They will be invaluable to you when you reach the end of your journey. I took a wagon over the mountains to Oregon six years ago."

But the children's mother queried anxiously, "Shall we leave our wagon here as they tell us?"

"No," thundered Father, who under Dr. Whitman's skilful ministrations had become entirely well. "Not if Whitman says to take it. We'll do what he says!"

Their trust was not mistaken. In company with all the rest of the caravan they crossed the perilous mountains in safety, and found Oregon even a better land of promise than they had dreamed.

Bertha E. Bush.

WHAT A BOY OF '76 SAW

(Being a Journal Kept by Abraham Middleton)

May 1st.—I, Abraham Middleton, am resolved to keep a journal. These are wonderful times, and if I cannot enter the army under General George Washington, I can at least write down many of the strange things that I hear in my own town, Philadelphia. But who would rather not be in the war instead? When one is not old enough and a Quaker besides, what is one to do but to watch and listen?

When my grandparents came over from England in 1683, the year that this City of Brotherly Love was founded, little did they dream of the distress and turmoil that was to follow in these days of their grandchildren. There in England, it was the tyranny of the king, here it is the tyranny of the king. The kings seem to follow everywhere, so why not get rid of kings. That is what James Otis has been saying: "No need for kings, people should govern themselves."

When I think of the tyranny of

George III my blood boils, and I think, too, that I must be off with General Washington to fight the soldiers the English king has sent over to subdue rebels and clod-hoppers as he calls us. At heart I feel that I'm not a Quaker, because they say "Peace at any price," and I always feel that my heart is with the army, and it keeps saying, "Independence at any price."

When we heard a few weeks ago that General Washington had driven the British soldiers out of Boston, we were all so glad, and we boys walked up the Schuylkill River to a place we knew and there built a bonfire to show how we felt about it.

May 10th.—I have not written in my journal for several days, as we boys have had much to do. Every day after Grammar School is over, we have walked down on Chestnut street past the State House. There fifty men from the thirteen colonies are assembled to decide what to do about being free. We boys said we knew in a minute what *we* would do, but they seem to think that they must do a great deal of talking about it.

To-day we saw John Hancock and Samuel Adams walking along, arm in arm. Mr. Hancock was dressed very grandly with his gold lace on his coat and ruffles at his sleeves. Mr. Adams carried a red cloak on his arm. He is much older looking than Mr. Hancock. They are both from Massachusetts, and I must say that they are much in earnest; one can read it in their faces.

John Adams is from Massachusetts, too, and we heard to-day that he made a great speech and then introduced a resolution that all the colonies should set up independent governments. I think they have to have money to pay General Washington and his brave soldiers, and they think that each colony could attend to her own taxes better.

Next Sunday we boys are going to Christ Church. We expect to see a number of members of the Congress, as many of them attend there.

I sometimes think that I am sorry that I am a Quaker, for I cannot wear lace on my coat nor a cocked hat nor gold buckles, like so many of these members of Congress are wearing. If I can't wear gold lace and cocked hats, I'd like to wear at least a uniform. General Washington looked grand in his. All of us followed him on the street when he was here. His suit is blue with buff facings and he wears a long blue coat.

June 8th.—We boys have just been down again past the State House. The same men are still talking about what should be done, and all the while General Washington and his army are doing what they can.

We were talking to the old doorkeeper there to-day, and he said that they were now beginning to talk business. He said that Richard Henry Lee from Virginia said that "The colonies were and ought to be free." He said that we owed no allegiance to the British Crown and should not be ruled by it. We boys are going to find out which man Richard Henry Lee is.

A committee on drafting a declaration of independence was appointed. Just as old John, the doorkeeper, was telling us who they were, out the committee walked. The tall man was Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, and with him was our own Dr. Franklin, and then John Adams and two other men that we didn't know, but the doorkeeper told us were Roger Sherman and Robert Livingston.

We followed them on Market street, on up to Seventh street, and there they all went into a two-story-and-a-half house that stood out on the sidewalk.

My, but we boys wanted to follow them in, but the big door shut with a bang. We were late to supper when we went home that night, but we would have missed it entirely if we only could have known what those five men were talking about.

June 9th.—Last night Father and Mother were talking, and Father said,

"This war is infamous. It only brings distress and unhappiness. I see our good friend Dickinson still holds out against them all. They say that they talk and talk of independence and action, but when they vote there are more against it than for it. They should bring the matter to a close."

I could hardly hold my tongue, but I knew that my father did not allow us children to express our opinions and that he would "brook no impudence," as he called it. I longed to tell him that every one hated our Governor Dickinson for a coward. But then I heard my mother's gentle voice saying, "God knows these are hard times, but sometimes I think I almost see the hand of the Lord in it all. The king's ways are not our ways and our Mother Country does not understand her children so far away here."

I felt like shouting, "Mother, thee is right!" but I felt my father's eye upon me and sat perfectly still. "Abraham, where was thee to-day after school?" he asked.

I stammered that we had gone down to the State House to talk to the old doorkeeper John, and to watch the different members of Congress as they came out.

Then all my feelings rose and I blurted out, "I hope they will vote for independence, Father!"

I fully expected a reprimand for this but was surprised to hear him say mildly, "Thee seems to have many notions. The hand of Providence must be leading us strangely—surely, not in the paths of peace. It now almost seems that there must be war before there can be peace. The king hath surely a stubborn head and a hard heart." I felt from this speech that our father was more in sympathy than he dare show, and so emboldened, I ventured to say that old John had told us that the bell in the tower of the State House had these words on it, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

My father mused and said, "So I have heard. It is the hand of Providence."

June 15th.—This afternoon after school we boys went down to the wharf and saw a fine ship that had just come in. We heard from the excited crowd that the king had sent back our representative, Richard Penn, and would not even listen to him. Then the king still thinks that we ought to continue to love England and obey the king.

June 16th.—To-day Phinny Whitely and I got into a great deal of trouble, but I don't care, I'd do the same thing again. We had a coin with King George's head on it, and Phinny said, "Let's scrape it off."

So I took my knife and had it nearly all off when the head master saw us. We had tried to carve General Washington's head on the coin in place of the king's. The head master said, "You boys want to follow a lot of these men who will lose their heads if the king can catch them."

"He can have their heads when he can get them," said Phinny. We had two hours of hard study for our "misbehavior," as the head master called it.

June 17th.—To-day we were in luck. We were walking along Seventh street, and whom should we see but Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin. Benjamin Franklin was telling Thomas Jefferson something about a man that went fishing and never caught anything. Mr. Franklin said to the man, "Why don't you fish with a silver hook?"

Then Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Franklin laughed a great deal. Phinny and I didn't see the point right away, but finally thought that Mr. Franklin meant that if the man had been industrious he might have worked and made the money with which to buy the fish in a very short time. When we saw the point, we laughed a great deal.

Mr. Franklin and Mr. Jefferson went to Mr. Jefferson's lodging house on Seventh street.

June 18th.—We heard such a funny thing to-day. I'm certainly not proud

of the delegate from Pennsylvania. His name is Mr. Dickinson, and he used to write splendid papers about freedom, but now he has not enough backbone to vote for it. We heard that his mother did not want him to vote for freedom. She said to him, "Johnny, if you do you will be hanged; your estate will be taken from you, and your wife will be left a widow."

So to-day when we saw him on the street, we called after him and said, "Johnny, you will be hanged!"

My father happened to hear about it and I cannot go out of the house for two days. Oh, my! this is dreadful. It is bad enough to be only a boy not big enough to be a soldier, let alone being shut up in the house.

June 19th.—Still at home. I was in the house all day yesterday, but it is so dreadfully hot that I am out in the garden to-day. I know what to do. I'm going to try taking hold of the wheel of the big windmill, and that will swing me 'way up, as high as the tops of the houses. I wonder what it will look like up there?

June 20th.—I swung round on the wheel of the windmill as I said, and I could see the tower on the State House. I told Phinny about it, and he said that he didn't believe that I did it; that I would have to do it again to prove it to him. Phinny is always so suspicious.

To-day we went down to talk to old John, the doorkeeper at the State House. He said that things were getting very exciting. He said that Mr. Dickinson did not believe that we should declare ourselves free from England until we were sure of the friendship of some other country. Then he said Mr. John Adams made many speeches for freedom. I like Mr. Adams; he has backbone. John said that the English soldiers were crowding General Washington pretty close in New York.

He said that Pennsylvania and South Carolina are against freedom just yet. They believe in waiting a while. Oh, to think of waiting! Phinny and I

would like somehow to hurry them up.

John said that the New Jersey delegates are against it and so are to be called home. New Jersey will send other men.

June 24th.—The New Jersey delegates must have gone home in the night, for we watched down at the river, but they did not cross over all afternoon.

We then walked down by the State House and we noticed the coat of arms of King George over the main door. How strange to think that his arms should be above the very door of the building in which are meeting the men who are declaring the king a tyrant and are talking about voting for freedom.

Phinny and I said that we would like to tear the coat of arms down. We'll get some of the other boys, and that's what we'll do some time.

June 28th.—Well, the New Jersey delegates came to-day. We went down to the river and saw them come over. They were covered with dust, as if they had ridden fast and hard before they reached the Delaware. They will have to put on their good clothes before they will look like the rest of the delegates. I look at my little drab hat and plain clothes and am sorry that I'm a Quaker and can't wear fine clothes, but Father says that all that belongs to kings and people who believe in outward appearance. But I don't think that Mr. Hancock or Mr. Adams, or Mr. Livingston seem to think about their clothes. I think they are thinking about much greater things, their faces are so noble and grand.

July 1st.—Old John says that the time is near at hand for the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. He says that Delaware is going to send another member, so as to throw her vote for the Declaration.

Phinny and I watched all day, and finally saw a man all covered with mud and dirt, gallop into town and put up his horse at a tavern near the State House. He is Caesar Rodney, of Dover,

Delaware, and he has come to vote.

Phinny and I can hardly wait now. Old John shakes his head and says "They'll never do it! They'll never do it." He's getting so tired of waiting that he's afraid that it will not really happen. He's going to ring the bell if they really do it.

July 2nd.—They haven't signed it. What will General Washington do if they don't? And the king will hang John Hancock and John Adams, sure, just as he said he'd do.

Father said that he heard that the New York delegates were going to vote for it, because the Indians were threatening them on the north and a powerful English fleet was coming into New York harbor, and that they must make up their minds, one way or the other.

July 3rd.—Why don't they sign it? We saw some Tories on the street to-day. They think now that perhaps the delegates never will sign it, so they have grown very bold. They really don't believe that we have backbone. I say "we," because my heart is always with the side for freedom.

July 4th.—Well, this has been the greatest day of my life. They signed it! Hurrah for freedom! Hurrah! Hurrah! The bell rang and rang and everywhere were crowds of people. The city looks like some great gala day. We have started bonfires and I've screamed so much that my throat is rough. I can't talk any more, so I must come to my journal and write it all down.

Old John thought they would never sign it. He stood waiting for the signal and when it came, he rang and rang; you never heard such peals of joy! I'm sure the sound of the old bell must have reached Heaven itself.

They say that John Hancock, the president of the Congress, signed his name first in a large hand and said, "There, King George may read my name without spectacles." Then Mr. Franklin said, "We must all hang together or else, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately."

Mr. Franklin knew when they signed their names, if the cause was lost, the king would surely behead them. Fat Mr. Harrison, of Virginia, said to lean little Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, "When it comes to hanging, I shall have the advantage of you."

"How do you make that out?" said Mr. Gerry.

"Because my neck will probably be broken at the first drop, whereas you may have to dangle for half an hour," replied Mr. Harrison.

Charles Carroll put "of Carrollton" after his name so that George III would know which Carroll he was in case he should want to find him.

I said to John, "John, I thought you didn't believe they would ever sign it."

"Well, I tell you how it was. I believe they wouldn't have signed it yet if it hadn't been for the flies. You see, it has been an awful hot day, and the flies were terrible. They just came in in swarms and they bit so hard through the gentlemen's silk stockings that the delegates were just driven to signing—yes, just driven to it!"

I laughed at old John's idea of it. He knows as well as I do that those delegates are all right.

This has been the happiest day of my life. Just to think that yesterday we were the subjects of George III, to-day we are free. Isn't it just splendid to think of it and all on account of that blessed Declaration of Independence?

John Adams says that the 4th of July ought always to be celebrated year after year, with bonfires, and games and festivals, for on that day was born a Nation.

We boys have planned to take down King George's coat of arms wherever we may find it, for now we have no king ruling over us.

The State House, we hear, is to be renamed Independence Hall.

It is very late; I think it is almost midnight. After prayers we are supposed to go to sleep, but how can I after this glorious day? Even my father

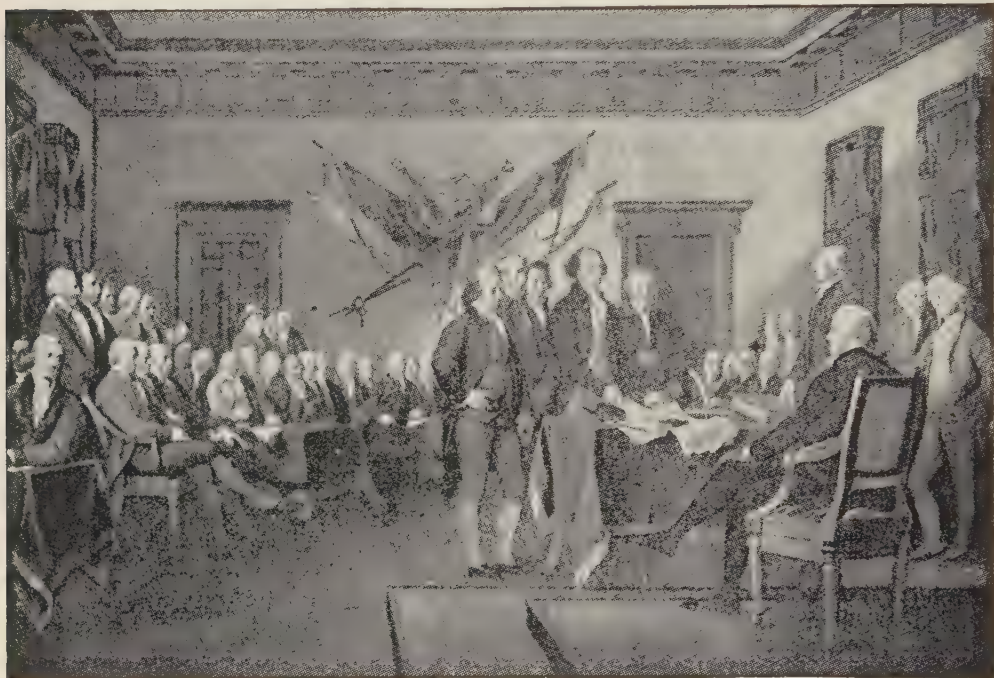
was much excited, I know, now that his heart is and has been for freedom, although he dreads the war and believes the killing of fellow mortals to be wicked.

To think, I close my eyes to-night a free American; last night I was a subject of King George's.

This is the last I will ever write in

my little journal, for everything else will be tame beside the great event that I have related.

I am not going to grieve any more that I cannot help General Washington, for now that I am a free American I can find many ways in which to help serve my country, and be thankful that I saw one thing, the first 4th of July.



Signing the Declaration of Independence

This painting, by John Trumbull (1756-1843), is one of four large subjects which the artist was commissioned to paint for the rotunda of the capitol at Washington. For a number of years he devoted himself to painting portraits of the men famous in the American army and in the formation of the Republic. The picture reproduced above was planned at Jefferson's home in Paris. Trumbull began the portraits in that city in 1787, painting in Jefferson at that time. The room shown is that in which the Declaration of Independence was signed, in the State House (Independence Hall) at Philadelphia. The costumes correctly represent those of the period. The men present are those who actually signed the Declaration. All the faces are genuine portraits. The men who are of most interest to us are: John Hancock, seated at the table, who presided over the Congress, and the five men standing before him. These five, the committee appointed to draft the Declaration, are as follows, from the reader's left: John Adams, Roger Sherman, Robert Livingston, Thomas Jefferson (holding Declaration), and Benjamin Franklin. The picture is considered very valuable as an historical document.

Biography

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

(1757—1804)

ALEXANDER HAMILTON was born in Charles Town, in the island of Nevis, West Indies, January 11, 1757. He was orphaned early and at twelve years of age found himself thrust upon the world to earn his livelihood. But so well had he used his time that he was far in advance of most boys of that age. Thanks to the recommendations of his warm friend, Dr. Knox, a Presbyterian clergyman, he secured a place in a counting-house.

Presently an article which young Hamilton wrote for a newspaper attracted the attention of influential men, who sent him to the American colonies to be educated. Making the most of his opportunities at school in Elizabeth, New Jersey, he was ready to enter Columbia College (then called King's College) within a year.

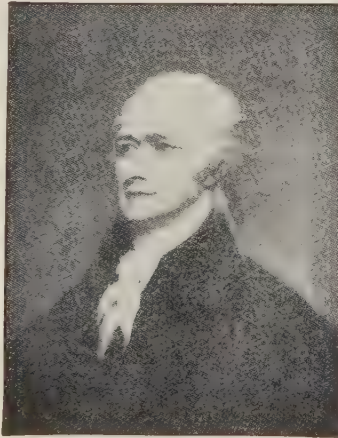
The struggle of the colonies against England enlisted Hamilton's ardent sympathy, and he published anonymously two remarkable pamphlets in behalf of the American cause. When it was learned that a young collegian of eighteen had written them, everyone was amazed.

Knowing that war was inevitable, Hamilton quietly took up the study of military tactics, and soon had a corps called "The Hearts of Oak" drilling every morning. In 1776, the New York convention ordered a company of artillery to be raised, and Hamilton applied for the command of it. He looked so boyish that the officials doubted his ability; an examination, however, quick-

ly settled this point to their satisfaction. General Greene reviewed Hamilton's company and later spoke glowingly of him to Washington. The company was soon called into active service.

Hamilton's heroic conduct at Trenton and Princeton induced the commander-in-chief to offer him a position upon his staff, which he accepted March 1, 1777, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. "Strangers,"

Washington Irving wrote, "were surprised to see a youth, scarce twenty years of age, received into the implicit confidence and admitted into the gravest counsels of a man like Washington." But Washington read men as easily as the printed page, and never was his confidence in Hamilton misplaced. "The Little Lion" the young aide's comrades affectionately termed him in appreciation of his bravery and nobility of character;



Alexander Hamilton

while Washington very frequently addressed him as "my boy."

At the close of the war Hamilton took up the study of law. After but four months he was admitted to the bar. In 1782, he was chosen to represent New York in the Continental Congress, being at this time only twenty-five years of age, but already well known as a man thoroughly informed on all the questions of the day. He was keenly alive to the weakness of the government under the Articles of Confederation, and he bore a large part in assembling the Constitutional Convention of 1787, being a delegate from New York. He labored unceasingly to have the Constitution which was finally framed adopted.

After this had been effected and the delegates went home to get the Constitution ratified by their states, he brought out fifty-one papers in its explanation and defense. These, with thirty-four papers written by Madison and Jay, were collected as *The Federalist* and read everywhere.

Hamilton's wise handling of the nation's financial problems, when Washington called him to be Secretary of the Treasury, laid the foundation of our present national prosperity. Through his efforts a national bank and mint were established, and national revenues were provided by means of import duties and taxes on certain home products. His influence was so very great that he may be said to have controlled the policy of Washington's administration. His party principles brought him into conflict with Thomas Jefferson, the Secretary of State, and in 1795 Hamilton resigned and resumed his law practice, soon standing at the head of the bar in New York City.

In reality Hamilton was the leader of the Federalist party, but he did not have the support of the people, and hence could not be named for President. The choice went to John Adams. Hamilton preferred Thomas Pinckney, of South Carolina, and so gained the ill-

will of Adams at the outset. When the trouble with France arose, Hamilton was greatly incensed at Adams for effecting a peaceful settlement.

In the election of 1800, Adams and Charles C. Pinkney of the Federalists and Jefferson and Aaron Burr of the Republicans (resembling our Democrats) were candidates, the rule then being that whoever received the highest number of votes in the Electoral College should be President and whoever received the second highest should be Vice President. Now it happened that Hamilton had come into conflict not only with Adams but also with Burr, and when the election resulted in favor of the Republicans, Jefferson and Burr being tied, Hamilton put aside his personal dislike of Jefferson in order to secure Burr's defeat when, as was required, the choice was thrown into the House of Representatives. Jefferson was chosen President, Burr becoming Vice President.

Four years later Burr ran as an independent candidate for Governor of New York. Again Hamilton used his influence against him. Burr, embittered, finally challenged Hamilton to a duel on the heights at Weehawken, above the Hudson. That Hamilton hated dueling is not strange, for he had lost his eldest son through the tragic practice—and the son had been defending his father's honor. At the time when his relations with Burr came to this crisis, he was only forty-seven, with the prospect of a most distinguished career before him, and he had a devoted wife and seven children dependent upon him. But duels were the custom of the day. Hamilton felt that he would be publicly derided if he refused; so he accepted the challenge, and was mortally wounded by his antagonist, July 11, 1804. Hamilton's own gun was fired into the air by his intent. On his monument in Trinity Churchyard, New York, is this inscription:—"The patriot of incorruptible integrity; the soldier of approved valor; the statesman of consummate wisdom."

Inez N. McFee.

ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY

*(Alice, 1820—1871)**(Phœbe, 1824—1871)*

ALICE CARY, "The Sweet Singer," born in 1820, and her sister Phœbe, four years younger, were so united in life that the story of one is the story of the other. Probably few authors have begun literary labors in an atmosphere or in circumstances more disadvantageous. Their father was a pioneer among the wild hills eight miles north of Cincinnati, and the sisters early learned to share in the farm labors. Notwithstanding all this, Clovernook Farm was a very happy place; we may read about it in Alice's poem "The Old Homestead." Another of her poems, "An Order for a Picture," describes the gentle, loving mother whom her children thought the most wonderful woman in the world. She was such a great reader that she always had a good story to tell. Then she always seemed to know just how to do everything. Her counsel was ever the wisest and best, and the work fairly flew under her hands. To grow up like Mother was the highest desire of her young daughters. And, indeed, how she ever did so much was truly a wonder; for there were nine children in the Cary home. However, they all helped, and that, perhaps, is the secret.

On Phœbe's eighth birthday the Carys moved from little old brown Clovernook to a shiny new house of eight rooms—"a mansion," the children called it. And here for a year they were very happy. Then death stepped in and carried off the elder sister Rhoda, and a month later dear little blue-eyed Lucy, and in two years more the mother herself was taken. This was the beginning of some very unhappy times, but even when things were at their very worst there were still thrills of gladness. For Alice and Phœbe, following the example set by their mother, had continued with their studies, and they could not keep from

putting their thoughts into verse. Soon they had made names for themselves.

John G. Whittier wrote them a warm letter of praise. Horace Greeley went all the way from his home in New York, a tiresome trip in those days, to see them. Dr. Griswold helped them to collect and make ready a volume of their poems, and persuaded a Philadelphia publisher to give them \$100 for it. With this sum the sisters went to New York and set up housekeeping in some



Alice Cary

little upstairs rooms which they painted and papered and made bright and fresh with their own hands. Here they lived very plainly and quietly, never buying a single thing that they had not the money in hand to pay for. Often their meals were poor indeed, yet they were content, and their circle of friends grew and widened steadily.

In comparing the two sisters, a critic says: "It is noticeable that the poems of Alice are more thoughtful and more melodiously expressed. They are also marked with a stronger originality and a more vivid imagination. In disposition, Alice was pensive and tender, while Phœbe was witty and gay. Alice was stronger in energy and patience and bore the chief responsibility of

their household, allowing her sister, who was more passive and feminine in temperament, to consult her moods in writing." Being extremely energetic, and feeling, too, the responsibility, since she was the elder sister, Alice always kept regular hours and forced her pen to do a certain amount of work each day; it followed, therefore, that she was the real mainstay of the home.



Phoebe Cary

Alice Cary died February 12, 1871, and was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery. Phoebe's touchingly beautiful verses "Light" are addressed to this sister whom she never ceased to mourn. The poet Whittier wrote of Alice Cary:

But not for her has spring renewed
The sweet surprises of the wood;
And bird and flower are lost to her
Who was their best interpreter!

* * * *

O white soul! from that far-off shore
Float some sweet song the waters o'er,
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the old voice we loved so well!

Phoebe once said to a friend, "When Alice was here she always absorbed me, and she absorbs me still. I feel her constantly drawing me." And so it seemed in reality, for six months after Alice had passed away, Phoebe died at Newport, Rhode Island. Her most lasting poem is one often used as a hymn. It is called "Nearer Home" and begins: "One sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er."

Inez N. McFee.

GEORGE WASHINGTON GOETHALS

(1858—)

MANY of the boys who knew George Goethals in New York City thought that he was to be pitied, for he spent his spare time in earning money instead of playing ball; but George had an object in view. He intended to be a doctor. As he grew older, however, and began his college work, his health partly failed. "If I can get military training," thought George, "that will give me both mental and physical education." Accordingly, he took the examination for West Point and succeeded in being admitted.

Young Goethals graduated with honors and became an army engineer. A great deal of his work was concerned with locks and dams, especially on the Tennessee River, where at Muscle Shoals stands the great Wilson Dam. From one engineering achievement to another he went, until in 1904, at the age of forty-six, Colonel Goethals was known as one of the most capable engineers our army could show.

In that year the republic of Panama agreed to give the United States control of a strip of land ten miles wide across the Isthmus of Panama so that we could construct a canal. President Roosevelt appointed Canal Commissioners to direct the work. Plans had to be made, laborers hired, jungle cleared away, living-quarters built, machinery bought—a host of things needed to be done before any digging could begin.

Not least in the preparation was the prevention of fever. The Isthmus had become famous as a nest of malaria and yellow fever. It was said that the laying of the Panama Railroad cost a life for every railroad tie. The French company that had already tried to dig a Panama Canal had fared almost as badly. Dr. William Crawford Gorgas, a colonel in the army Medical Corps, was put in charge of sanitary conditions.

Dr. Gorgas knew that fevers did not rise out of the ground but that they were transmitted by certain kinds of mosquitoes. His great task, therefore, was to get rid of mosquitoes, and that was not easy. However, he organized "mosquito police," who went into every yard and around every house, looking for stagnant water in which mosquitoes might breed. Every bit of swamp and every pool was dosed with oil to smother the baby mosquitoes. All the houses had to be thoroughly screened. Rats and fleas, which also are disease carriers, were exterminated. In this way the menace of fever was overcome.

When the time came to begin the actual digging of the canal, President Roosevelt decided that the government should do the work rather than put it into others' hands. He therefore appointed a new commission; at its head was Colonel Goethals, who was also made chief engineer, so as to be in control of every part of the undertaking. The Americans on the canal job did not like the idea of having a military man in charge. "We're not soldiers," they said; "we don't like fuss and feathers and salutes." When the Colonel appeared, however, they found that he did not wear a uniform, and that he wanted work instead of salutes. Presently Goethals was popular, and the salutes then were tokens of friendship.

Goethals knew how to organize. He laid out the work in divisions. Then he established a paper, the *Canal News*, which told how each division was progressing with its work. Soon it was a regular game for each division to try to make the best record. Every Sunday morning the Colonel could be found in his office, ready to hear the complaint of anyone in the Canal Zone. No wonder the work went forward fast!

Indeed, so well did the men labor, and so well had Colonel Goethals planned, that the canal was ready for opening a year earlier than had been expected. In August 1914, just as the

World War began, a government steamship, carrying our Secretary of War with his guests, made the trip through



George Washington Goethals

the canal, and the Secretary declared it open for traffic.

The nation realized what had been accomplished. A bill was introduced in Congress, a year before the completion of the canal, to reward Goethals by making him a major general; but the Colonel immediately wrote that he did not wish to be repaid in that way. Many others, he said, had done great work in Panama, and he thought that for all of them the honor of having been "on the job" was sufficient. There spoke the spirit of a modest American.

President Wilson chose Goethals Governor of the Canal Zone and he remained in that office for two years. During the World War he was made manager of the Emergency Fleet, but as he had no faith in the wooden ships it was decided to build, Goethals resigned and served in several other important posts until the war ended. It is in connection with the great work of the Panama Canal, however, that his name will ever be remembered.

Walter Lefferts.

LUTHER BURBANK

(1849—1926)

MOST people think of Luther Burbank as a Californian; but in point of fact the famous plant experimenter was born and grew up in Massachusetts. His father was a none too successful farmer, and Luther was the thirteenth child. He was rather frail and of a thoughtful, studious turn of mind. Always he seems to have had a love for flowers and plants.

As a lad he liked to tinker with some mechanical contrivance, a home-made steam engine which he used to drive his boat being the most pretentious. The family finances did not admit of his getting farther in school than the town academy, and he found work in a factory at Worcester. His quick mind soon developed a mechanical device which enabled him to turn out as much work in one day as six men had ordinarily been doing. He might have stayed on indefinitely at the factory and been sure of promotion and an increase in salary. But the close confinement impaired his health, and he longed for the freedom of the fields and an opportunity to try out some experiments with plants that he had long had in mind. He therefore embarked as a market gardener and seedsman, seeking new ways to do even the most commonplace things.

Through careful selection of seed, he was able to improve the potatoes he grew. His first yield of the better sort he sold for \$150 to a seedsman. The latter named this variety the Burbank potato. Since then, millions of dollars' worth of Burbank potatoes have been raised. With money received as a prize, Burbank crossed the continent to seek a more favorable climate.

Arriving in California in 1875, he fixed upon Santa Rosa as a likely place for his activities, and he determined to start out as a practical nurseryman. At the end of five years he was in possession of a commercial nursery that netted him about \$10,000 per year. His orchard trees were mostly standard varieties, but into these he put honesty and care, and his customers soon found that dependence could be put in his seedlings.

In 1893 Burbank sold the nursery, and gave his attention entirely to the establishment of an experiment garden. A beginning was made on four acres within the town of Santa Rosa. Later a tract of eighteen acres was purchased at Sebastopol, seven miles away, where the topographical and climatic conditions were slightly different. In the larger acreage he was able to carry out more effectively his idea of quantity production; and on these two plots of ground were conducted more than a hundred thousand distinct experiments, involving countless species and varieties of plants.

In general, Burbank achieved results along two special lines—*cross-fertilization* and *selection*, his success in the latter line having given him so much the appearance of a conjurer that he is often spoken of as a plant wizard—a term to which he always objected. "There is nothing at all preternatural about my ability," he often said, "except that I have been endowed with an acute vision, a remarkable color sense, and strong senses of smell and taste. These I have developed as highly as possible to meet my requirements." This was, no doubt, the whole secret of the matter; yet the fact remains that Burbank possessed faculties which bordered on the miraculous. His eyes re-



Luther Burbank

sponded to the needs of their owner so wonderfully that it was possible for him to detect at a glance gradations of color that to the ordinary eye showed no differentiation whatever; his sense of smell was no less keen. He could dive into a bed of a thousand plants, and point out one having a modified odor as unerringly as a pointer detects a part-ridge under cover. So, too, his sense of taste guided him in the selection of plums, cherries, grapes, apples, or berries, enabling him to select among a thousand the one having the most delectable flavor or showing a tendency in the direction he was seeking.

When Burbank went out on a round of selection, he was followed by two helpers. Let us say that the object of the moment was peach seedlings: the experimenter walked down the row, comprising thousands of plants perhaps a foot high. He seemed to be giving only a casual inspection, but now and again there was a motion of his hand, a nod of the head, or a word or two; and the helpers quickly heeded these signals, tying on a bit of white cloth, or perhaps two bits,—or even three, according to the individual merit of the little seedling which had found favor. In half an hour perhaps ten thousand seedlings may have been passed in review, and in the lot only fifty or a hundred stood proudly forth decorated in white. Those that had been found wanting were piled in heaps to be burned. His neighbors shook their heads, but Burbank would give no space to mediocrity.

There is scarcely a species of plants that has not had a few terms in Mr. Burbank's "training school," but it is impossible to cite more than a few of the most important results here. He produced almost numberless varieties of orchard fruits of every kind—apples, peaches, pears, apricots, plums, prunes, cherries, and quinces. But it is his success with plums and prunes for which California is most grateful. One specially delicious kind looks and tastes like an apple, another has precisely the

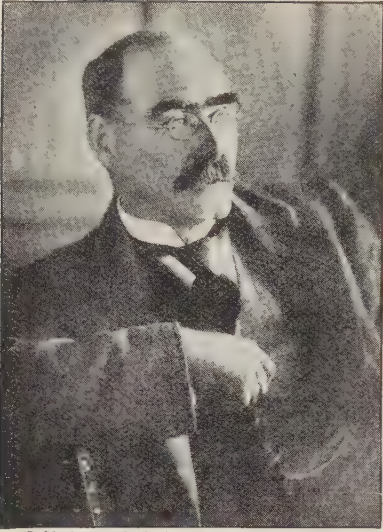
qualities of a Bartlett pear, another has no stone. The plumcot, one of Burbank's most interesting creations, is a cross between a Japanese plum and an apricot.

Among the small fruits, Mr. Burbank produced a luscious *white* blackberry. Another blackberry is as free from thorns as the twigs of an apple tree. The Phenomenal berry, so named because of its enormous size, is a delicious light crimson fruit, the result of crossing the California wild dewberry and the Cuthbert raspberry. Then there is the spineless cactus with its amazing crop of luscious fruit, and no end of new varieties of strawberries, huckleberries, currants, gooseberries, and elderberries.

In the vegetable garden Mr. Burbank worked effectively with all the familiar types of vegetables, his most marked success perhaps being the now celebrated crimson rhubarb. Among the flowers are so many triumphs that it is difficult to cite those deserving special mention. To him we owe the wondrous Shasta daisy, named for his favorite snow-capped peak of the Sierras, the scented callas, dahlias, and verbenas, the many beautiful varieties of watsonias and gladioli, the blue poppy and others of striking color, and the extraordinary colony of lilies. He produced a drought-resisting grass for the lawn, and a vast number of ornamental shrubs and vines. In experimenting with trees, he produced walnuts that grow to a gigantic size in a few years, and at the other end of the scale, chestnuts that bear abundant crops when they are mere bushes.

Next to his love for flowers was Burbank's love for children. Hence it is particularly appropriate that long ago the Legislature of California should have set aside his birthday, March 9th, as a school holiday to be known as Burbank Day. At this time, in each successive year, the school children of Santa Rosa delightedly came out to pay their respects to Burbank in person, and they were always most cordially received.

Inez N. McFee.



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RUDYARD KIPLING

(1865—)

I get it as well as you-oo-oo,
If I haven't enough to do-oo-oo,
We all get hump—
Cameelious hump—
Kiddies and grown-ups too!

DO you remember reading this verse in the poem that follows the story "How the Camel Got His Hump"? It would mean more to an English boy or girl than to an American, because in England they sometimes say "get hump" when they mean "get cross" or "get blue."

Now the curious thing about this verse is that it was written by a man who has done more writing than most authors, and it is hard to see how he ever hadn't "enough to do." It seems as if he must have had to keep as busy as anybody possibly could to publish so many stories and poems.

Many people think of this writer, Rudyard Kipling, as the greatest among all those in England and America in our day. Not all critics call him that, but it is probably true that no one has delighted more people, old and young, in more parts of the world. There are the children whose book shelf is incomplete without *The Jungle Books* and

Just-So Stories. There are the young people who are fascinated by the vivid and vital *Departmental Ditties* and *Bar-rack Room Ballads* and by the short stories included in such volumes as *Plain Tales from the Hills* and *Soldiers Three*. There are older readers who are attracted to Kipling's more thoughtful poetry and to *Kim*, *The Brushwood Boy*, and *Captains Courageous*. These are only a few of many titles. It would be impossible here to name even half of them.

Kipling lived in different parts of the world, and learned to know all sorts of folks. He was the first writer who ever gave people outside India a clear idea of what that great country is like. He tells about the Englishmen who live there in order to help rule India, and about the natives. He makes us see the cities and the villages and the jungle just as he did. We come to think of many of his characters as real people—his soldiers and sailors in different parts of the British Empire, his men and women in various walks of life, his children. He seems to look upon all men as his brothers, because he understands them—whether it be a poor Indian native water carrier or a high-spirited, well-born Englishman. He shows us that in spite of the barriers of social position, there is a human element that is common to all men and makes them brothers.

What is even more wonderful than his knowledge of people is his ability to find a "soul" in such things as railway locomotives and steamships. One critic has said that his ships and engines are more human than his men and women. Unlike most poets who are repelled by great industrial and mechanical achievements, or indifferent to them, Kipling glories in the power which they create. This is plain in such stories as "'007" and "The Ship That Found Her-self."

Rudyard Kipling had rather an unusual start in life. He was born in Bombay, India, in 1865. His father, an

artist, was an official of government museums in Bombay and Lahore. His mother Kipling called "the wittiest woman in India." Like many another child born in India, Rudyard was taken while still small to England, and there he received his education. In his teens he attended the United Services College at Westward Ho, Devonshire, where he edited a school paper. His literary talent was evident very early. Although he was only seventeen when he returned to India, he was at once placed on the editorial staff of the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette*. Later he was assistant editor of the *Pioneer* at Allahabad.

Within a few years he had contributed enough verses to various papers to make a collection under the title *Departmental Ditties*. This book, which the author called "the little brown baby," brought him fame, for soon it reached England and everyone read it. People were becoming rather tired of sentimental poetry, and they gave to Kipling's verse—slangy, vigorous, full of "native wit" and of feelings that every Englishman could understand—a tremendous welcome. That this did not turn the young author's head is evidence of his strong character. When Lord Tennyson wrote to commend him for his poem "The English Flag," Kipling replied with true modesty, "When the private in the ranks is praised by the general, he cannot presume to thank him, but he fights the better the next day."

During the early part of his life Kipling traveled a great deal; and he did not merely look at places, he lived in them long enough to absorb their atmosphere. He married an American girl, Miss Caroline Balestier, whom he met in London, and for four years they lived in the United States, at Brattleboro, Vt. With Miss Balestier's brother, Wolcott Balestier, he collaborated in writing *The Naulahka*. Like other English writers, Kipling has spent much time in London, but his home for

some years has been in the country, at Bateman's Burwash, Sussex.

More than any writer of his day, Kipling has stimulated British patriotism. He became a sort of unofficial "poet of empire." Yet his strong opinions on colonial affairs were not always relished by the government, and people say that this accounts for his never having been made poet laureate. Despite his pride in Britain as a nation on whose dominions the sun never sets, he was not blind to the danger of imperial selfishness and arrogance. You will notice how solemn are the words of "Recessional." That poem was written at a time when royal pomp and extravagant display of all kinds were centering the world's attention upon London—during the diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria. Here are two of the five stanzas:

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Perhaps if Kipling had been the "official" poet of England he would not have felt free to speak his mind boldly, for there is a grain of truth in the nickname which an American newspaper once impertinently gave to a visiting poet laureate—"the King's canary." However, if Kipling lacks this one honor of the laureateship, he has received many others. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature; the students of the University of St. Andrews elected him rector for a year; and great institutions of learning have conferred their highest degrees upon him. Most lasting honor of all is the place his work holds in the hearts of hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children.

W. D. Conklin.

"STONEWALL" JACKSON

(1824—1863)

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON, the most efficient of the Confederate officers who fought under Lee during the War of Secession, was born in Clarksburg, West Virginia, January 21, 1824. He was a very delicate child, and when he was fifteen physicians said he would never grow up. But the resolution that afterward characterized the man came to the boy's aid. He determined that he would not die, and religiously set himself to studying his case and the laws of health. When he was only eighteen he applied for the position of sheriff of his county, thinking that the great amount of horseback riding and life in the open which the office entailed might be helpful to him.

Afterward he entered West Point for the sake of the exercise and drill, which he thought would tend to strengthen him. Although he had not considered the military side of the régime, he was faithful and conscientious, and carefully performed all the tasks required of him, graduating with honor, in 1846. He was assigned to service, and in the Mexican War greatly distinguished himself for bravery.

Major Jackson retired from the army in 1852, and shortly afterward became a professor in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. His sister-in-law describes him at this time as "of a tall, very erect figure, with a military precision about him which made us girls all account him stiff, but he was one of the most polite and courteous of men."

He was very honorable, with the most rigid regard for truth, duty, and discipline. Illustrative of his care in even the smallest matters, his sister-in-law writes as follows: "One drizzly March evening we found him about to start, at dusk, for the residence of a friend a mile distant.

"Is it imperative that you go to-night?" he was asked.

"Not specially so," he replied.

"Then why walk a mile in the rain, if to-morrow will do as well?"

"As he persisted in going, we pressed to know the wherefore. He was always amiable, and at length confessed his business.

"I was talking with Colonel M— this morning, and told him that my conversation with Cadet D— was held in barracks, on Monday. I have since recollected that it was held on the parade ground, and that it was on Tuesday."

"Does anything depend upon this statement?" he was asked.

"Nothing whatever."

"Don't you suppose Colonel M— has forgotten all about Cadet D— before this?"

"I think it very likely, as it was a matter of no moment."

"Why, in the name of reason, then, do you walk a mile in the rain for a perfectly unimportant thing?"

"Simply because I have discovered it was a misstatement, and I could not sleep comfortably to-night unless I corrected it." And go he did!"

Jackson was deeply religious, and had very exact views as to what should and should not be done on Sunday. On the field it was a source of continual amusement to the army to find him striving to keep Sunday according to his lights. Whenever words of confidence and praise for success and victory were lavished upon him, he would reply curtly,—"Give God the glory."

His negro said, "Whenever I misses massa a little while in de day, I allers knows he's prayin' a spell; whenever he's out all day, I knows he's going to move next day; but when he stays out and comes back to have a long spell of prayin', I knows dare's goin' to be a fought somewhar, mighty quick, and dis chile packs up de walibles and gets out ob de way like a sensible cullored pusson!"

After the opening of the Civil War, Major Jackson was called upon frequently to take cadets from the Military Institute to Richmond for service, and at



"Stonewall" Jackson

length deemed it his duty to offer himself to the Army of Virginia. Soon he was filed into the regular Confederate service.

He forged to the front with such remarkable energy and speed that soon "his very name struck terror to his opposers, and was the synonym of success to all who had ever known his marvelous influence over his own men—an influence that made them take any risks if only they knew he had so ordered." He won the sobriquet of "Stonewall" at the Battle of Bull Run. Here he held a brigade of Virginians strong and firm, while the rest of the Southern army wavered in confusion. General Bee, one of his brother officers, seeing this, rallied his own brigade by crying out, "There stands Jackson like a stone wall!" From that time forward Jackson was always known as "Stonewall" Jackson. No officer ever possessed more thoroughly the confidence of his chief than Jackson. Lee never said to Jackson, "Do just so!" He said, "General Jackson, I leave the entire matter in your hands," and rested content that

everything possible would be done for the betterment of the cause.

Jackson was a firm State's Rights man. Like his chief, he was "from principle, by education, and by previous military service in the United States army, a true lover of his whole country; but he felt that his paramount allegiance was due to his own state; and when she declared war, he did not hesitate to obey her call." He fought as became a true soldier, recognizing the spirit and motive of his antagonists, and allowing them a full measure of respect, never so much as even alluding to them as "Yankees." He had a warm place in his heart for the negro race, not because they were slaves, but because they were human beings with souls to save. He founded a Sunday School for them in Lexington, and kept it going by no little personal exertion. He seems to have accepted slavery, not as a thing desirable in itself but as something "allowed by Providence for ends it was not his business to determine."

Jackson was shot by mistake by his own men, in the twilight hours at Chancellorsville (1863). Early in the evening, he rode out, with a small escort, in front of his lines to reconnoitre. As he and his staff were about to return to their own lines they were mistaken by a South Carolina regiment for Union cavalry and were fired upon. Jackson was struck by three bullets. His wound was a severe one, a bullet entering his left arm below the shoulder and shattering the bone to the elbow. When Lee heard of his injury he exclaimed: "General Jackson has lost his *left* arm; I have lost my *right* arm."

Skilled surgeons amputated his arm and did their best for him, but pneumonia developed and he died May 10, 1863.

Jackson's body rests, as he himself asked, "in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia," where to-day a statue and a memorial hall do honor to a striking figure in American history.

Inez N. McFee.

WASHINGTON IRVING

(1783—1859)

WASHINGTON IRVING was the first American openly to adopt literature as a calling and to rely upon his pen for support. He was born April 3, 1783, in New York City, just at the time when George Washington had succeeded in forcing the British to evacuate that stronghold, and the patriotic Irvings delightedly named the babe after him.

One day when the boy, now six years old, was on the street with his nurse, the girl, seeing the President passing, called out: "Please, your honor, here's a bairn was named after you." Washington bade her bring the boy to him, and placing his hands on the lad's head, gave him his blessing.

Young Irving was of Scotch descent, and, like Benjamin Franklin, was the youngest of many sons. He received only a common school education, leaving the schoolroom at the age of sixteen because of delicate health. Since he could not attend college, he set himself a course of systematic reading. Even in boyhood he seemed to have a natural talent for writing essays and short stories. After leaving school he began the study of law, but he did not like the drudgery and close confinement which it entailed. He used to go on long rambling excursions around Manhattan. Thus he acquired the minute knowledge of various historical locations, curious traditions and legends, so beautifully made use of in his *Sketch Book* and in his *Knickerbocker's History of New York*.

At the age of nineteen Irving contributed a series of essays, under the signature of "Jonathan Oldstyle," to a daily paper of which his brother, Doctor Peter Irving, was editor. They were written in a humorous vein and met with instant success, being quoted and copied as far and wide as the sayings of "Poor Richard" had been fifty years before. Two years later, Irving's health compelled him to give up his studies; he sailed for Europe and remained



Washington Irving

abroad nearly two years. On his return he resumed his legal studies and was admitted to the bar, but he never practiced law as a profession. The next year, with his brother and James K. Paulding, he began the publication of the *Salmagundi*, or *Whim-whams and Opinions of Lancelot Langstaff, Esq.*, which was issued fortnightly and ran through twenty numbers. If short-lived, it was clever and amusing.

In 1809 Washington Irving published his *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, "the most unique, perfectly rounded, and elaborately sustained burlesque in our literature." To introduce this book, Mr. Irving conceived a genuine Yankee scheme. Several months in advance of its publication, he advertised in the papers for an old gentleman by the name of Knickerbocker, who had suddenly disappeared, leaving behind him the manuscript of a book and his board bill unpaid. Later, it was announced that the landlord had decided to publish the book, hoping thereby to realize enough profits to satisfy his claims against the author. "It proved to be the most readable book which had yet appeared in America, and was received with enthusiasm by the public,"

says a writer, in a sketch of the author's life. "Abroad it created almost as great a sensation. Sir Walter Scott read it aloud to his family, and it first revealed to the critics of the Old World that America was to have a literature of its own."

Irving's *Sketch Book* was published in 1819, and at once established his reputation as a great author. A London publisher paid him about \$2,000 for the copyright. It was immediately translated into several different languages. *Bracebridge Hall* and *Tales of a Traveler* followed rapidly, and then Irving went to Madrid to make some Spanish translations. To this residence in Spain we are indebted for some of his most charming works: *History of the Life and Times of Christopher Columbus*, *Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada*, *The Alhambra*, *Mahomet and His Successors*, and *Spanish Papers*. During the last two years of Irving's stay abroad, he was Secretary of the United States Legation at London. He returned home in 1832, after an absence of seventeen years, and was received with great public honor.

Irving now had an ample income, and he built a charming home at Irvington, New York, in the midst of the beautiful scenes which he had immortalized. Here, at "Sunnyside," the rest of his life was spent, with the exception of four years (1842-46), during which time he represented the United States at the Court of Madrid.

His last and most carefully written work was the *Life of Washington*. However, Irving's title to enduring fame rests most securely on his stories and descriptive essays, such as we find in the *Sketch Book*, *The Alhambra*, and *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. In schools he is best known for "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

Irving's best gifts were a delicate, kindly humor, genial sentiment and a fertile imagination.

Inez N. McFee.

JOHN BURROUGHS

(1837—1921)

JOHN BURROUGHS, the poet-naturalist, was born on a farm in Roxbury, New York, April 3, 1837. He was the seventh child—the sixth boy—in a family of ten children. His father did not encourage John's fondness for books, being secretly afraid that he might enter the ministry, and he nearly always refused requests for money to be spent for books. But the lad was not to be dissuaded. He diligently gathered sap and boiled off the sugar, and he tells us that "the books were all the sweeter by reason of the maple sugar money."

Burroughs' mother had been one of his father's pupils. She was not well educated—could barely read—and knew nothing of the remainder of the R's; but she was a woman of industry and refinement, "richly endowed with all the womanly instincts and affections." Although she never read any of her son's books, she was proud of his talent, and had some of his verses,—"My Brother's Farm,"—which especially pleased her, framed.

Aside from the few books that he read by himself, Burroughs had no other opportunity for education than was offered other farm boys of his time. Fortunately, however, the farm afforded the best possible sources in the subject in which he was most interested—natural history. He had only to keep his eyes open to discover all sorts of interesting things in the wild life about him—birds and bees in the garden; rabbits and mice in the fields; squirrels, 'possums, and coons in the woods; the muskrat on the banks of the stream; and the skunks, minks, and weasels which, sooner or later, would come inquiring around the henhouse.

To the end of his days Burroughs abhorred what he termed "a nature faker." He said that too many people were prone to set down what their eyes saw, and then supplement the facts with bits of their own imagination.

For example, he cited the tale of the pet fox which a clever story-teller had recorded. The animal, finding some kernels of corn, had partly chewed them and strung them temptingly near the opening into his lair. Then he hid himself until a nice fat hen came along, when he pounced out and ate her! "A cunning fox!" the writer called him. "Cunning fiddlesticks!"

was the substance of Mr. Burroughs' comment. "A fox has no reasoning power. I grant you that a fox might idly chew up some grains of corn, which, of course, he would not eat. But that he would know enough to deliberately scatter them to catch a hen,—no indeed! If he caught the chicken, it was because of his inherent love for fowl any time, any where, any place, and not the result of malice aforethought." Burroughs, however, was willing to allow logical conclusions. For instance,

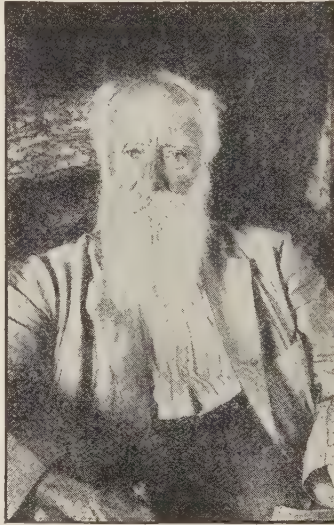
if we were to come upon two chipmunks, one scampering along in the lead, darting hither and thither, with the other doing his best to catch him, and finally succeeding, only to whirl and run in the other direction, we might congratulate ourselves, he said, that we had at last caught two chipmunks playing tag, a game which they enjoy as much as any schoolboy.

Always in reading Burroughs one is aware of the simple, natural background in which he lived, and one feels fully his homely advice: "You must first have the bird in your heart before you can find it in the bush." We have only to dip into such works as *Wake-Robin*, *Winter Sunshine*, *Locusts and Wild Honey*, *Fresh Fields*, *Sharp Eyes*, *Bird and Bough*, and *Signs and Seasons* to realize that Burroughs was a man of books as well as a man of the woods.

His volume *Indoor Studies*, which contains a sheaf of literary criticisms, proves that he was quite as keen in realizing and setting forth a matter of artistic values as he was in recognizing an open-air delight that was sure to give pleasure to his readers. *Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt*, and *Literary Values*, affording delightful

glimpses of the lives of Whitman, Thoreau, and Emerson, show what a pleasing biographer Burroughs could be.

Burroughs was a school-teacher for eight years of his early manhood; for ten years held a position in the Treasury Department at Washington, and later was appointed as a special national bank examiner. In 1874 he returned to the soil, establishing himself at "Riverby," where, on a few choice acres along the Hudson, he divided his time between literature and fruit culture. "Slab-



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John Burroughs

sides," his retreat in the woods a mile distant, was the scene of most of his observations of animal neighbors, and here the busy pen pushed on whenever its writer had something to say; for he wrote only when the spirit moved him, never to order.

The funeral of the great nature lover was held at "Riverby," April 2, 1921, in the presence of friends who had assembled from all parts of the nation, among them Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford, comrades of many years' standing. The casket, covered with violets, daffodils, and spring beauties from the near-by fields and woods, was taken to "Woodchuck Lodge," the old Roxbury homestead which had been rebuilt, so that Burroughs might rest always among the Catskills he so loved. He had lived to be almost eighty-four years old.

Inez N. McFee.

LUCY LARCOM

(1826—1893)

LUCY LARCOM, "The Working Girl's Friend," was herself a mill girl for many years, and she knew so well the problems to be met, that she was enabled to inspire many a struggling, discouraged worker by her own noble example and inspirational writings.



Miss Larcom's father, a ship captain, died when she was quite young, and Lucy was soon obliged to go into the cotton mills at

Lowell, Massachusetts, to help her mother support the little family of younger children. "My first work," she tells us, "was doffing and replacing the bobbins on the machine. Next, I entered the spinning-room, then the dressing-room, where I had a place beside pleasant windows looking toward the river. Later I was promoted to the cloth-room, where I had fewer hours of confinement, without the noisy machinery, and it was much neater."

So well did Miss Larcom use her spare moments that she was finally promoted to a bookkeeper's position. She saved all the extra salary, and in two years was able to go to a seminary at Monticello, Illinois. After graduation she returned to her native state and taught in several of the best schools for girls, showing herself always greatly interested in those who were working their way.

Of Miss Larcom's early poems "Hannah Binding Shoes" is the best known. It came out anonymously in the *Atlantic Monthly*, when James Russell Lowell was editor, and possessed so much merit that many thought Ralph Waldo Emerson was the author. John Greenleaf Whittier was so pleased with the lines that he went to see Miss Larcom, and the two became the best of friends.

On one occasion, so the story goes, they were out walking, when Whittier, always shy and reserved, said abruptly: "Would thee mind, friend Lucy, just turning thy umbrella a trifle more this way?" Miss Larcom mechanically obeyed, without pausing in what she was saying, and then later awoke to the fact that she was holding the shade directly opposite the sun.

"Whatever made you tell me to turn my umbrella that way?" she demanded.

"Did not thee notice, friend Lucy," replied the distinguished poet, "that we just passed two very inquisitive women? By their curious, searching glances methinks they must have heard of thy poems, Lucy."

"My poems!" cried Miss Lucy, gazing at him in surprise, a smile rippling over her expressive face. "*My poems!* Yes, *my poems*, indeed!" breaking into a hearty laugh.

In 1866 Miss Larcom became editor of *Our Young Folks*, a magazine which has since been combined with *Saint Nicholas*. She left the editorial chair after eight years, and gave herself wholly to the writing of verse. One of her best known books of poems is called *Wild Roses of Cape Ann*. Miss Larcom's later work assumed a deeply religious character in which the faith of her whole life finds expression. Favorite poems of Lucy Larcom's that all should know are "A Thanksgiving Hymn," "The Lily of the Resurrection," "The Little Brown Thrush," and "The River."

Miss Larcom's later years were passed chiefly at Beverly Farms, Massachusetts, not far from the home of her childhood. She died in Boston, in 1893, at the age of sixty-seven. Her poetical works were collected in 1884. Ten years later Addison's *Life, Letters and Diary of Lucy Larcom* was published. If you are fortunate enough to find this volume at your public library, you may enjoy reading Miss Larcom's own story of her life as she set it down in her diary.

Inez N. McFee.



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ULYSSES S. GRANT

(1822—1885)

AT Georgetown, in southern Ohio, lived Jesse Grant, who managed a tannery and a farm. His son Ulysses, a short, stocky lad, worked hard on the farm, but was so quiet that people said, "He won't amount to much." They were mistaken.

When Ulysses was seventeen, his father secured his appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point. Ulysses, who had never taken high rank in studies, was afraid of failing, but Mr. Grant said "Go," and Ulysses went. He finished his four years at the Academy with little special credit or discredit, and thought that he would leave the army if he could become a teacher of mathematics.

Before long, however, the Mexican War began, and Grant saw real fighting. Under General Zachary Taylor and then under General Winfield Scott, Grant served well and bravely. After four years of absence, he returned with honor and promotion, to marry the girl to whom he had been engaged all this time. Soon, however, he was ordered to remote posts where he was separated

from his family, and in a moment of depression Captain Grant decided to leave the army.

Grant took up farming again and life became a struggle. On land which his wife owned near St. Louis he built a log cabin that he named "Hard Scrabble," and hard enough it was to make a living for his growing brood of children. After four years of toil and worry, sickness made Grant decide to sell out. He tried his hand at other occupations, none of which proved very gainful. The year 1860 found him associated in the leather business at Galena, Illinois, with his two brothers. He was glad to have this opportunity, for up to this time he was marked as the failure of the family.

Then came the Civil War, and Grant saw another chance to serve his country. He helped to organize some Illinois regiments, but for a while there came no opening that was worthy of his fifteen years of army training. Finally one of the regiments became too disorderly for its colonel to handle, and Grant received the command. The new colonel "didn't look like much," but he made the men feel his firm hand. Before long they became real soldiers.

Able officers were needed, and soon Colonel Grant became Brigadier-General Grant, and was stationed near the mouth of the Ohio. Two great rivers, the Tennessee and the Cumberland, offered a path into Southern territory, but they were defended by Fort Henry on the Tennessee and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland, only a few miles apart. Grant attacked these. Soon the Union gunboats made the Confederates leave Fort Henry and gather in Fort Donelson, which was a harder nut to crack. The cannon of Donelson repulsed the gunboats and the Southerners prepared to crush Grant's men; but Grant cried to his troops, "They're trying to escape us," and drove them back into the fort.

"No terms except an unconditional surrender can be accepted; I propose to

move immediately upon your works," wrote Grant to the opposing general, and the fort was surrendered. After that, people often said that his initials, U. S., stood for "Unconditional Surrender." Kentucky and western Tennessee were saved for the Union, and the Confederates had to give up Nashville, which was no longer safe for them to hold. It was the greatest Union victory since the beginning of the war.

The Tennessee River having been opened, Grant, with an increased army, established himself at Pittsburg Landing, where fresh troops were to join him. The Confederates decided to strike before Grant could receive help. At daybreak the battle began, and the Federal army was surprised, but it resisted stubbornly. By nightfall Grant was just holding to a line on the edge of the river, aided by the gunboats; but he seemed as quiet and determined as ever. "Fresh troops will arrive to-morrow," said he. They arrived that night, and by the next evening the Confederates had retreated. The Union forces had lost heavily, however, and there were requests that Grant be removed from command. "I can't spare this man," answered President Lincoln. "He fights."

The next great idea of the campaign was to take Vicksburg, which was the Confederate fortress that commanded the Mississippi, but Vicksburg was hard to take. It stood on bluffs so high that the gunboats could not do much damage, and back of it, away from the river, a maze of swamps and water-courses formed excellent protection. This "lofty hill-city" was strongly fortified and heavily garrisoned, but Grant, aided by General Sherman, proceeded to the attack.

For months Grant tried one plan after another. All failed, but he hung on. At last he landed below Vicksburg, marched into the enemy's country, fought five engagements and shut up thirty thousand Confederates in the city. After six weeks of siege and star-

vation Vicksburg surrendered on the same day that Meade repulsed Lee at Gettysburg, a thousand miles away. In a few days more the Mississippi was open, and the South was cut in two.

After this achievement the North made Grant its hero, and before the campaign of 1864 opened, President Lincoln gave him charge of all the Union forces. Grant's plan was simple. There were two large Confederate armies, one in Virginia, under Lee, protecting Richmond, the Confederate capital, the other in Georgia, under Johnston. Grant himself would attack Lee, Sherman would attack Johnston, and both would "hammer away" until they won.

"Hammering" against Lee's determined and skillful resistance cost many thousand lives. Grant at last gave it up and contented himself with driving Lee back to Richmond and holding him there while Sheridan laid waste the Shenandoah Valley, helping to starve Lee, and Sherman "marched through Georgia," piercing the South once more.

In the spring of 1865 Grant once more began his attacks on Richmond, and before long Lee's thin lines broke. His ragged, hungry forces hurried west to gain the shelter of the mountains, but Grant pressed the pursuit, and the Confederates found their way blocked. There was no hope, and at little Appomattox Lee surrendered. "The rebels are our countrymen again," said Grant, and he saw to it that there was no ill-timed celebration in his army to wound the feelings of the brave Confederates.

In the midst of the national rejoicing, Lincoln was assassinated, and his successor, Andrew Johnson, fell into bitter disputes with powerful men in Congress. At the next election Grant, still quiet and unassuming, became President. He was no politician, and could believe no evil of his friends; therefore, though he himself was absolutely honest, much corruption went unpunished. It takes time to "clear up" after a great war, however, and per-

haps no President would have done better. At any rate, Grant was elected for a second term.

After leaving the Presidency, Grant made a tour of the world, receiving everywhere high honor as "the first citizen of the United States." Somewhat later, his fortune was swept away by business misfortunes, but Congress, to show its gratitude for his services, made him once more commander of the army. Before this favor from Congress came to gladden his heart, however, Grant was attacked by cancer of the throat. Eagerly he pushed along the writing of his "Memoirs" before death should come, and by his old-time determination he succeeded. The affection of the nation cheered him in his last hours, and his tomb in New York City is one of the country's shrines to-day.

Walter Lefferts.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

(1780—1851)

THE life of Audubon furnishes an admirable illustration of the result of having a definite purpose, and bending all one's energies to it until success is attained. At one time, in London, Audubon was five pounds in debt for artist's materials; yet he managed after sixty years of hard industry and frugality to raise the hundred thousand dollars necessary to have his great work, *The Birds of America*, brought out by an Edinburgh firm, and thus to impart to the study of natural history the grace and fascination of romance. This wonderful work contained 435 colored plates of birds the size of life, made from drawings furnished by the author. To-day a complete copy of it sells for about \$2,000.

And what strength of purpose, what indefatigable energy it embodies! "In all climates and in all weathers," we are told, "scorched by burning suns, drenched by piercing rains, frozen by

the fiercest colds: now diving fearlessly into the densest forest, now wandering alone over the most savage regions; in perils, in difficulties, and in doubts; with no companion to cheer his way, far from the smiles and applause of society; listening only to the sweet music of birds, or to the sweeter music of his own thoughts, Audubon faithfully kept his path," led on solely by his pure and lofty enthusiasm, without regard either for wealth or distinction. It was his delight and privilege to enlarge and enrich the domains of a pleasing and useful science; to reveal to the world the existence of many species of birds before unknown; and to give accurate information of the forms and habits of those that were recognized.

While Audubon never instituted any movement for the preservation of birds,—there was then no occasion for this in the abundance of feathered life—his genuine love for them justifies the naming of the Audubon Society for him. It is certain that if he were alive to-day, he would be active in every form of protection and relief which the membership of this valuable society sponsors.

John James Audubon was born at Mandeville, Louisiana, May 4, 1780. His father went to sea at the age of twelve years; at twenty-one he commanded a vessel; at twenty-five he owned his own ship, and had begun to invest his savings in America, purchasing land in the West Indies, and later in Louisiana, Virginia, and Pennsylvania.

It is curious to think that if John James Audubon's grandfather had not had so large a family, the great naturalist would probably have been a Frenchman instead of an American! The grandfather was a French fisherman who resembled a certain old woman of Mother Goose fame in having a small home and many children. There were twenty-one in all, and each, as soon as possible, had to begin to make his own way in the world. John James' father was of an adventurous turn that took

him to sea and brought him to America.

Mr. Audubon, after his wife had perished in an insurrection of the colored people of San Domingo, took his four children back to France and purchased a beautiful estate on the Loire River. He was not inclined to give up the sea, and he finally found a most indulgent stepmother to look after the little family. John James was the youngest, and the new mother allowed him to follow his own sweet will, which fortunately was quite harmless, since it involved gathering specimens of natural history. But this course did not please the father at all. He declared that the boy was growing up a ne'er-do-well, and on one of his trips home, in spite of prayers

of specimens. Finally, impatient, the father sent him off to Pennsylvania to look after his estates there.

Mill Grove, the name of this property, proved "a blessed spot"; no more urging to become a soldier, no more hated mathematics. John James fished and roamed and hunted specimens to his heart's content; raised all sorts of fowls, and lived chiefly on fruits, vegetables, and the day's catch. Once, on a duck hunting expedition, he fell through an air hole in the ice, and all but lost his life from the exposure. Then he fell deeply in love with Lucy Bakewell, the daughter of an English neighbor, and failing to get the necessary funds for his marriage from his father's American agent, who was most abusive, he borrowed the money and rushed home to France. Here he easily got the agent dismissed, but it took a precious year before he was able to cross the sea to Lucy, armed with his father's consent. Then a new objection arose. Mr. Bakewell feared the young man could not support a wife, and insisted that he give up his dreamy pursuits and take a position in a counting-house. Audubon made the attempt, but a bad speculation in indigo cost him his position; and his neighbors, through the constable, warned him that he must remove the nuisance in his room—a batch of drying birds' skins.

Accordingly, Audubon sold Mill Grove, and married Lucy Bakewell out of hand, departing with her on an "ark" down the Ohio. Subsequently he engaged in trade at Louisville. The War of 1812 wrecked his business, and for a year Lucy and their little son went home to her father. By now Audubon knew that he would never make a success in finance, and he had but one desire,—to make a book of the Birds of America. To gain the money for this desired end, he took to painting portraits, and his wife got a position as a governess, and later established a small school. From the first Lucy Audubon's work was a success, and she was soon



Kadel & Herbert

John James Audubon

and tears, he packed the lad off to school, and gave orders that he be taught mathematics and sternly disciplined. It was in his mind to make a soldier of John James. But no training could rouse a love of military life in a boy who would lie on his back under a tree for three weeks to watch a family of little gray birds through a spy-glass. Young John James studied music and painting and forgot the mathematics while he wandered far afield in search

earning three thousand dollars a year. All but funds for the barest necessities she cheerfully turned over to aid her husband in his great undertaking, and never did she lose confidence in him. "My best friends," he tells us, "solemnly regarded me as a madman, and my wife and family alone gave me encouragement. My wife determined that my genius should prevail, and that my final success as an ornithologist should be triumphant."

When once he had managed to get sufficient funds together to go abroad with his bird drawings, the tide turned, and Audubon found himself taken up by the Natural History Society and the Royal Society. He said to himself, "So, poor Audubon, if not rich, thou wilt be honored at least, and held in high esteem among men." To his wife he wrote, "It is Mr. Audubon here, and Mr. Audubon there, and I can only hope that Mr. Audubon will not be made a conceited fool at last." But there was no danger of this. He was too modest and earnest, too much a true student.

At last, in 1827, he was ready to carry out the long-cherished plan of publishing his book *Birds of America*. This was followed by a text on *Ornithological Biography*, written partly with editorial assistance, and *Quadrupeds of North America*, a finely illustrated work, written with the help of his sons, John and Victor, and their father-in-law, John Bachman. He was enabled to buy a fine estate on the bank of the Hudson River, near Fort Washington, now a part of New York City.

Audubon's mind failed a few years later, and his faithful wife cared for him as she would have for a little child. He died at the age of seventy-one. Seldom has a man made more prodigious efforts to accomplish his purpose and at the same time remained so singularly guileless and sweet-natured. He once said: "To repay evil with kindness is the religion I was taught to practice, and this will forever be my rule."

Inez N. McFee.

GUGLIELMO MARCONI

(1874—)

OF all the scientific romances that have been written none surpasses in interest the story of wireless telegraphy. So far as the general public is concerned it began in the year 1902, when Marconi, the famous Italian electrician, sent his first message across the Atlantic. In truth, however, wire-



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Guglielmo Marconi

less telegraphy, like most other great inventions and discoveries, cannot be said to have been the work of one man or even entirely of one age; it was discovered, lost, and rediscovered. But it was Guglielmo Marconi who brought it into practical life, and who labored unceasingly until wireless had obtained world-wide recognition and its value had been fully demonstrated. Through him thousands of lives and property of unknown value have been saved from destruction; for ships at sea, no matter how far from a friendly harbor, may send news of catastrophe or danger and receive help from vessels within a radius of hundreds of miles. By the aid of wireless, also, daily papers, containing all the important American and European news, are issued on board the great transatlantic liners. To-day wireless has become an essential feature of our civilization in countless ways.

Guglielmo Marconi was born of an Italian father and an Irish mother, at

Bologna, Italy, April 25, 1874. At an early age he showed a deep interest in electrical science, and when he entered the University of Bologna he was not long in getting in touch with Professor Righi, who had done no little experimenting with electro-magnetic waves, as demonstrated by Hertz—the Hertzian waves, as they are commonly termed. Marconi's quick mind at once saw the possibility of using these waves for the transmission of messages, and he went at the solution of the problem with great interest and energy. By the apparatus of Hertz, electro-magnetic waves could be detected at a distance of about seventy feet; Marconi felt that certain improvements in the transmitter and receiver should enable messages to be sent any distance desired.

He was barely twenty years old when he had worked out a complete wireless system, but although Marconi made a successful demonstration at Griffone in 1895 the Italian government seemed uninterested. The next year, however, on a trip to England, Marconi enlisted in his behalf Sir William Preece, engineer-in-chief of the British telegraph system. Preece had Marconi's wireless thoroughly tested and proved and an account of the invention widely published. Then, indeed, Italy awoke to her negligence and the Ministry of Marine undertook careful experimentations at Spezzia. In 1897 the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company was founded. Four years later messages were being flashed several thousand miles, over land and sea.

Marconi made many improvements in his invention, and the business of his company broadened until his system came into general use in the British merchant marine, as well as throughout the United Kingdom. When Italy entered the World War, in 1915, Marconi, who had recently been made a senator of the kingdom, took charge of the wireless for his government. To-day the world is pretty well linked with chains of wireless systems, of one kind and another; before long it will only be

very remote parts of the earth indeed where there is not an electro-magnetic ear to hear and an electro-magnetic voice capable of replying. In this development no one has played a greater part than Guglielmo Marconi.

Marconi was a member of the Italian commission which came to the United States in 1917 to confer on the war. He has been decorated with all the important orders of Europe; in 1904 Oxford and Glasgow gave him honorary degrees; in 1909 he received the Nobel prize for physics.

Inez N. McFee.



CELIA THAXTER

(1836—1894)

CELIA LEIGHTON was born in the quaint little shipping town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, June 25, 1836. When she was four years old, her father was appointed lighthouse keeper in the Isles of Shoals, a group of small islands lying about five miles off the Atlantic coast, and here Celia's childhood and young womanhood were passed.

Many would have found Appledore a silent, lonely spot. But not so Celia and her young brothers and sisters. They loved to ride in the little boat out on the dashing green, white-topped billows, and it was great fun to climb the lighthouse stairs and watch their father trim and light the great lamp

which shed its saving beacon far out over the restless waves.

Never were there more beautiful sun-rises and sunsets than could be viewed from their high tower, and they never tired of watching the pictures which the sun painted on his great blue canvases. Then there were shells and seaweed to gather, and curious little creatures in the pools to be made friends with, and the songs of the waves, and the birds and the flowers to greet—something of interest for every single moment of the day, or so it seems now to those who read Celia's book of poems *Among the Isles of Shoals*, which tells of their happy life on the island.

When Celia was still a girl in her teens, a young minister found his way to the islands, and he came again and again until finally he carried her away to the mainland, a happy bride. But Celia Thaxter never forgot dear old Appledore. Each summer as long as her mother lived she came back for a visit, and after the old home was gone and Appledore had become rather popular as a resort, she had a summer home on the island—a simple two-story house, with a yard full of flowers, and a parlor which became famous. It was a plain room, with sea shells and flowers everywhere, and a great fireplace heaped high with driftwood; and here talented authors and musicians gathered. The poet Whittier said that he asked for no greater pleasure than an hour in Mrs. Thaxter's parlor.

Celia Thaxter's heart always stayed young, and her verses always appeal to boys and girls. In "The Sparrows" we read of the beautiful custom of the children of far-off Norway in putting out at Christmas time a tall pole

crowned with a sheaf of grain for the sparrows' Christmas feast—a kindness intended "to make God's innocent creatures see in every child a friend."

In "The Sandpiper," another of her poems, how easy it is to picture the little girl walking along the beach gathering driftwood and talking to the bird that flits before her along the sand!

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night

When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!

To what warm shelter canst thou fly?

I do not fear for thee, though wroth

The tempest rushes through the sky:

For are we not God's children both,

Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

Little Celia had no children's books to read; no schools, no concerts, no moving pictures to attend; no automobile to ride in, no neighbors, no postman, not even a doorbell in the place! And yet, by studying the things nature set before her, she became famous the world over for the music which rang in her soul. She early learned the one great secret of happiness: to be busy. Work, she said, was one of the greatest blessings that God gave the world.

Celia Thaxter's first poem "Land Locked" was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, when James Russell Lowell was editor. She said that it gave her more real pleasure than all her later triumphs put together. It was so good to know that she, an untaught country girl, could write something that men of letters counted worthy.

Mrs. Thaxter died in 1894. She sleeps to-day on the island that she loved, among the flowers, and the shells, and the seaweed; and the birds and the billows that were her playmates all her life play round her still.

Inez N. McFee.



Geography

GEOGRAPHY EXCURSIONS

I

ONE of the most important improvements in methods of instruction is the emphasis now placed upon bringing the child into contact with the objects to be taught. Heretofore, almost the sole method of developing new ideas was by the teacher, supplemented by the written word of the book. In either case it was instruction by words. To-day, however, we no longer use this sole avenue of approach, but recognize the value of teaching a new thing by presenting for consideration, whenever possible, first the thing itself; second, a model of the thing; third, a painting or picture; and lastly, the word for the thing.

Excursions in geography have the same pedagogic foundation; viz., a desire to bring the child into contact with *things* rather than with *words*, the mere symbols of things. Even when it is possible to bring the things into the classroom, excursions are often preferable, since they show objects in their natural surroundings.

It is desirable that teachers observe a few rules of procedure that apply to all excursions. First, they should make sure that the purpose of the excursion is clear to the pupils. In other words, there must be a definite object in leaving the school. Children should know not merely that on Wednesday afternoon their teacher will escort them to the Museum of Natural History, but that they will observe exact representations of the animals of South Amer-

ica which they are studying in class. If a child can tell his parents no more than, "We're going on an outing," or "We're going to the Park," he has not been properly prepared for that occasion.

It will be noticed that an excursion is generally supplementary to class instruction, an additional means of imparting knowledge. It serves also to clarify and to enforce. However, this need not always be so, since at times it may be preferable to introduce a subject of outdoor observation. For instance, when teaching beginners in fourth grade geography it is not necessary to explain in advance the meaning of mountain, stream, lake, island, etc. On the contrary, the pupils' first and strongest impressions may well be made by direct contact with these forms of land and water. We might generalize by saying that when pupils possess a good apperceptive mass or background of experience it is wise to recall this material before the excursion, but when there is almost no knowledge it is preferable to omit discussion in advance, and to rely upon contact with the things to form the basis for additional information later.

Not only should pupils have a clear idea as to the purpose of their visit, but they should also be told to be prepared to make an oral and written report of their observations, for which they should be encouraged to take with them pencil and notebook. A word of caution concerning note-taking on excursions. While it is true that even

fourth year pupils can make an occasional note (as the name of a tree, fruit, or animal) yet note-taking may be easily abused. Keep in mind that we are taking pupils away from the classroom, away from the printed page, away from the teacher's spoken word, and in their place are offering them the vivid, fresh impression of things themselves. Let the emotional atmosphere be one of joy, of admiration, and of wonder, and do not crush out the inspiration and freshness of a ramble by persistent note-taking. By all means make sure that eyes and ears are alert, and as to note-taking, let your guide be this: If spontaneous interest and attention are waning because of note-taking, banish the notebook.

A use of excursions not to be overlooked is the opportunity afforded for training the power of observation of things about us. This power we endeavor to train in nature study, in science, and in drawing. Likewise, in a visit to some place connected with geography, pupils again have a most fertile field for the functioning of this important habit.

Another practical suggestion is that teachers should not assume the responsibility of taking pupils from school without written consent of parents. Moreover, impress most earnestly upon your group the necessity of their remaining under your control, your guidance, and your protection. To minimize the strain of supervision teachers may find it preferable to accompany groups of about ten pupils instead of a class of forty. Not only will the tension be lessened but the teacher can keep in closer and more personal touch with the children.

II

With these general remarks let us consider more definitely some examples of excursions, and what may be gained by them.

First, call attention to those basic phenomena of nature which we often

incorrectly assume are known by young pupils. As soon as your class has come to school, take them to the nearest field to observe the dew. Are you aware how few city children ever observed it before? True, you cannot hope to explain dew in detail, and probably this explanation would be sufficient: dew is moisture from the air that has gathered on the grass.

On this same occasion call their attention to the clouds which also contain moisture. "Children, do you see the clouds move? We have studied the four directions, north, east, south, and west. In what direction are the clouds moving?" (*East.*) "What do you suppose causes the clouds to move?" (*The wind.*) "If the clouds are moving eastward, from what direction must the wind come?" (*The west.*) "What do we call such a wind?" (*West wind.*)

The wind should be observed, also, during rain, hail, and snow. Since it is generally unwise to go outdoors in such weather, these phenomena are best observed from classroom windows. "Children, do you notice that the rain is falling in slanting lines? Can you tell what causes the drops to come down on a slant?" (*The wind.*) "The rain is slanting in what direction?" (*West.*) "The wind that is blowing is called what?" (*East wind.*) The first value of this lesson is that pupils will think of geography as a study of the world around them instead of a study of words in books. The second value is the opportunity for the training of observation.

Have you ever invited pupils' attention to shadows? Take them to the nearest square or field. "Where is the sun now?" (*In the east.*) "What side of that pole is its shadow?" (*West.*) "We shall try again at noon. Where is the sun?" (*Overhead.*) "What about the shadow of that same pole?" (*There is none.*) "Can you explain? We shall come again after school is out. Where is the sun?" (*Toward the west.*) "Where is the shadow of the pole?" (*To the east.*)

We come now to the physical features of the pupils' vicinity. Unfortunately not every physiographic feature is observable in every neighborhood. If there is a hill, show it. Note its shape, top, peak, or summit. Call attention to the slope, valley, field, or plain. Can we find a brook or stream flowing down the hill? Where does the water come from? Rain falls on the hillsides and gathers in gullies to form streams. In

winter, when snow falls, it may remain until spring. When the sun melts the snow, the streams swell, flow into a valley, and gather into a river. We shall trace a brook to a stream, a stream to a river, and a river to its outlet.

If possible, take pupils to a shore, either lake, river, or ocean. From it may be observed, even if only on a diminished scale, an island, a peninsula, a cape, a strait, a gulf or bay, an ocean.



MARCH

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.

Open
Date
Calendar

March Blackboard Calendar

We pass now to a consideration of the different races of man, another topic that should be introduced early in the course and that should be learned concretely. The ideal would be to have pupils see a living member of the yellow, the brown, the red, and the black race. How many of your pupils have done so? If you cannot bring them into contact with an example, is there a museum in your town containing life-sized figures in wax? Note the coloring, size, head, hair, eyes, nose, lips, mouth, ears. Such a visit is better than hours of explanation by the teacher. If wax figures cannot be had, you may find a collection of painted pictures to use in preference to cold black and white reproductions.

Children should become acquainted with the animals most characteristic of the continents. You have been teaching North America as a whole, and are planning to teach the common animals. How many of your class ever saw a chicken, duck, goose, pigeon, goat, sheep, pig, cow, ox, horse, mule? If you teach in a city, you will be surprised at the replies. Your first duty, therefore, is to take your class to the nearest farm where these domestic animals may be seen.

For other animals a visit to a menagerie should be made. At one time let pupils see animals of temperate climes, as fox, wolf, black bear, deer, and moose. Point out some found in frigid climes, as the seal and polar bear. Lastly, they should see those of tropical regions, such as the lion, tiger, camel, giraffe, hippopotamus, elephant, rhinoceros, as well as monkeys, snakes, other reptiles. Some well-known birds, as the parrot, owl, hawk, and eagle, should be known. Finally, if you have access to an aquarium make them acquainted with the seal, crocodile, whale, shark, cod, mackerel, and sturgeon.

Botanical gardens contain many of the plants characteristic of different climes. Besides the vegetation found in our own land, point out the moss and evergreens of the cold regions, and

trees of hot climates, as cactus, palm, banana, pineapple, olive, and orange, many of which may be found in botanical gardens. As before, if not able to show the living plant, seek reproductions in the natural history museum.

III

As we advance to a detailed study of the United States we find many opportunities for interesting excursions. Since the subject is very broad, suggestions are here given under several headings.

Our ordinary garden vegetables should be observed in growth. How many of your children can point out potatoes, cabbage, beets, carrots, corn, turnips, lettuce, asparagus, beans, or peas? A fresh interest will be aroused in such produce if you can take the children to a neighboring farm or garden. Can your class tell wheat, oats, buckwheat, barley, rye, while growing? Point out the differences in appearance, and these cereals will also arouse a new interest. Peanuts, tobacco, rice, cotton, and sugar cane are observable in many sections and should be studied whenever possible. Do not fail to encourage careful observation of these aspects: height of plant, nature of growth, leaves, seed, and soil.

On neighboring farms and in orchards, fruit trees, as the apple, pear, peach, plum, orange, cherry may be seen and notice taken of the shape, trunk, and leaves. In the fall visit trees bearing nuts, as hickory, walnut, chestnut, and hazelnut.

Lumbering plays a large part in the industries of the United States and leads to the subject of furniture. Pupils always show interest in recognizing specimens of different woods by their color and grain, and they will take even more interest in this topic if they are escorted to neighboring woods or parks to see pine, hickory, spruce, maple, birch, oak, chestnut, and walnut trees and to recognize them by their bark, leaves, and contour.

In the study of stone for building see whether your neighborhood supplies granite, marble, sandstone, slate, or clay. If it does not, visit, if possible, a museum, in addition to asking pupils to bring specimens. Similarly with ores; you may be near a mine or hillside producing iron, zinc, copper, lead, gold, or silver, where you may point out the color and formation of the metal in the rough. Likewise, a world of interest

will be found in a visit to a coal mine, where in addition to the shafts, the veins, and the intricate passages observed, pupils should also be shown the imprint of leaves and stems on selected specimens of coal. Closely allied with mining is the subject of oil fields. All these products become immeasurably more interesting when the sources of the supply have been actually seen by our children.



• APRIL •

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.

Dora
Orin
Eleven-ten

April Blackboard Calendar

IV

In the study of manufacturing a typical industrial plant should be visited, as steel, machinery, automobiles, silk, clothing, furniture, or canning. Let us take canning and enlarge upon it.

We shall assume that pupils have studied the products of the United States and are now discussing manufacturing. It is best to visit the manager in advance and to ask the kindness of a guide to escort the party and to assist with information. Most establishments of high-grade products are proud of the opportunity to show their goods and their organization, considering it an excellent means of advertising.

Pupils will be told to note all the raw products involved and to recall the region from which each comes. First, we shall observe the various fruits, such as pears, peaches, cherries, pineapples, plums, and such vegetables as peas, beans, spinach, and asparagus. Call attention to the tin used for the cans, as well as the paper employed as wrappers. When we come to the machinery used in washing, packing, and sealing the cans, we realize how many different articles are used in this one business.

This leads to the industries necessary to supply the products: for the fruits, orchards, and for the vegetables, farming; for the wrappers, lumbering and paper-making; for the machinery, iron and steel plants; for the tin cans, mining and smelting. Here is an excellent opportunity to impress one of the most important ideas in the teaching of geography,—that each region, and each industry, should contribute what it can to the common good of all citizens. No less important is the civic virtue of co-operation as shown, first, by the different departments of this one plant, and second, by the individuals employed in each department. Only by good teamwork can the most efficient results be obtained.

Excursions of a similar nature may well be made to a large market in town where fruits, vegetables, meat, poultry,

and fish may be seen in great variety. Interest may be aroused as to the source of production of lamb, mutton, beef, chicken, duck, goose, salmon, sturgeon, cod, eels, lobsters, crabs, clams, oysters, and so forth.

In large cities various business shows are periodically presented. Foods, textiles, chemicals, electrical appliances, business devices, furniture, and automobiles are some of the products observable.

County fairs are wonderful occasions for class excursions. They should never be missed, as they offer a vast range of animal and vegetable products. Not only will children see many products, but because of the excellence and exceptional quality resulting from the competitions, they may be led to appreciate the effort and skill employed to make food more beneficial and more palatable.

We come now to an excursion applicable to a large number of cities; namely, a visit to a wharf to see the loading or unloading of cargoes, one of the most interesting and instructive visits available for children. Inquire in advance the exact day and hour the vessel will load or unload, as otherwise your visit may be in vain.

What a vast range of impressions and thoughts may be aroused! The harbor, the river, the bay, the ocean; the different vessels flying foreign flags; the romance of life on the deep! All these crowd upon the child's mind and combine to make the day a memorable one.

Let us suppose that we live in a city on the north Atlantic coast, and are studying South America. A ship from Buenos Aires will unload on Tuesday morning at nine o'clock. It has touched at various other ports of South America on the voyage north. We shall visit it.

What might we see? First animals for pets or for collections. Do you see the monkeys, snakes, parrots? Beef may be seen, as well as hides for tanning. From Brazil there are coffee and

rubber, and perhaps diamonds. Where do these bananas, pineapples, vanilla and cocoa come from? Perhaps that officer will help us out, by answering these questions and by telling us of other products, boxed, and therefore not visible.

Next time we shall visit a liner loading American products for Mexico. Farming implements, typewriters, automobiles, machinery, furniture, cotton goods, and jewelry are some of the things we shall see. This will be followed by class discussion of the sources of supply.

If a city is not a river, lake or ocean port, nevertheless, because of its railroad stations, similar observations may be made. As at a port, great varieties of products enter and leave the town. If a class stands in the freight yard of a railroad and witnesses a train of cars bringing live chickens, pigs, sheep, cows, and horses; or watches the unloading of flour, sugar, rice, barley, and corn, not to mention the countless other raw and manufactured products passing in and out of every moderate-sized town, they will learn about products, industries, commerce, and transportation in a most interesting way.

In summarizing let us recall the material from another point of view. What are our aims in teaching geography? One is to teach the characteristics of the earth we live on. To do so, take your children outdoors and let them see the features of sky, earth, and water. A second aim is to teach them what our earth produces. To do so, take them to field, forest, mine, and sea, where they may see vegetable, animal, and mineral products first hand. Another aim is to show how the earth's products are changed by man into countless manufactured articles. To do so, take them to a factory. A fourth aim is to show how goods are exchanged and transported from one region to another. To do so, take them to harbor and railroad station to witness the exchange of commodities. The last aim we shall mention under excursions

is to show the interdependence of men and the co-operation for the common good. To do so, point out, wherever possible, the necessity of good teamwork for any large enterprise, and also the benefit to humanity at large of the exchange of the surplus of one region for the surplus of another.

Albert C. Lisson.

OUTLINE FOR TEACHING THIRD GRADE GEOGRAPHY

THE aim of the work of the third grade is to give children some definite preparation for the study of the textbook in the following grades. It also should give them some conception of man's threefold need of food, clothing, and shelter, his relation to community life, how this is influenced by geographical conditions, and what these conditions are.

The work for the year will be studied under the following heads:—

- I. Food
- II. Clothing
- III. Shelter
- IV. Occupations
- V. Transportation
- VI. Government
- VII. Physical environment

I—Food

A. Bread.

1. Bread-making in the home.
 - a. Of what made.
 - b. Mixing.
 - c. Rising of the dough.
 - d. Baking.
2. Bread-making in the bakery.
 - a. How it differs from home (if pupils do not know, the teacher should supply the information).
 - b. Cost of the loaf.
 - c. What we call the man at the shop.
3. Flour—where obtained.
 - a. Make observations at grocery store.
 - b. Articles found there.
 - c. Arrangement of articles,

- d. Cost, and units of measure.
 - e. What we call the man who keeps the store.
 - f. Where he obtains flour.
 - g. How he buys it (in what quantities).
 4. The mill.
 - a. How milling is done (make observations at mill if possible).
 - b. Who brings grains to mill.
 - c. Of what grains flour is made.
 - d. What we call the man who mills.
 5. Wheat.
 - a. How marketed.
 - (a) Shipped to elevators or mills.
 - b. Cleaned by miller or grain dealer.
 - c. Granaries on farm.
 - d. Threshing.
 - e. Shocking or stacking.
 - f. Cutting—binding.
 - g. Time of harvesting.
 - h. Growing season.
 - i. Time of preparing the ground and seeding.
 - j. Testing of wheat.
 6. Other uses of wheat products.
 - a. Pastries and cakes.
 - b. Cereals.
 - c. Food for animals and fowls.
 7. Other grains used for bread making.
 - a. Oats.
 - b. Barley.
 - c. Rye.
 - d. Corn.
- B. Vegetables.
1. Grown under ground.
 - a. Potatoes.
 - b. Turnips.
 - c. Beets.
 - d. Onions.
 - e. Parsnips.
 - f. Carrots.
 2. Grown above ground.
 - a. Cabbage.
 - b. Cauliflower.
 - c. Lettuce.
 - d. Spinach.
 - e. Asparagus.
 - f. Kale.
- g. Endive.
 - h. Chard.
 - i. Celery.
3. Grown on vines or plants.
 - a. Squash.
 - b. Beans.
 - c. Peas.
 - d. Cucumbers.
 - e. Tomatoes.
 - f. Okra.
 - g. Peppers.
 - h. Pumpkins.
 - i. Green corn.
4. Select one or two from each of 1, 2, 3 and trace from table to seed.
 - a. How prepared for food.
 - b. Time of gathering and how stored.
 - c. Preparing ground and planting.
 - d. Cost, and units of measure.
- C. Fruits.
1. Small.
 - a. Cultivated.
 - (a) Strawberries.
 - (b) Raspberries.
 - (c) Blackberries.
 - (d) Gooseberries.
 - (e) Cherries.
 - (f) Mulberries.
 - (g) Cranberries.
 - (h) Loganberries.
 - (i) Dewberries.
 - (j) Currants.
 - (k) Grapes.
 - b. Wild.
 - (a) Elderberries.
 - (b) Blueberries.
 - (c) Huckleberries.
 - (d) Blackberries.
 - (e) Gooseberries.
 - (f) Grapes.
 2. Large.
 - a. Apples.
 - b. Peaches.
 - c. Pears.
 - d. Plums.
 - e. Apricots.
 - f. Quinces.
 3. Tropical.
 - a. Bananas.
 - b. Oranges.
 - c. Lemons.

- d. Pineapples.
- e. Grapefruit.
- f. Coconuts.
- g. Olives.
- h. Dates.
- i. Figs.

Note — Tracing of the tropical fruits will be very interesting to pupils. They will also enjoy imaginary journeys to warmer lands. Use pictures in this connection.

D. Meats (including poultry and fish).

1. Fresh meats.
 - a. Steaks.
 - b. Sausage.
 - c. Roasts.
 - d. Heart.
 - e. Chops.
 - f. Liver.
 - g. Tongue.
2. Smoked or cured meats.
 - a. Bacon.
 - b. Wieners and frankfurters.
 - c. Ham.
 - d. Bologna.
3. Dried meats.
 - a. Beef.
4. Pickled meats.
 - a. Feet of pork.
 - b. Sides of pork.
 - c. Corned beef.
 - d. Tongue.
 - e. Fish.
5. Canned meats.
 - a. Tongue.
 - b. Beef.
 - c. Chicken.
 - d. Fish.
6. Domestic animals used for meats.
 - a. Cattle.
 - b. Hogs.
 - c. Sheep.
 - d. Poultry.
7. Wild animals used for meats.
 - a. Ducks.
 - b. Geese.
 - c. Deer.
 - d. Bear.
 - e. Squirrels.
 - f. Fish.
 - g. Prairie chickens.
 - h. Rabbits.

8. Select one or two examples under Meats and discuss as to
 - a. Where obtained.
 - b. How prepared for food.
 - c. What we call each man who handles these products.
 - d. Where we buy our meats.
 - e. Arrangement of shop.

E. Products of dairy.

1. Name them.
2. How prepared and preserved.
3. How obtained.
4. How marketed.
5. Cost, and units of measure.

F. Cereals.

1. Kinds.
2. How prepared.
3. Where obtained.
4. How served.

G. Miscellaneous food products.

1. Sugar.
2. Rice.
3. Coffee.
4. Tea.
5. Cocoa and chocolate.
6. Spices and seasonings.

Note—Select one or more articles from this list and trace to source. Take pupils on an imaginary journey to the countries where these products are grown. Use pictures and exhibits if you have them. If you get the pupils thoroughly interested they will be glad to do further reading.

H. Manufactured food products.

1. Kinds.
2. Where manufactured.

I. Care of food products.

1. Take this opportunity of teaching thrift.
2. Apply to the use of pencils, paper, etc., in school.

J. Discuss briefly foods used by

1. Birds and animals.
2. Pilgrims.
3. Pioneers.
4. Indians.
5. Eskimos.
6. Chinese and Japanese.
7. Other types.

- a. Discuss the relation of climate and food.
- b. Discuss how each type prepares and serves food.

II—Clothing

- A. Why we need clothing.
- B. Articles of clothing found in our homes.

Suits.	Gloves.
Hats.	Dresses.
Coats.	Aprons.
Shoes.	Underwear.
Rubbers.	Furs.

Hosiery.

- C. Where these articles of clothing are obtained — dry-goods stores and shops.

1. Observe the arrangement of articles.
2. What we call person who sells.
3. Cost, and units of measure.

- D. Materials of which these articles of clothing are made.

1. Wool.
 - a. Weaving.
 - b. Spinning.
 - c. Carding.
 - d. Washing fleece.
 - e. Sorting.
 - f. Shearing.
 - g. Herding.
 - h. Sheep-raising.

2. Cotton.
3. Silk.
4. Linen.
5. Furs.
6. Skins.
7. Straw and grasses.
8. Rubber.

- E. Clothing worn by different types of people.

1. Pilgrims.
 - a. Where their clothing was procured when they first came from England.
 - b. Wool growing and the manufacture of wool in the home.
 - (a) Washing.
 - (b) Carding.
 - (c) The spinning wheel.

- (d) Weaving—describe looms.
- (e) Knitting.

2. Indians.
3. Eskimos.
4. Chinese and Japanese.
5. Other types.

- a. Compare this clothing with our own as to
 - (a) Materials.
 - (b) Making.
 - (c) Styles.

- F. Care of clothing.

1. Thrift teaching.
 - a. How we can save by caring for our clothing.
 - b. What may be done with clothing when no longer serviceable.

III—Shelter

- A. From what we are sheltered.
Sun Rain Snow Cold Winds

- B. How temperature and other conditions determine kinds of shelter.

- C. What we include when we speak of our homes.

1. House, barn, grounds, sheds, etc.
2. Discuss beautifying our homes.

- D. Kinds of houses.

1. Dwelling houses.
2. Apartments and flats.
3. Business houses—shops, banks, offices, etc.
4. Public buildings—churches, schools, libraries, etc.

- E. Materials used in building.

Paint and	Brick.
varnish.	Stone.
Tin.	Cement—
Mortar.	sand, lime.
Fireproof	Steel.
roofing.	Nails.
Lumber.	Glass.
Hinges, knobs.	Paper.

- F. Men who assist in building.

Architect.	Tinner.
Mason.	Plasterer.
Carpenter.	Inspector.
Plumber.	Painter and
Electrician.	decorator.

- G. Our house.

1. Visit a house under construction and note parts, if possible.

Foundation.	Rafters.
Walls.	Floors.
Roof.	Windows
Joists.	and doors.
2. The heating of our house.
 - a. Fireplaces or grates — gas, wood, coal.
 - b. Stoves—gas, wood, coal.
 - c. Furnaces—hot air, steam, hot water, gas.
- d. Discuss materials used for fuel.
3. Furnishings for our house.

Furniture.	Curtains
Carpets	and shades.
and rugs.	Bedding.
Pictures.	Silverware.
Musical	Tinware.
instruments.	Glassware.
Lamps.	Chinaware.

Note—Discuss furnishings as to where obtained, and trace to



·MAY·

SUN	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.

Draw
Dress
Clematis.

May Blackboard Calendar

source. Encourage children to make close observations when visiting shops.

H. Other types of homes.

1. Farm homes.
2. Pioneer homes.
3. Colonial homes.
4. Pilgrim homes.
5. Indian homes.
6. Cliff and cave dwellers.
7. Eskimos.
8. Japanese and Chinese.
9. Other types.

10. Study each of the above topics briefly as to
 - a. Materials.
 - b. Location.
 - c. Decorations and furnishings.
 - d. Heating.
 - e. Size.

Note—Try to find a reason for kinds of houses built by certain people at certain periods and materials used. If the teacher desires, she may trace any one of the building materials to the source. Be sure that the information which you give pupils is accurate.

IV—Occupations

A. What the people in our homes are doing.

1. Mother—housekeeping (What housekeepers do).
2. Father.
 - a. Character of occupation.
 - b. How conducted.
 - c. Purpose.
 - d. Service rendered.
3. Children.
 - a. Attending school—purpose.
 - b. Helping in the home.

B. Occupations of other people.

Merchants.	Farmers.
Manufacturers.	Miners.
Doctors.	Lumbermen.
Lawyers.	Fishermen.
Ministers.	Electricians.
Engineers.	Carpenters.
Teachers.	Masons.
Printers	Architects.

Librarians.

Nurses.

Blacksmiths.

Cobblers.

Note—Study each occupation in regard to purpose, service rendered, and our dependence upon that occupation.

C. Occupations of early settlers and race types.

Pioneers.	Chinese and
Pilgrims.	Japanese.
Indians.	Negroes.
Eskimos.	Other types.

V—Transportation

A. Means by which we travel from place to place.

Carriages.	Automobiles.
Trains (electric and steam).	

B. Means by which supplies are brought to us.

Wagons.	Motor trucks.
Trains (electric and steam).	

C. Means by which transportation is carried on in all parts of our country.

1. By land.

Trains (electric and steam).	
Automobiles and trucks.	
Wagons.	
Stage coaches.	
Pack horses.	
Mules.	

2. By water.

Ocean liners.	Rafts.
Steamboats.	Launches.
Sailing boats.	Canoes.
Flat boats.	

Note—Discuss briefly the different kinds of boats, their equipment, etc.

3. By air.

a. Balloons.

- (a) How to rise.
- (b) How to travel in them.

b. Airships—"Los Angeles," "Shenandoah," etc.

- (a) Compare with balloons.

c. Airplanes—kinds: monoplane, biplane, hydroplane.

D. Primitive means of transportation.

1. Pioneers.

Ox teams.	Horses.	Stages.
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2. Indians.

Indian trails.
 Indian ponies.
 Birch bark canoes.
 Rafts.
 Indian runners.

3. Eskimos.

Sleds drawn by dogs.
 Snowshoes.

4. Arabs, Bedouins, etc.

Camels. Horses. Caravans.

5. Orientals.

Carts. Elephants. Jinrikishas.
 Wheelbarrows. Sedan chairs.

E. Means of communication.

1. Telegraph, cable, and wireless.

2. Telephone.

3. Mail.

a. Ordinary mail—1st, 2nd, 3rd,
 and 4th class.

b. Special delivery mail.

c. Air mail.



· JUNE ·

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.

Dess
 Orson
 Cincinnati

4. Radio.

Note—Discuss the above topics in regard to use and cost.

VI—Government

A. Home.

1. What Father and Mother do in the home.
 - a. Provide food, clothing, and home; look out for future.
 - b. Protect the family.
 - c. Advise as to children's conduct.
 - d. Command and punish when necessary.
 - e. Take care of health.
2. What the attitude of children in the home should be.
 - a. Obedience.
 - b. Respect.
 - c. Helpfulness.
 - d. Care as to everything in the home.
 - e. Care of one's self.

B. School.

1. What principal and teacher do.
2. How children can best show the right attitude towards the school.
 - a. Obedience in classroom and on grounds.
 - b. Best efforts in class work.
 - c. Care as to grounds and buildings.
 - d. Helpfulness toward each, i.e., teamwork.

Note—Discuss thoroughly the attitude of pupils in and out of school.

C. City.

1. Who is at the head of the city government? His name?
2. Police department.
 - a. Where needed most.
 - b. Why we need police officers.
 - c. How we should treat them.
3. Fire department.
4. Water department.
5. Street department.
6. Educational department.
7. Health department.

Note—Discuss briefly the function of each.

8. Why have schools, libraries, parks, etc.

9. Do these things cost money?

- a. Who pays for them?
- b. Discuss taxes briefly.

D. State.

1. Who is at the head? His name?
2. Why is he needed?

E. United States.

1. Who is at the head? His name?
2. Why is he needed?
3. Who helps him?
 - a. Cabinet.
 - b. Congress.

VII—Physical Environment

A. Land.

Continents. Peninsulas. Islands.
Isthmuses. Capes.
Mountains and mountain systems.

B. Water.

Oceans. Bays. Seas.
Gulfs. Lakes. Straits.
Rivers and river systems.

Note—Trace by means of imaginary journeys and use of maps.

Lillian Dinius.

INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE
OF LATIN AMERICA

THIS particular study is developed along outline-problem lines. The problems have been so chosen as to bring into high relief the industries of Latin America, with the economic and political relationships growing out of them. The treatment of each problem aims to provide for definite and accurate working out of the geographical principles and facts upon which these industries depend, and out of which these economic relationships have sprung.

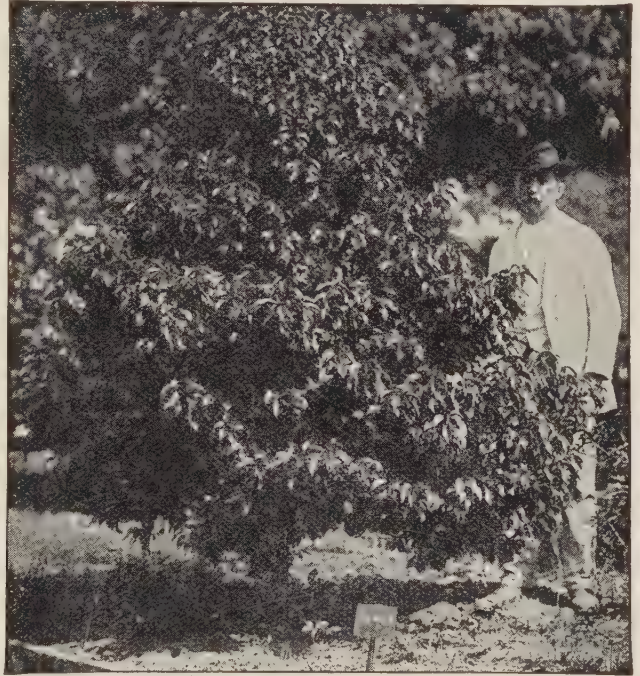
Such a study can be developed with no other material than the usual texts and maps. Few teachers, perhaps, will find all the suggested references available, but a rather full list is given to bring to the teacher's attention a wide variety of material, some of which every teacher can easily secure.

It is suggested that at the beginning of the study the collecting of a reference and scenic library of Latin America be inaugurated as a pupil project. The writing to the various firms or companies and the organizing and listing of the material obtained will serve as motivation for some excellent work in language and stimulate interest through the instincts of activity (participation) and acquisition. Work in reading may be motivated in the same connection, for pupils will be eager to read each addition to the library that they themselves are building up.

REFERENCES

Bulletins and pamphlets on all the Latin-American countries and on the industries of those countries are issued by the Pan-American Union, Washington, D. C., and are invaluable in a study of this sort. In addition, the following may be mentioned: McMurry and Parkins, *Advanced Geography*; Tarr and McMurry, *Advanced Geography*; Smith, *Human Geography*; Smith, *Commerce and Industry*; Smith, *Industrial Geography*; Adams, *Commercial Geography*; Robinson, *Commercial Geography*; Rocheleau, *Geography of Commerce and Industry*; Freeman and Chandler, *World's Commercial Products*; Brigham, *Commercial Geography*; Keller and Bishop, *Commercial and Industrial Geography*; Carpenter, *South America*; *World Almanac*; Carpenter, *How the World Is Fed*, and *How the World Is Clothed*; Chamberlain, *How We Are Clothed*; *A Visit to Brazil* (Instructor Literature Series); *Story of Coffee* (In "Aunt Martha's Corner Cupboard," Instructor Literature Series); Surface, *Story of Sugar*; Rutter, *Wheat Growing*; Edgar, *The Story of a Grain of Wheat*; Bengston and Griffith, *The Wheat Industry*; Dondlinger, *The Book of Wheat*; Wilkinson, *The Story of the Cotton Plant*; *The Wool Growing Industry* (Bulletin, U. S. Tariff Commission); Lock, *Rubber and Rubber Planting*; Caoutchouc (pamphlet distributed by LaCrosse Rubber Mills, LaCrosse,

Wis.); *Story of Coffee* (Story of Coffee and Tea), distributed by Hills Brothers, 173 Fremont St., San Francisco, Calif.; Myrick, *The Book of Corn*; Verrill, *South and Central American Trade Relations of To-day*; Filsinger, *Exporting to Latin America*; Chamberlain, *South America*; Koebel, *South America*; Bryce, *South America*; Hirst, *Guide to South America*; Tower,



Publishers' Photo Service

A Coffee Tree

Story of Oil; Lange, *In the Amazon Jungle*; Roosevelt, *Through the Brazilian Wilderness*.

I. Agriculture.

1. The Coffee Industry.

a. Origin and introduction.—Name supposed to have been derived from Kaffa, Abyssinia, but it came into prominence from Mokha (Mocha), Arabia. From Arabia taken to Java by a Dutchman, in 1690, and from there to West Indies, Brazil, Philippine Islands.

b. Production.—The one state of Sao Paulo, Brazil, gives to the world four fifths of its coffee crop. From a study of that state, determine the kind of soil, the range of temperature and of rainfall, the topographical conditions best suited to the cultivation of coffee.

Take an imaginary trip to a coffee plantation. Note the size of these plantations, the kind of labor, the living conditions. When is the growing season? Learn the details of its culture and harvesting. Follow the coffee from the plantation to the warehouse.

Locate the other portions of Latin America that have similar growing conditions. Sao Paulo produces an average of 12,000,000 sacks (132 pounds to the sack) of coffee yearly. How much is added to this amount by other Latin American countries?

c. Commercial.—Talk with your grocer about the kinds of coffee he sells. What do such names as Rio, La Guaria, Maracaibo, etc., tell you? Locate the Latin American ports that ship coffee. To what countries is most of this coffee shipped? What part of it all comes to the United States? What ports receive it?

Learn what you can as to prices of coffee. Why should these prices fluctuate from year to year? On an average, what is the value of Latin America's coffee crop? How much of this comes to the United States?

2. The Cacao Industry.

a. Production.—We will study the jungles of Ecuador as the original home of the cacao tree. Note the hot, humid climate, the rich soil. Learn the steps in its cultivation. Follow the rainy zone along the equator to the great cacao plantations of Brazil. List the countries of Latin America in order as to the amount of cacao produced. Compare their total annual output with that of the coast of Guinea, in West Africa, the greatest cacao producing region in the world.

b. Commercial Study.—What things are made from cacao? In what form is it shipped from Latin America? From what ports is it shipped? How much of the total output does the United States use? At what ports is it received?

3. The Sugar Industry.

a. Production.—We shall begin

with the study of cane sugar production in Cuba—visit the great sugar plantations, note the climate, the soil, the topographical conditions. What are the steps in its production? How much does Cuba produce? Account for the fact that Cuba, though it leads the world, some years, in this, produces only about one tenth of what it could produce. Compare a sugar plantation in Cuba with one in Louisiana; in Hawaii. Which of the West Indies, besides Cuba, produce sugar? Where else in Latin America is it produced?

b. Commercial Study.—How much of this goes to the United States? What part of the entire amount used by the United States is this? Through what ports is it shipped? What is the money value of this crop to Latin America?

4. Grains.

a. Production.

a) Wheat.—Locate the great wheat lands of Argentina. What physical conditions determine good wheat-growing lands? What other Latin American countries grow wheat? Compare wheat-growing lands of Argentina and the United States. Compare the range of wheat in the southern hemisphere with that of the northern hemisphere.

b) Corn.—Follow much the same procedure as under a), noting the fact that although much less corn is raised in Latin America than in the United States, a much larger quantity is exported.

c) Flax.—The United States gets most of its flax seed from Latin America. For what is it used?

d) What other grains are grown in Latin America?

b. Commercial Study.—About how much wheat does Latin America export annually? Corn? From what port is most of it shipped? Other port or ports? To what countries is it sold? How much of it does the United States buy? What effect does this have on the price of wheat in our own country? What effect on the raising of wheat in

the United States for export? Is it likely that we shall buy more or less wheat, and corn, from Latin America in the future? Why? What interest have we in the raising of these crops other than what has been mentioned?

5. Maté.

Let us locate our study of maté in Paraguay. Learn what you can of the conditions necessary for, and the steps in, its production. What other countries produce maté? To what countries is it shipped? What are the prospects of increase or decrease of trade in this commodity?

6. Fruits and Nuts.

a. Production.—We will go from the busy port of Kingston to one of the banana farms of Jamaica, then visit some of the big banana plantations of Central America. What South American country might we also visit in our study of the banana? What conditions as to climate, soil, and topography determine its production? Note the life of the people who grow bananas.

What other fruits do we get from Latin America? Which of these fruits are also grown in the United States? Compare the use of manioc in the United States and in Latin America.

What kind of nuts does Latin America gather for export? How do you account for the increase in our use of this commodity?

b. Commercial Study.—What countries are supplied with bananas, and other fruits, and nuts, by Latin America? Through what ports are they shipped away? Learn what you can of the fruit steamers and the handling of their cargoes. Write to the United Fruit Company, at San Francisco or at New York, for information as to their work. Such companies do much for the developing of the countries from which they secure their products—in what ways? Compare prices paid for such products where grown and in the countries to which exported. Learn what you can of banana flour and the extent to which such use of bananas will be

likely to increase the value of that product.

7. Sisal Hemp.

a. Production.—Visit a sisal field of Yucatan. Note how hot and dry the region is. What kind of soil has it? Learn how the plant is grown, handled. Visit one of the factories which take the fiber from the leaves, preparing it for shipment; see it loaded on a ship at Progreso. What plant has Mexico very similar to sisal? America? What plant gives the only satisfactory substitute for sisal? Compare the conditions under which it is grown.

b. Commercial Study.—Why is the United States especially interested in the sisal crop of Latin America?

8. Tobacco; Cotton.

What sections of Latin America produce tobacco? Cotton? Compare methods of production in the case of the former with those common in the United States. Note the rapid increase in the production of each within the past few years. What part of the world's crop of each commodity is produced by these countries? To what extent is each manufactured? To what countries is it exported? Through what ports? What is the annual export value of each crop? How much of this was shipped from the United States?

II. Pastoral.

1. Meats.

a. Production.—Locate the areas that are important because of stock production. What physical conditions determine these areas? Compare these areas with stock producing areas in the United States, noting distance north and south of equator, topographical conditions, extent, kinds of stock, and methods.

b. Commercial Study.—Why is the exporting of so much meat a comparatively new thing? Try to learn more of the great refrigerating cars and ships. What are the great meat packing centers? Ports? To what ports is meat shipped? Why is there little

danger of rivalry between the United States and Latin America in this industry?

2. Wool; Leather; Fur.

a. Production.—Locate the sections that are centers of production for each of these commodities. Note the physical conditions governing each. Compare them with areas in the United States that produce the same commodities; with other sections of the world. Give especial attention to the quality of each of these, and recent increase in the quantity produced.

b. Commercial Study.—How much of each of these articles does Latin America export? To what nations? Through what ports? What part of each comes to us? How much do we pay Latin America for each? How does that amount compare with what we would have paid for the same quantities five years ago? Ten years ago?

III. Forests.

1. Rubber.

a. Production.—Was it discovered by Columbus, who found natives of Haiti playing "with balls that bounce"? How was the name acquired? Visit the unique city of Manaos, and go from there to the great rubber forests on the shores of the Amazon. Note the hot, humid climate and all the physical characteristics of this section. Spend some time with the rubber gatherers. What kind of people are they? How do they live? Dress? Learn step by step how the rubber is collected, cured, shipped. Visit a rubber plantation. Compare the rubber industry here and in the forests. Locate other places in Latin America that produce rubber. What is true as to physical characteristics? Locate other portions of the world that produce rubber.

b. Commercial Study.—Determine how much each of Latin America's rubber-growing sections produces; the ports from which it is shipped; the countries to which it goes. How much of the world's entire output comes from Latin

America? How much of this goes to the United States? Compare the amount we import now with the amount imported fifty years ago. Account for the increase. Note steps in Latin America to meet the increased demands. Compare variation in prices within the past fifty years. What are the prospects for the future in this industry?

We shall want to make a similar study of other forest products, especially—

2. Quebracho Extract.
3. Quinine.
4. Dye and Cabinet Woods.
5. Chicle.

IV. Minerals.

1. Nitrates.

a. Production.—Visit the nitrate zone of Chile. Notice its extent, the delightful climate, absence of vegetation. Account for the latter. Follow up the process of obtaining and preparing the nitrates for commerce. Note the increase in the demand for nitrates. Account for this. What are Chile's prospects for meeting these demands? Where else are nitrates obtained?

b. Commercial Study.—What is the value of Chile's nitrates? Note the six ports on the small strip of coast opposite the nitrate region. To what ports is it shipped? What is Chile's income therefrom? How much of this does the United States pay? Note that the machinery and all the equipment used in this industry are of the best known to science and industry. What does this suggest to you?

We shall want to know of the other mineral products of Latin America, its tin, copper, quicksilver, precious metals, precious stones (emeralds in particular), and especially its—

2. Platinum.
3. Petroleum.
4. Asphalt.

And we shall note with interest the comparative absence of—

5. Coal.
6. Iron.

Blanche Bulifant McFarland.

THE STORY OF A JAPANESE GIRL

I AM a little Japanese girl and belong to the more fortunate people, my father being an officer in the Japanese army. My name is Iné, which means, in English, "springing rice."

I live in Tokio, the capital and largest city of Japan, and the chief residence of the "Mikado," as the emperor is called. Tokio is situated on the south-east coast of Hondo, the largest of the

two-wheeled carriage, shaped like an old-fashioned baby carriage. Indeed, it is said that it was designed by a Japanese who used as his model a baby carriage which an American official, stationed at Kanagawa, had had made to order for his little baby daughter.

The English meaning of jinrikisha is "man-drawn carriage," and the name is very appropriate, for all the jinrikishas are drawn by working men or "coolies." The coolies wear dark blue cotton garments, straw sandals and straw hats.



Keystone View Company

Japanese Boys Flying Kites

Japanese islands. Railroads connect it with Yokohama, the principal seaport, and with Kanagawa, another seaport on the west coast.

Tokio is a most delightful place. A broad moat winds through the center of the city, and there are numerous canals crossed by bridges. The streets are mostly narrow and irregular. The greater number of houses are of wood, but the newer buildings are of stone or brick. Here and there you see gateways of bronze that are very beautiful.

My mother and I go to ride nearly every day in a jinrikisha. This is a low,

It is astonishing how fast some of them can trot.

You will find plenty to see in the streets of Tokio. Over there is a squad of soldiers, who are dressed in white in summer but wear dark blue in winter. Here come a group of children. The little girls are carrying their dolls, and one bears a chubby baby on her back. The boys have a number of toys which make you laugh. A paper mouse runs along the ground, and a paper butterfly darts about in the air. There is also a paper cuttlefish, which moves its tentacles when one of the boys blows

into a tube that is fastened to its head.

Now, we see a long line of school children filing by. They wear bright-colored caps and carry banners. They are going to one of the parks for athletic games. They march in perfect order, though their teacher is not with them. Everyone in Japan is gentle and polite. Children are taught that rudeness is disgraceful.

You may buy all sorts of things, useful and beautiful, in the shops of Tokio. If it is a warm day, you may stop the *jinrikisha* and get a dish of ice cream and, while you are eating it, you may watch the amusing tricks of the jugglers who throng the streets.

Presently, you will see an old man approaching. He carries a rack made of bamboo on his back. The shelves of the rack are filled with dishes of rice flour paste of many different colors. The old man has a blow-pipe of clay in his mouth. He whistles loudly and, at the sound, the children gather from far and near. For a *rin*—one cent in American money—the old man will make a toy, a fish, dragon, bird, or beast, a flower, or a fruit. He uses his rice flour paste as a glass blower uses glass.

Sometimes my mother and I take a ride into the country. We pass many rice fields where men are working wheels which draw water from the canals into the fields. Here and there we see a man fishing for eels in the rice fields, and we meet farmers bringing their vegetables to market.

We pass through a little village and in some of the cottages we catch a glimpse of hand looms on which are woven the beautiful silks of Japan, which people of other countries are so eager to buy.

I have never been far from Tokio, but my father has told me about many other places, Nikko and Osaka, Kioto and Nagasaki. Nikko is famous for its groves and avenues, temples and images, and Osaka is a true Japanese city, crowded with shops. Travelers visit it to see its strong castle, built more than

four hundred years ago, and the splendid Tennoji Temple, with its strange, many-roofed pagoda.

Almost every American boy and girl must have heard of Kioto, for a great deal of pottery made in that city is sent to the United States. Would you not like to hear the great bell which is in the famous Chion-in, a temple, and which measures nine feet in diameter and has rung for nearly three hundred years? And would you not like to drink tea from a pretty porcelain cup in one of the lovely little tea houses from the porch of which, bowered in wistaria, you may look upon a charming garden? And would you not like to ride along the avenue of bamboo trees, the finest of its kind in Japan?

I am sure you would enjoy a sight of the harbor of Nagasaki, which is one of the most beautiful in the world. And I think you would also like to see the delightful bay of Yokohama, and to visit that part of the city called the Bluff, which is famous for its beauty. Yokohama contains more foreigners than any other city of Japan. It is the great center of commerce.

On fans, boxes, and other articles made in Japan, you will notice pictures of the great volcano, Fujiyama, which the Japanese consider a sacred mountain. Fujiyama is over 12,000 feet high, and a great many pilgrims climb to its summit every year.

Now that I have told you about my country, I will tell you about myself. First of all, I will describe my home.

The house I live in is only one story high. It consists of one large room carpeted with beautiful matting, which is kept spotlessly clean. When anyone enters the house from outside, shoes are exchanged for sandals, for we Japanese like our homes to be fresh and neat always.

There is very little furniture in my house. All the bedding is kept in closets during the daytime and brought out at night when, by means of sliding screens, our one room is made into as

many bedrooms as are needed. I sleep upon a mat. My pillow is made of wood with a hollow place for my head. This hollow prevents my hair from being disarranged.

At dinner I sit on a mat, as do all the other members of the family. Each person has his own table, which stands only a few inches high. On each table are pretty bowls and cups of porcelain and a pair of chopsticks. I could not eat with your knives and forks, and I

front of my house opens upon a garden. It is small, but I think it almost as nice as fairyland. It has a little pond, and a tiny waterfall crossed by a bridge. There are bright flowers, and singing birds, and dwarf trees, and stone lanterns shaped like dragons which we light up at night.

I go to school, where I learn to read and speak English. I write with a little brush and a cake of ink made of glue, lampblack, and water.



Photo from Maude W. Madden

Display in a Japanese Home During the Doll Festival

think you could not easily use chopsticks. Besides the little tables in my house, there are two or three screens, some vases, and one or two bronze ornaments. We do not use chairs and sofas and sideboards as you do. But if the Japanese do not care to decorate their houses, they like to fill their gardens with beautiful things.

The veranda which runs along the

Besides what I study at school, I learn many things at home. All Japanese girls, even the daughters of wealthy parents, are taught how to cook and sew. They also learn how to arrange flowers, and to play on the *koto*, a kind of harp.

The Japanese children dress very differently from American girls and boys. I wear a long dress shaped like a coat.

It is held in place by a sash, tied in a great bow behind. My wide-flowing sleeves serve also as pockets. I carry a pretty fan in my hand. On the street, I do not wear a hat, but I hold a gay umbrella over my head.

We have many festival days in Japan. On New Year's Day, we exchange gifts as you do at Christmas. We decorate our houses and other buildings with flags and lanterns, and have games and plays; the boys fly paper kites with long tails of straw rope. The merriment lasts several days.

There is one holiday especially for girls. It comes on the third of March and is called the Feast of Dolls. On this day all the dolls that have accumulated in a family for generations are displayed, and the little girls go from house to house to examine the dolls and to feast on sweetmeats.

Many of the Japanese games are like those you have in America. We play hide and seek, and blind man's buff, and a game like your jackstones, only, instead of jackstones, we use little crepe bags, filled with rice. Then, too, we play battledore and shuttlecock, and the little boys spin tops, shoot with bows and arrows, and have many other

sports, such as American boys enjoy.

Many of the people of Japan have become Christians through the preaching of missionaries, but the principal religion of the country is Buddhism. All over Japan are temples which would seem very strange to you. At Kamakura is a great bronze statue of Buddha which had been revered for 600 years.

The Japanese people are very fond of nature. In spring and summer, they gather in parties and visit the country, spending whole days in the fields among the wild iris blossoms, or by the river where the cherry trees are in blossom. They think the little brook contains a spirit that causes it to ripple so musically, and they believe that the happy spirit in a bird makes it sing so sweetly.

In some ways, Japanese people resemble Americans. They are courageous, good-natured, and progressive. Indeed, some one has called them the "Yankees of the East."

If you come to Japan I will welcome you by bowing very low many times and saying, "O-hay-o" which is Japanese for "Good Morning."

Virginia Baker.

Games

STORY PLAYS

Planting a Tree

FIRST we must prepare the ground very carefully for our tree so that it will grow. The place must be raked clean of leaves and brush, the ground spaded to a depth of one or two feet, and the young tree placed within very carefully. The roots must be covered with fine soil, sprinkled with water, and lastly the soil must be pressed down until it is even with the surface of the ground.

1. We march on Arbor Day to the place where we are to plant our tree.

All march or skip around the room once or twice and back to place beside desk, or if in the yard, to a place indicated by the teacher.

2. The place where the tree is to be planted is first raked clean.

All stand with right foot forward and make motion of raking leaves as the teacher counts "One, two."

3. We spade up the ground and make the hole into which we are to set our tree.

Place the imaginary spade on the ground on "One," push it into the soil, with right foot, on "Two," by raising the right foot and placing it on the spade, lift the soil to one side on "Three."

4. We place the tree in the hole and while the fine soil is being sifted upon the roots, we churn the tree up and down with a gentle motion, so that no empty spaces shall be left under and around the roots.

With one hand held above the other, all make motion of churning.

5. We pump the water into a basin. All make motion of pumping. Do this vigorously, first with one hand, then with the other.

6. Dip water from the basin and pour on the roots.

Bend almost to floor and dip the water on "One," and make motion of pouring on "Two." Repeat several times.

Bertha L. Swope.

Soldier Play

1. All stand in aisles with heads erect, chests high, and weight on the balls of the feet. Impress the idea that the soldier always maintains a good posture. To lively march music march lightly around the room.

2. At the command of the teacher, all make soldier caps by placing the hands on the heads with fingers meeting in a point.

3. Next, they hold imaginary drumsticks and in time with the music make motions of beating drums. A leader may play drum major, carrying a pointer for his baton and wearing a pointed paper cap.

4. They hold imaginary fifes, fingers moving as if playing, as they march.

5. Make epaulets by placing the hands on the shoulders, elbows at the sides.

6. Carry knapsacks by folding the arms behind the back while marching.

7. At command "Halt!" all stand and salute. The left arm is at side, right arm raised to head.



Soldier's Salute

8. Wands may be carried by the children as guns, and simple commands as "Carry arms!" and "Lower arms!" may be given.

In lowering wands to a "Rest" position, bring them down to the left side.

9. The children imitate high stepping horses in a cavalry parade.

All place the hands on hips and to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" step lightly, raising knees high and slightly tossing heads.

10. They become pawing horses.

Raise the foot, as if pawing, twice before stepping.

11. They become galloping horses.

To quick two-step music gallop around the room, one foot in the lead.

12. All sit at desks and with closed hands beat on the desks in two-four, three-four, or four-four time, beating drum (desk) on the first or accented note and swinging to side on the other notes. It is well to test frequently the pupils' ability to recognize the different meters.

13. Use the same exercise to imitate cymbals as for the beating of drums, only clap hands together on the accented note instead of pounding on the desks.

14. Imitate the slide trombone.

Left hand closed and held at mouth, with right hand make motion of sliding out trombone on "One," and back on "Two."

Make liberal use of the flag in story

and game. Reward the best row in marching or in rhythm work by letting that row carry small flags, or by having the flag placed in the front desk for a certain length of time. To stand and salute the flag each morning impresses the lesson of patriotism and is worth while.

Bertha L. Swope.

SCHOOLROOM GAMES

Bring Back What You Borrow

Players seat themselves around the room. The leader assigns a name to each one; e. g., "broomstick," "dish pan," "necktie," "washing machine," etc. When each one has been named, the leader asks one of the players to present or "bring back" one of the other players or articles that he has borrowed. The player takes one of the other players to anyone in the room that he chooses, calling him by the name that has been given to himself,— "I brought back your broomstick," etc. The one who has been brought back takes another player back, and the game continues thus until every one has had his turn.

Animal Blind Man's Buff

A circle of players is formed and they dance around a blindfolded player who has a cane in his hand. When he taps on the ground or floor or claps his hands three times, the players come to a stop. He then points to some player who must take hold of the end of the cane. The blind man now asks him to make the noise of some animal, say a dog, cat, cow, or horse. The one making this noise should try to disguise his voice as much as possible. The blind man tries to guess who makes the noise, and if right they exchange places. In either case the circling about goes on as before.

Players may disguise their height by bending the knees, standing on tiptoe, or in other ways.

Indian Club Carry Race

In the front of the room, on each side, draw two circles, about eighteen inches in diameter, and two feet apart. A line drawn through the center of the circles should be parallel to the side of the room. Place two Indian clubs in each of the circles at one side of the room; place a player in each of the other circles.

Upon command of the leader each player runs to the opposite circle and carries back one Indian club, placing it in a standing position in his circle, and then runs for the other club, each player endeavoring to be the first to complete the race.

My Grandfather's Trunk

The company being seated in a circle, somebody begins by saying, for instance:

No. 1. "I pack my grandfather's trunk with a pair of spectacles."

No. 2. "I pack my grandfather's trunk with a pair of spectacles and a silk hat."

No. 3. "I pack my grandfather's trunk with a pair of spectacles, a silk hat, and a dime novel."

Thus the game is continued, each person repeating all the articles already mentioned, besides adding a new one.

If anyone fails to repeat the list correctly, he drops out of the game, which is continued until the contents of the trunk are unanimously declared too numerous to remember.

Huntsman

One player, who is chosen to be leader, marches around the room, saying: "Who will go with me to hunt bears?" (or ducks, foxes, squirrels, etc.) The other players fall in behind him and imitate his marching. When all are marching, the leader says, "Bang," whereupon all scamper for their seats. The one who first reached his seat may be leader in the new game, or a new leader is chosen.

Variation: Permit the leader to march out through the cloakroom or hall.

For the playground: The leader and players are stationed behind a goal line. When the leader marches away from the goal, all the players fall in behind; he may lead wherever he desires but when he says "Bang" all run back to the goal. The entrance to the goal may be made through a gateway, indicated by the space between two stones.

Where Is Your Letter Going?

All the company being seated around the room, two persons are chosen, one for postmaster, the other for carrier.

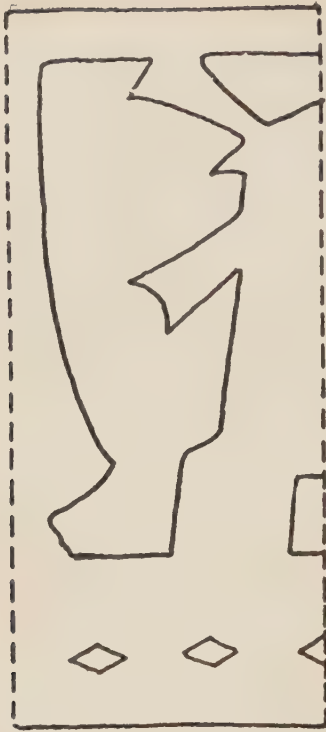
The former, stationing himself at the top of the room, gives every person the name of some city, writing the names down upon a sheet of paper as they are given. The carrier then being blindfolded, stands in the center of the room and the postman announces, for instance: "I have a letter to go between New York and Chicago."

As soon as the names are mentioned the persons representing these cities must change places, the carrier at the same time trying to catch one of them. If he succeeds, and can, while blindfolded, give the name of the captured player, the latter must in turn become carrier.

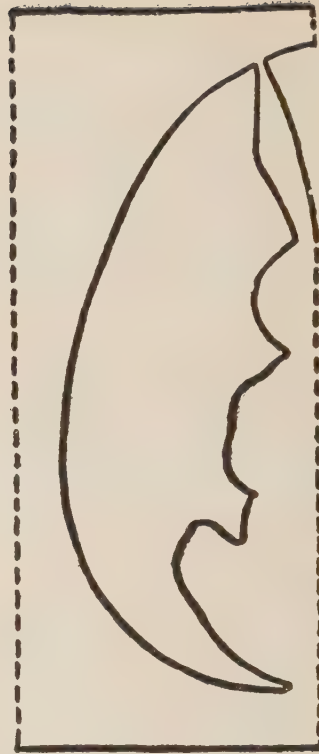
Whenever the postman says: "I have letters to go all over the world," everybody must rise and change places, and if, in the general confusion, the carrier secures a seat, the person who remains standing after all the seats are taken, becomes the carrier.

Flying Cloud

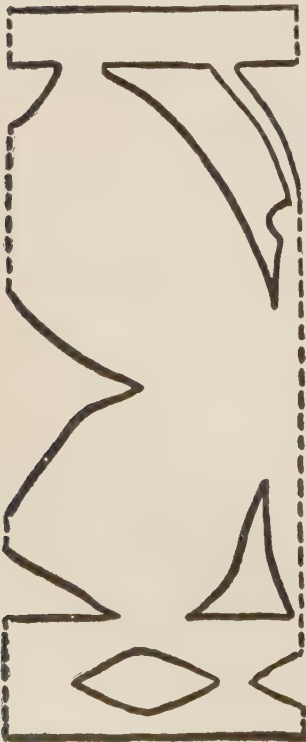
The players sit in a circle. The leader stands or sits in the center and tosses a large white cloth to one of the number in the circle. The cloth is then tossed from one person to another, the object being to keep it away from the player in the center as long as possible. If he succeeds in catching the "cloud," the one who failed to catch takes his place.



March Pattern



April Pattern



May Pattern

PAPER CUTTING BORDERS

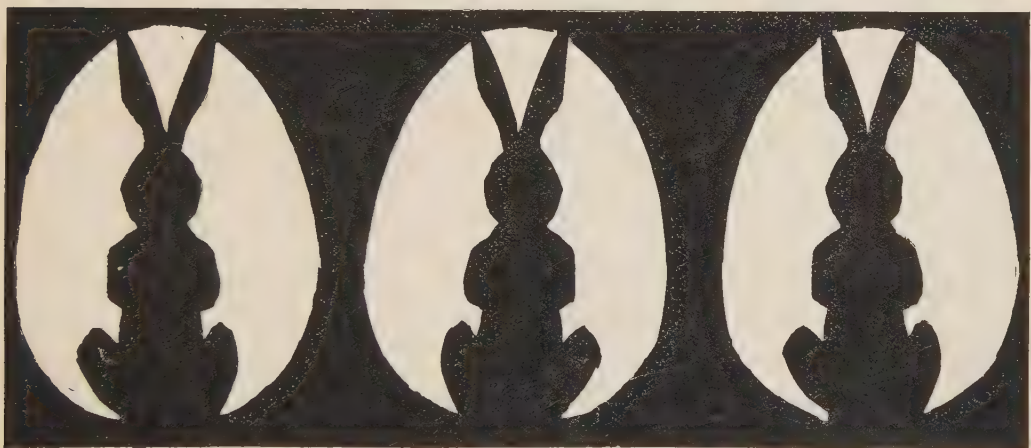
CUT two strips $4\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ inches long from silhouette paper. Fold into thirds and then fold once more, obtaining the proportions shown in the diagram. Keep all edges even as possible. Dotted lines show folded edges. When cutting inside the outer border, make a short fold, clip a little diamond shaped hole, and insert point of scissors in this opening. Keeping a firm hold on the paper and turning it to meet the scissors will give the best results. Be sure to cut firmly up to the intersections, so as to avoid tearing.

In the classroom a large drawing should be made on the blackboard and the teacher should cut two or more borders as an explanation. A border cut out in extra large size and pinned up against white paper in front of the room would help the pupils to grasp the idea. Allow each pupil to cut two borders, selecting the best for display. Paper cutting is a splendid method of teaching directness, good design and tone values.

John T. Lemos.



March Paper Cutting Border



April Paper Cutting Border



May Paper Cutting Border

Squirrel and Nut

One of the players is chosen to be a squirrel, running up and down carrying a nut, which is placed in the open hand of one of the players, who have their eyes closed and heads bowed in arms. The one who receives the nut immediately gives chase, endeavoring to catch the squirrel before it can reach the vacated seat. If caught, the chaser becomes squirrel and the squirrel takes the vacated seat. However, if the squirrel is able to reach the seat without being caught, he may be squirrel again.

Variation: The squirrel may carry two nuts, placing each, at the same time, in the hands of two different players. These players may be required to touch one of the corner desks or some mark on the floor, before endeavoring to catch the squirrel; this will give the squirrel an opportunity to make its escape.

For the playground: The players form a circle, either standing or sitting; eyes closed and hand outstretched. When the squirrel has dropped the nut it dodges to the outside of the circle, the other player giving chase.

Fox and Geese

One player is chosen to be fox and another to be gander. The remaining players stand in line behind the gander, each with his hands on the shoulders of the one in front. The gander tries to protect his band of geese from the fox. He dodges first one way and then the other, aided by the other geese, who double and redouble their line to keep the fox away. If he succeeds in tagging the last goose, they exchange places. The following rhyme adds zest to the game:

Fox. Geese, geese, gannio!

Geese. Fox, fox, fannio!

Fox. How many geese have you today?

Geese. More than you can carry away.

Round and Round Went the Gallant Ship

This is a simple game for very little children, consisting simply in dancing around in a circle with clasped hands as the following verse is recited, and bobbing quickly as the ship goes to the bottom of the sea:

Three times round went our gallant ship,

And three times round went she;

Three times round went our gallant ship,

Then she sank to the bottom of the sea.

A tumble as the ship goes down adds much to the spirit of the play.

Crossing the Brook

This game is a great favorite with little children. A place to represent a brook is marked off by two lines on the floor or ground; the players run and try to jump across the brook. Those who succeed turn around and jump back with a standing jump instead of the running jump. On either of these jumps the player who does not cross the line of the brook gets into the water and must run home for dry clothes, therefore being out of the game. The successful players are led to wider and wider places in the brook to jump until the widest part is reached; the one who jumps successfully at the widest point is considered the winner.

Gymnastic Race

The players are divided into two or four teams of equal number. Two teams line up in the opposite rear corners of the room. At the leader's command the first player of each team runs to the first desk, halts, and does some gymnastic exercise previously decided upon, such as "arms sidewise raise, 1, 2, 3, 4"; he then runs across the front of the room to the other side, around an Indian club, back to his team, touching off the next player, and then to his seat. The team wins whose last player first crosses the starting line. The other two teams then race, after which the winning teams run for the championship. The leader should insist that the

exercise be fully completed, each player counting aloud, before resuming run.

Variations: 1. Several halting places for other exercises. 2. Hop or skip all or part of the way.

Changing Seats

All the players are seated. The leader gives commands, such as "change right," "change left," "change front," "change rear," all players moving in the direction of the command. The players who are forced into the aisles, next to the side or rear walls or the front of the room, run to the vacant seats at the opposite side, rear or front of the room.

Variation: 1. Pupils skip or hop to the seats. 2. Run around several Indian clubs, or jump a low hurdle in running to the seats.

Bean Bag Race

The pupils in adjacent rows of seats sit facing each other, so that those in rows 1 and 2 face each other, likewise those in rows 3 and 4. The number of pupils is to be equal in the two groups. A leader (the teacher or an older pupil) stands at the head between the two groups. The first pupil in each group passes a bean bag to the one facing him, the latter passes the bag to the player diagonally across the aisle from him, and so the bag passes zigzag down each of the two aisles. When it reaches the last pupil at the back of the room it is passed forward in the same way. When it reaches the player who started the bag, he tosses it to the leader. The object is to see which side can first get the bag to the leader.

If only two rows of pupils are present the game may be played by passing the bag down each row and back again, the pupils handing it over their shoulders as it passes down the row and receiving it over their shoulders as it is passed forward. This may be varied by directing each player to use the right hand and pass the bag over the left shoulder, or vice versa, the row not following directions to be penalized.

OUTDOOR GAMES

Menagerie Game

ONE child is chosen keeper of the animals. The keeper selects as many other children as desired and bestows the name of an animal on each. The other children are sent to one corner of the yard. The "animals" are now ranged about the yard as if placed in cages, and the other children recalled. As the latter visit each "cage" the children representing the animals must imitate some movement of the beasts they personate. The child who guesses the names of all the animals correctly, becomes keeper.

Modes of Travel

The players are ranged at one end of the playground and are numbered from one up. When a player's number is called he crosses the grounds in any way he may choose. No player may employ the same mode of travel as any preceding player. After all have crossed the grounds the teacher, or other leader, or a committee previously selected, decides which one traveled in the most unique and interesting manner.

Variation.—The players cross and re-cross the playing space, using each time a different mode of travel. When a player cannot travel in a new way, he drops out of the game. The one who holds out longest wins.

Stool Ball

Set a stool or box in an open place, and draw a throwing line ten or twenty feet distant. A ball is thrown in turn by the different players, who try to hit the stool with the ball while a defender stands by the stool and keeps the ball away by batting it with his hands. He must also bat it in such a way that the other players may not catch it. The throwers stand on a throwing line and must not cross it. If the ball hits the stool the one who threw it becomes defender.

Circle Kick Ball

Players form a circle, hands joined. A basketball is introduced at any part of the circle and the players kick the ball from one side to the other. The players may prevent the ball from passing to the outside of the circle, with their feet, limbs, or body, but must not break hands. The two players between whom the ball passes are eliminated. A player who kicks the ball overhead is also eliminated. Those who are eliminated may begin a new game, and play without elimination, until the first circle has but five players remaining, when a new game is begun with all the players.

Variations: 1. Circle revolves in either direction, instead of remaining stationary. 2. An imaginary line divides the circle into two teams, A and B. Each player endeavors to kick the ball through opposing side, circle stationary or revolving. Successful player scores one point for his side, 15 points make a game. A kick overhead deducts one point; players are not eliminated.

Bird Sale

A buyer and a seller are selected. The buyer should be a good runner. The remaining players are given names of birds by the seller, the names being given out of hearing of the buyer. When names have been given, the buyer approaches and asks the seller if he has any birds to sell. The seller says he has a number for sale, but that his birds are very wild and that they will have to be caught. The buyer then names birds which he wants to buy. As soon as he gives a name assigned to a player, the latter starts to run, and the buyer tries to catch him. If he succeeds, the "bird" is out of the game. If the buyer cannot catch a bird, he goes back and starts another bird and so keeps on until all the birds are caught or at least started. Tagging a bird is equivalent to catching.

When all the birds have been chased, the game begins over again. The player who is deemed to have made the best run becomes buyer, and any one agreed upon becomes seller.

A variation of the game may be made by having some or all of the birds caught become assistant catchers.

Another variation might be made by marking a "bird preserve" of a certain space at a distance from the starting place, the birds reaching this space untagged to be exempt from being caught, so long as they remain within the prescribed space.

Midnight

Mark off a fox's den in one corner of the playground and a chicken yard in another. Choose a player to be the fox and another to be the mother hen. The rest of the players are chickens. The mother hen arranges the chickens in a compact group and then leads them up close to the fox's den and inquires: "If you please, Mr. Fox, what time is it?" If he replies any hour except midnight, they are safe and may play about; the hen lets them play a moment and then gets them together again and, standing between them and the fox, asks the time again. When he replies "Twelve o'clock at night," they must run to the chicken yard.

Rabbit in the Circle

A large circle is marked on the floor. One player, who is called the rabbit, stands in the center of the circle. The other players make a circle around the circle drawn on the floor, but outside of it. A player puts his foot within the circle. The rabbit tries to tag him before he gets it back outside the circle. Another jumps into the circle. The rabbit tries to tag him. Some jump in and out of the circle and all try in every way they can to make the rabbit active in the chase. Any player whom the rabbit may touch becomes a prisoner and must go into the circle and help to tag the others,

Dandelion Twins

Arrange the children in oblong groups, or "gardens." In each of these are stationed two players called the Twins, with their arms linked. The other children dance around the couples and one by one advance toward them as if to take them away. The couple with linked arms try to catch each one before he returns to the dancing group. If one is caught he must remain standing in the center until another is caught. When two are caught they become the Twins, taking the place of those in the center, who return to the group. Sometimes the couples in the center change places with those in the center of another group until they have caught some one in each group. Again the dancers change places, keeping the same ones in the center, but placing those caught each time in an outside prison. Such a game may be greatly varied in this way.

In and Out the Window

All but two of the players join hands in a circle. One of the two players is inside the circle and the other outside. The player outside the circle is to catch the one inside. The latter goes in and out under the arms of those forming the circle and the chaser must follow in the exact course of the one pursued. When the pursuit has been successful, each of the two players names his successor and joins the circle.

Hound and Rabbit

This game is suitable for a large number of players. They stand in groups of three, clasping hands to form a circle or tree. The other players are the rabbits, one inside each tree. An extra player is the hound, who tries to catch the rabbits exchanging places with each other. No two rabbits may lodge in the same tree. Any hound may become a rabbit by dodging into the last empty tree, if he can, leaving the slow player to be the hound as the game continues.

The Great Panjandrum

A small space designated as the "home" is marked off at one end of the playground. One of the players is chosen to be the Great Panjandrum, who is protected by two other players who are chosen to be his bodyguard. The game starts with these three players in the "home" ground and the rest of the players at large. The three go forth, with the two players who act as bodyguards clasping each other by the hand, preceding the Panjandrum. The object of the game is for the players at large to touch the Panjandrum without being tagged by the guards. Whenever a guard succeeds in tagging a player, the Panjandrum and his guards return at once to the "home." Then the player tagged changes places with the Panjandrum and the game continues as before.

Center Stride Ball

Any large soft ball may be used. One player stands in the center and others form a ring around him by standing with their feet apart and with each foot touching a neighbor's foot. The player in the center tries to send the ball between the players' feet by batting it so it will roll along the ground. The players protect themselves by batting it back. If any player fails to do this, and so allows the ball to pass out between his feet or at his right side he must change places with the player in the center. The one in the center is allowed to make all sorts of feints.

Advancing Statues

The object of this game is to teach children self-control.

The children stand on a line about thirty feet from the leader. When the leader faces them they are to remain motionless as statues, but when his back is turned they may advance. By turning unexpectedly at irregular intervals the leader seeks to catch the children in motion. A child detected in motion must go back to the line and start over again. The child first cross-

ing the line on which the teacher stands is the winner.

Variation: The leader counts ten before turning. The counting may be as desired, either fast or slow, regular or irregular.

Flower Game

Two children make an arch with their hands as in "London Bridge" under which the rest march, singing or saying the following verse:

We're looking about for a buttercup,
A buttercup, a buttercup,
We're looking about for a buttercup
And find one here.

At the word "here" in the song the two players lower their hands and catch the one who is then passing under, and take him to one side, planting him in their "garden." Two others make the arch and repeat but change "buttercup" to "violet," or some other flower, finding and planting a different flower each time.

High Windows

The players join hands in a circle. An odd player in the center runs around the circle and tags one of the circle. Both then run out of the circle, the player who was tagged trying to catch the odd player before he can run three times around outside of the ring. As the runner completes his third time round, the circle cry "High Windows!" and raise their clasped hands to let both the players inside. Should the one who is being chased enter the circle without being tagged, he joins the circle and the chaser takes his place in the center. Should the chaser tag the pursued before he can circle the ring three times and dodge inside, the chaser returns to the circle and the one caught goes again into the center.

Black and White; or, Day and Night

Two players select other players alternately. The two sides thus chosen should be equal in number and as nearly equal in running ability as possible. They are called the Blacks and the Whites.

The sides stand facing each other midway between two goals.

A disc black on one side and white on the other is tossed up between the sides by the leader. If the disc falls so that the black side is uppermost the Blacks run for their goal, the Whites running after them to tag them. Any one tagged before reaching the goal is out of the game. Similarly, if the white side of the disc is uppermost the Whites chase the Blacks. That side wins which succeeds in putting out all those on the other side.

Variation: By laughing and doing laughable "stunts" the team whose side of the disc comes uppermost tries to make players on the other side laugh or smile. Any one thus made to laugh or smile is out. Care should be taken that the players do not cross the line between the sides.

Golf Clock

For this game any small hard ball may be used. In the center of an open space twelve feet in diameter sink a can into the ground. Around the circumference of this place stones to represent the numerals on the face of a clock. Each player has a stick and a ball, and each in turn starts his ball on the numeral One and tries to knock it into the can, using as few strokes as possible. On the second round the players start on the numeral Two. The object of the game is to complete the course in as few strokes as possible.

Seat Work

READING AND SEAT-WORK LESSONS ON HOLLAND

FOR the windy month of March, when a hint of spring is in the air, teachers have almost universally accepted Holland as a topic of study. There is much that we can do with this project, using a sand-table scene, booklets, and other types of handwork.

Lesson 1

READING

We shall study about Holland.
It is a land across the sea.
The word "Holland" mean hollow land.
Another name for it is Netherlands, which means low lands.

We shall learn later how the people keep the water from spreading over the land.

SEAT WORK

Make Holland on the sand table.
(For the sea, put blue paper under glass, and then form the country.)

Lesson 2

READING

The Dutch people are very brave.
They will protect their country always.
They build dikes to keep the sea back.
They build them a little at a time.
The dikes are built of earth, clay, stone, and cement.
The dikes have strong oak timbers.

SEAT WORK

Make the dikes on the sand table, or construct paper ones. For these use an

oblong of paper about 9 by 12 inches. Color it a light gray or brown. Mark off small oblongs on it (to represent slabs of stone). Fold the two long edges together lightly to find the center. Fold the two long edges to this middle crease. Open up and stand erect on the desk like a dike or wall

Lesson 3

READING

Every farmer has a windmill.
The windmills have long arms.
They pump the water out of the fields.
They grind wheat into flour.
They grind rice into flour.
They saw wood.
They grind rags for making paper.
Sometimes people live in the lower part of the windmill.

SEAT WORK

Construct paper windmills.
Make a picture—blue sky, green grass. Cut a house and windmill free hand (from colored paper if desired) and paste it on the "scene."

Lesson 4

READING

The Dutch peasants wear wooden shoes.

These shoes are called "klompers."
The ground is often very wet and muddy.

Leather shoes would soon decay.
The people remove their shoes at the door.

They walk clump, clump, clump.

SEAT WORK

Draw wooden shoes for booklet border.

Make a booklet cut in the shape of a wooden shoe. Color the cover a light yellow or use yellow paper for the cover. In it write sentences about Holland and the Dutch.

Lesson 5

READING

There are many canals in Holland.

People use them for roads.

In winter they skate on them.

Everybody in Holland skates.

They skate to market, and they skate for sport.

They play games on the ice.

When the ice is strong enough, a signal is put up.

SEAT WORK

Build the canals on the sand table.

Lesson 6

READING

The Dutch people are very clean.

They scrub their houses, inside and out.

The floors are covered with clean white sand.

No dust or dirt ever remains in the homes.

Their clothes are always clean, too.

SEAT WORK

Construct houses with red roofs and blue windows, and place them on the sand table.

Lesson 7

READING

The favorite flowers of Holland are tulips.

Every home has its beds of tulips.

There are also many rows of flower pots.

They look very gay and bright.

The children love these pretty flowers.

SEAT WORK

Make tulips for the windows.

Make tulip beds for the sand table.

Lesson 8

READING

The Dutch sell milk from carts.

They have dogs to draw the carts.

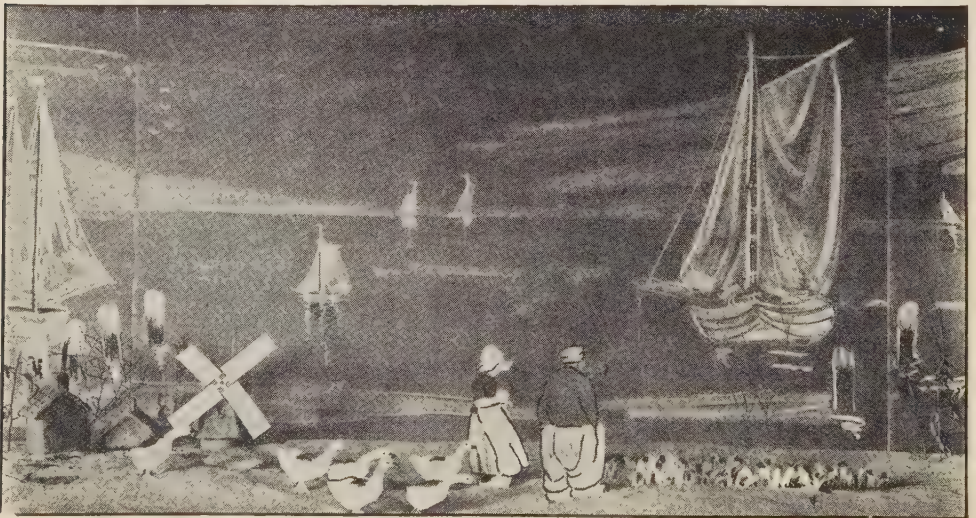
The dogs wear harness.

The milk cans shine very brightly.

All the cows are black and white.

The little Dutch children drink a great deal of milk.

Therefore they are healthy and strong.



Dutch Sand Table

SEAT WORK

Construct a cart from drawing paper. Fold sixteen squares. Cut off one row of squares. Fold these together and cut to make four wheels. Cut on the creases of the two short sides up to the first cross-fold. Lap over and paste. Paste on the wheels, and two narrow strips. Cut out and color a dog, and paste the dog upright between the two strips.

Make cylinders of silver paper for the milk-cans, and paste a label "Fresh Milk" on each of them.

Lesson 9

READING

There are many storks in Holland.
They build their nests on the tops of chimneys.

They always rest on one foot.

They wade in the ditches for frogs.

Their legs are good stilts.

The Dutch people are fond of the storks.

SEAT WORK

Mold clay storks.

Lesson 10

READING

Some customs of the Dutch seem queer to us.

When Gretchen was born, a pink silk ball covered with lace was hung on the door.

This told the people that a baby girl was born.

When Hans was born, a red silk ball covered with lace was hung there.

This showed that a baby boy had come.

Dutch beds are built into the wall, like a cupboard.

They are several feet above the floor.

SEAT WORK

Draw and color a Dutch girl and boy.
Draw a Dutch cupboard-bed.

Sallye Jolly.

MARCH SEAT WORK

FOLD kites from three- or four-inch squares. Fold to get the diagonal. Open. Fold lower edge up to diagonal. Fold right edge (or left, as necessary) up to diagonal. Make a kite tail and string of cord or yarn.

A number of these foldings may be made and mounted with the points close together and meeting at a central point. Mount either with the folded side out or the plain side out, or mount every other one, a folded side and a plain side. Choose contrasting colors.

Let the children fold and make "pin-wheel windmills" for a border across the top of the blackboard. Use four-inch colored squares. Fold the two diagonals. Open and cut along the folds to within half an inch of the center of the square (where the diagonals cross). Bend over each alternate angle and fasten with pin through the center.

Draw and color a robin.

Read Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Wind." Make a March booklet of cuttings, showing what the wind does. Develop this lesson in the language class. The cuttings may be of clothes on the line, windmills, sailboats, kites, balloons, waving trees, people holding their hats.

Use a pattern of a wooden shoe, and make a wooden shoe booklet colored yellow. In it write original sentences about the Dutch, or copy the first verse of Field's "Wynken, Blynken and Nod."

Draw a Dutch landscape. Color a sheet of white drawing paper light blue, then with dark blue draw or paint trees, windmills, houses, boats.

Make a Dutch plate. Cut a circle about six inches in diameter from white drawing paper. Inside this draw a circle five inches in diameter. Color the whole a light blue. Draw a dark blue line around the outer edge, and also around the inner circle. Within this border, make small dark blue pictures of boats, houses and windmills in regular order, or geometrical designs.

Maude M. Grant.

KATRINA and HER WINDMILL

March is the time for winds
and kites and windmills.

Here is one for you to try.

You can color it
with your crayons
or make it from
different colored papers.



The little Dutch Girl is cut
from one piece of paper Teachers
can make carbon tracings for
each child to color and cut out.

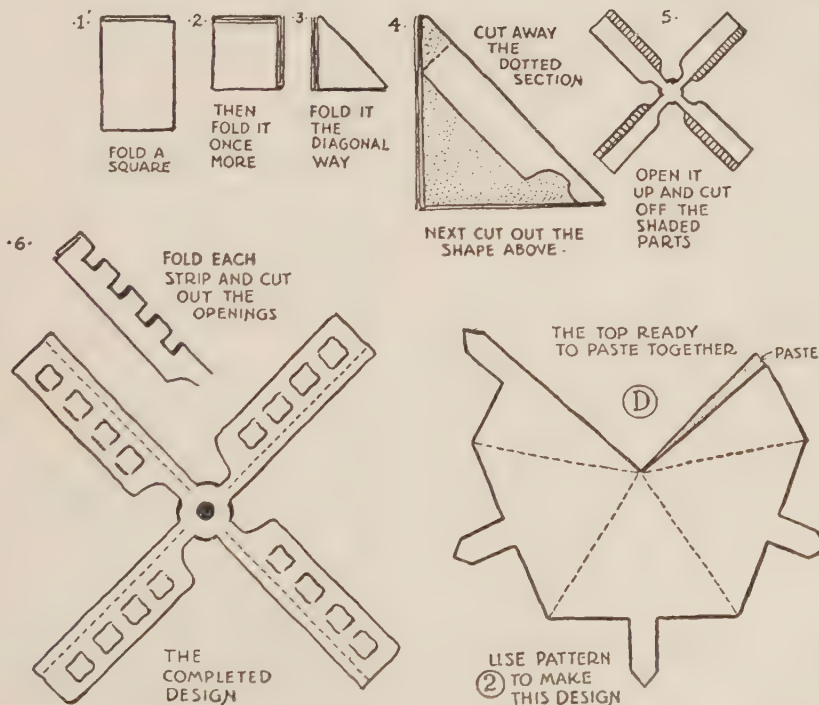
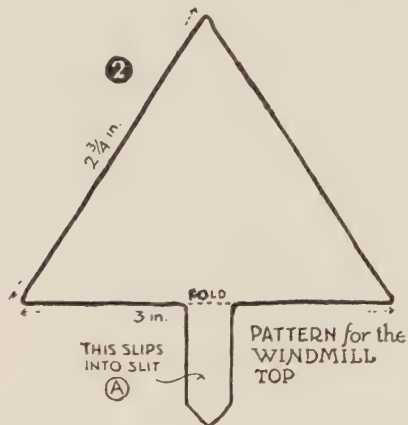
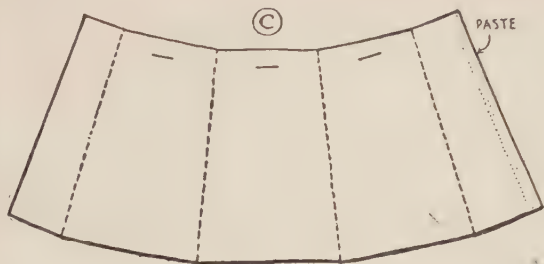
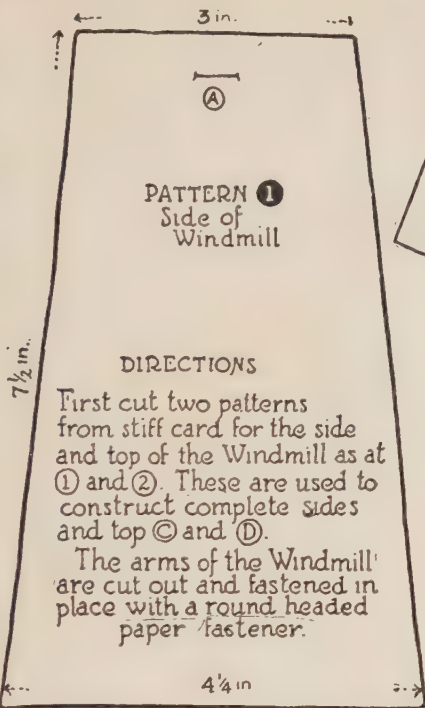
Fold paper on dotted lines



PATTERN for the
LITTLE DUTCH GIRL

COLORS TO USE

DRESS • BLUE
HAIR & SHOES • YELLOW
WAIST • BLUE
TULIPS • RED



SEAT WORK BASED ON BIRD STUDY

MANY interesting and profitable forms of seat work may be carried out in connection with the study of birds during the spring months.

Let the children color hectographed copies of birds. This will impress the coloring of the bird on the child's mind in such a way that he is not likely to forget it.

Bird-houses and nests may be laid with colored sticks. Nests may be drawn on paper and the eggs cut of paper, colored and pasted in the nest.

This will help fix in mind not only the shape of the nest of a particular bird, but also the color of its eggs.

If clay is used, nests, eggs and bird-houses may be modeled.

The sand table may be used as a means of expression, also. Twigs and bushes may be planted in the sand and nests placed in them.

A house may be built of kindergarten blocks and near it on a post may be a tiny bird box.

(Bird-boxes can be folded, cut and pasted during one of the construction lessons.)

Variety and interest may be added to the spelling work by making bird-shaped booklets in which to write the lesson.

When a particular bird is being studied, give the children hectographed copies of it and let them color these with crayola or water colors. Free-hand cuttings may also be used in the booklet if one desires to do so. An illustration showing the bird's home should also be given in the booklet. This will emphasize the facts learned regarding the shapes and sizes of the different nests. The descriptions written by the children should accompany the illustrations. Bird poems may also be used in it.

The thoughtful teacher can draw from this study of birds material for each kind of work during the day.

Grace M. Poorbaugh.

APRIL READING AND SEAT-WORK ACTIVITIES

Exercise 1

THE teacher places this verse on the blackboard and the children copy and memorize it.

APRIL

April comes with budding trees
And the hum of busy bees;
April comes with soft green grass
Creeping everywhere we pass;
April comes with violets, blue,
And the songs of wild birds, too;
April comes with silver rain
Pattering on the windowpane;
April comes with sunshine bright,
Filling all the earth with light;
April comes to softly say,
"After me will follow May."

Exercise 2

THE CATBIRD'S SONG

There's the murmur of brooks as they flow
along
O'er their pebbly beds, in the catbird's
song;
There's the patter and splash of the April
rain
On the leaves of the trees in the woodland
lane;
There's the silvery dash of the waterfall;
There's the bluebird's warble, the oriole's
call;
There's the harsh me-ow of an angry cat;
Yes, in the catbird's song there is all of
that!

The catbird comes to us in April. If you have once listened to his song, you will not be contented until you have heard it again and again. It is so sweet, so varied, so interwoven with the carols of other songsters that it is quite impossible to describe it accurately.

The catbird is a little smaller than the robin. He is a friendly little fellow although his harsh, squalling notes when he is disturbed might lead one to think that he had a bad temper. The catbird is somewhat of a dandy and always appears sleek and well groomed. He wears a trim suit of blue-gray, shading on the under tail coverts to chestnut. A natty black cap completes his costume.

Catbirds are very common in the United States. They frequent swamps and pastures, but often make their nests on lawns and in gardens. Their nests of long grass, twigs, and rootlets are built in hedges or thickets. Their eggs are deep bluish-green in color. The mother is very devoted to her little ones, and displays great alarm when an enemy approaches her home.

SEAT WORK

Copy the verse about the catbird's song and commit it to memory. Read the description of the catbird silently; then write it from memory.

Exercise 3

A POLITE DOG

'Twas April and very unsettled weather,
When a dog and a cat were out walking
together.

"'Twill rain very soon, I'm afraid," said
the cat,

"And a shower will certainly spoil my
hat."

"Don't worry," politely the dog made
reply,

"My new large umbrella will keep us
both dry."

SEAT WORK

Draw a cat and a dog taking a walk.
Draw a rain coat, rubber boots, and
a soft hat on the dog.

Make the rain coat and boots black;
the hat brown.

Draw an umbrella in the dog's paw.

Make the umbrella blue with a yellow
handle.

Make the cat's dress dark red.

Make her hat black and trim it with
flowers.

Make her stockings light brown; her
slippers dark brown.

Exercise 4

THE RAINBOW

A rainbow is a pretty sight!
'Tis the reflection of the light
When through the water clear it shines
In many different colored lines.
These lines are red and orange, too,
Yellow, and green, and also blue,
Together with a purple hue.

A rainbow is the reflection of light shining through water. You can make pictures of rainbows in your schoolroom by holding a glass prism so that the light shines through it, just as it shines through the water to make the real rainbow.

There are six colors in the rainbow. They are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and purple. Red, yellow, and blue are called the primary colors because they are not made of any of the other colors, but they can be used to form other colors. Here is a little verse to help you remember how to mix some of your colors.

If with blue a red you take,
It will surely purple make;
If blue is with yellow seen,
'Twill at once become a green;
Red and yellow give to you
Every time an orange hue.

SEAT WORK

Write the names of five things that are red. Five things that are blue. Five things that are yellow. Five that are green. Five that are purple. Five that are orange.

Copy and memorize the verse. Draw a picture of a rainbow and color it as follows: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and purple.

Exercise 5

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Mother Hubbard had a dog
Which wore a coat and hat,
And, sometimes, he would get a spoon
And feed with cream the cat;
It made old Mother Hubbard laugh
To see him doing that.

SEAT WORK

Draw Mother Hubbard's kitchen.

Draw a cream bottle on the kitchen
table.

Draw the dog feeding the cat with a
spoon.

Make the dog's coat blue with yellow
buttons.

Make the dog's hat brown.

Make the cat black.

Make the spoon gray.

Draw old Mother Hubbard standing
in the kitchen.

Make her dress red.
Make her apron white.
Make her cap white.

Exercise 6

LITTLE RED HEN

Little Red Hen wished to have some nice
bread.

"Now, who will help me to make it?" she
said,

Not Duck, nor Turkey, nor Goose said she
would,

But each ran away as fast as she could.

SEAT WORK

Draw Little Red Hen.
Make her feathers brown.
Make the comb on her head red.
Make her beak, legs, and feet yellow.
Draw the Duck running away.
Make her bill and feet orange.
Make her eye black.
Draw Goose running behind Duck.
Make her feathers white.
Make her bill and legs yellow.
Make her eye black.
Draw Turkey running behind Goose.
Make her feathers brown.
Make her wattles red.
Make her eye black.
Make her beak, legs, and feet black.

Exercise 7

NIMBLE JACK

The candlestick stood on the floor,

Where everyone could see.

Jack was a nimble little boy;

He counted "One, two, three,"

Then swung his arms and gave a jump,

And over it went he!

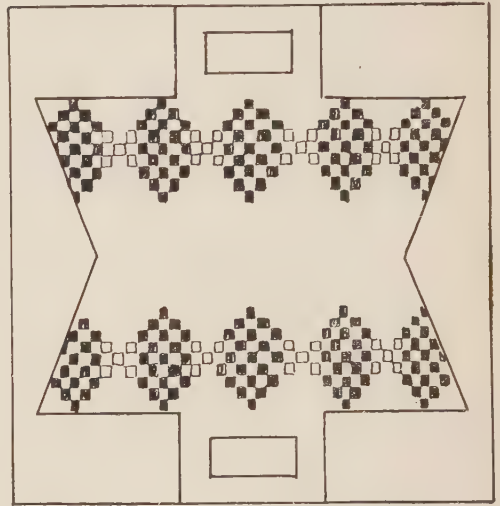
SEAT WORK

Draw a picture of Jack jumping over
the candlestick.

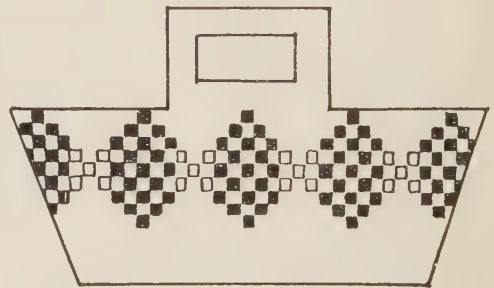
Make the candlestick yellow.
Make the candle white.
Make the flame of the candle red.
Make Jack's sweater gray.
Make Jack's trousers blue.
Make his stockings brown.
Make his shoes black.
Make his cap blue.

MAY BASKETS

ON May Day lower grade children
will be pleased if allowed to make
pretty baskets and fill them with spring
flowers and candy. The old custom of
making baskets and hanging them on the
door knob for Mother expresses love for
her, and shows an unselfish spirit.



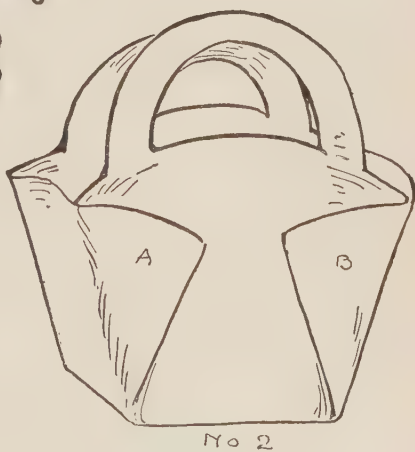
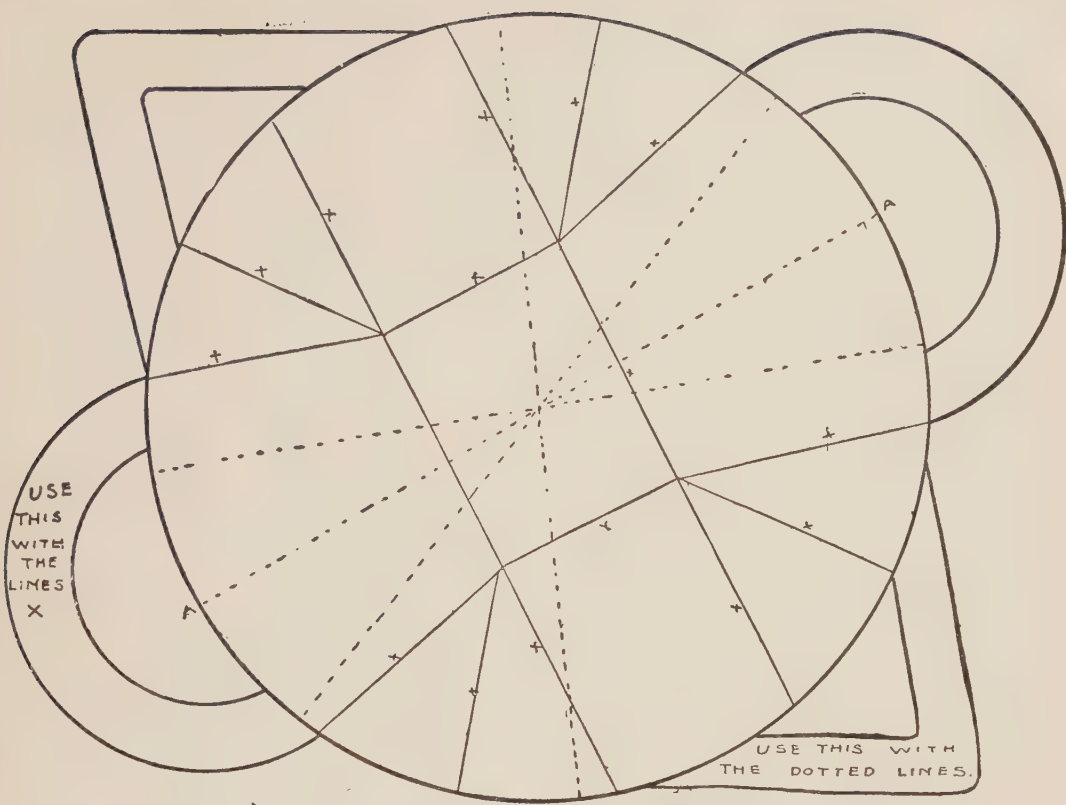
Pattern for a Simple May Basket



Side of Completed Basket

Seat work thus is well motivated, and
the children delight in making their
baskets attractive and in gathering vio-
lets, lilacs, or other spring flowers. Of-
ten they will spend their pennies for the
candies their mothers like the best. The
joy of the mother helps teach the child
that it is more blessed to give than to
receive. A simple May basket design is
given herewith.

Ora Lovelace.



TWO MAY BASKET PATTERNS

BASKET No. 1 is traced from the pattern, using the pointed handles and dotted lines, folding all lines out except AA which is to be folded in.

Basket No. 2 uses the round handles with lines marked x. A and B in drawing of finished basket show the fold. These baskets may be suspended with invisible thread and filled with flowers.

Bess Bruce Cleaveland.

FREE-HAND CUTTING

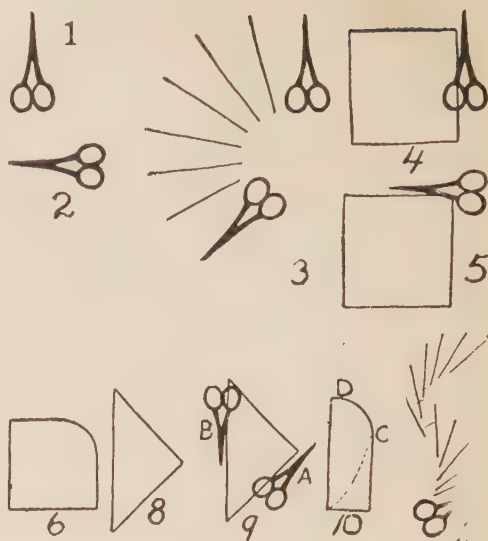
WE need to do two things in teaching free-hand cutting: one is to help the children get muscle co-ordination; the other is to help them cut in line movements that make the form. These two objects should always be kept in mind.

At first do not give children patterns. These do not help. Give beginners a square of paper and scissors. Show them how to hold the scissors. Then have them follow this drill: Hold scissors as in *Fig. 1*, then as in *Fig. 2*. Again holding scissors as in *Fig. 1*, twist your wrist. (Scissors will take the positions shown in *Fig. 3*.) Hold square in your left hand. Twist your wrist. (The paper will take different positions from the vertical to the horizontal.) Hold paper up. Hold scissors against the right side (*Fig. 4*), then against the top (*Fig. 5*). Holding paper straight up and down and scissors in vertical position, twist both wrists. While we twist both wrists (turning both paper and scissors) we will make the scissors cut from the vertical position at the side to the horizontal position at the top. The result will look like *Fig. 6*. Repeating this performance four times will change the square into a circle. This circle form will give you many objects (Group 7).

Whenever a curve is to be cut, locate the beginning of the cut and the end. Observe position of scissors at beginning and end; then twist both wrists while you cut.

Making these cuttings is not nearly so complicated as it sounds when put into words. The main thing here is to realize the importance of having every child make these movements successfully and easily before he makes the cut. Take all the time you need to thus insure that the first cutting shall be entirely successful.

When valentines are to be made you need no pattern for the heart. Do not tell the children to cut a heart. They



Figures 1-12

know the shape of a heart but they cannot make it until they are directed to do so, step by step. Ask them to cut first a square, then a diagonal, then a triangle.

Fold a square on its diagonal (*Fig. 8*). Hold this triangle in your left hand by one of the long points. Hold scissors in vertical position. Twist both wrists. Hold scissors first in position A, then in position B (*Fig. 9*). Twist both wrists while you cut from A to B. The movement of this cut will be an arc. The result when unfolded will be a heart. A variety of valentine designs can be made by using squares of different sizes and colors.

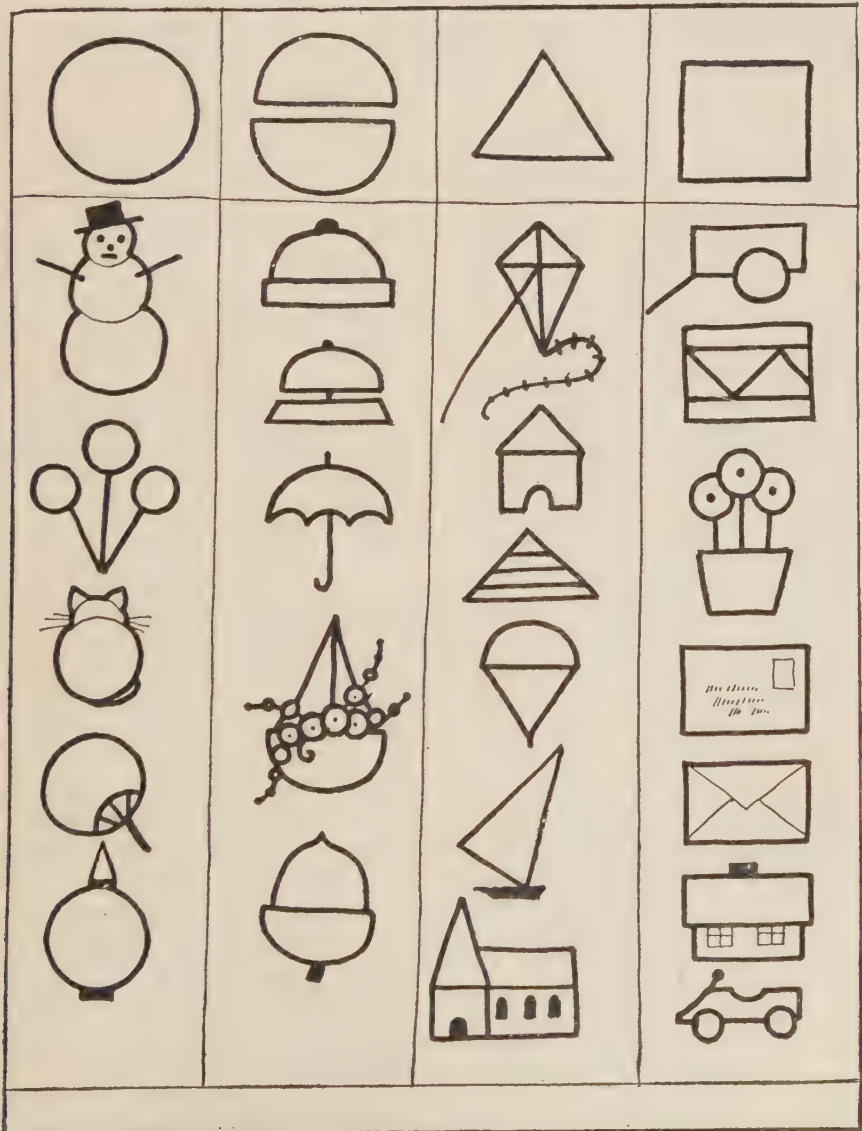
At Easter time, when the children are learning to cut rabbits or chickens, do not mention these words. Tell them to fold an oblong on its long diameter, and hold by the fold. Place scissors as in first drill. Cut from position C to D (*Fig. 10*). Hold this paper now in a horizontal position with the fold down. Cut a shorter curve on dotted line that goes across the paper and up to meet the first curve (*Fig. 10*). When the paper is opened you will find that you have an egg shape. Drill and review until every child can cut egg shapes, using oblongs of different sizes. Use

these egg shapes to build rabbits. Combine with other shapes to build chickens and birds as illustrated in Group 11 on page 186.

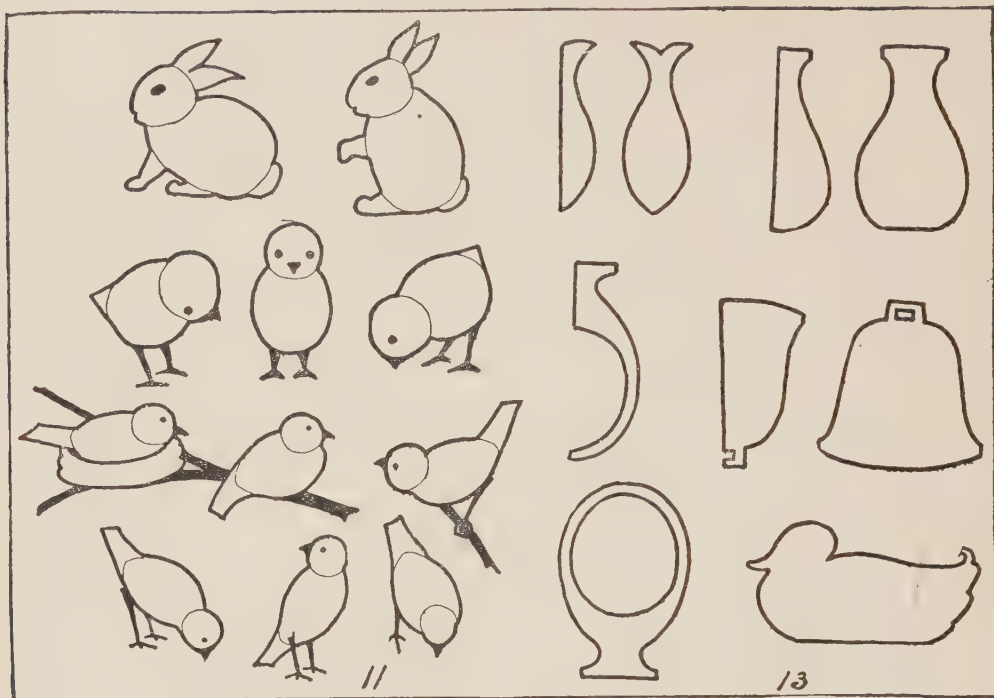
Likewise you do not need patterns for a bell, a vase, a fish, or a duck. Hold scissors in position *E* and twist your wrist two ways while moving the scissors from you. It will move in the positions shown in *Fig. 12*, and the movement is a curve of grace. Help every child to do this correctly, and re-

peat the drill until all children do it easily. Fold oblongs of different sizes and proportions and cut the curve of grace as shown in Group 13 on page 186.

All along the way, constantly try out your class with a method that is quite the reverse of the careful drill for muscle co-ordination described above. If the subject is animals, ask the children to cut animal shapes at home. For a while require daily home work. Have children offer criticisms in class.



Group 7



Groups 11 and 13

Lead children to make definite and independent observations of live animals, toys, and pictures so that the next day they will form the same and other animals better. Ask them such questions as these: "Which animals have short legs; which have long legs? What is the difference between a horse's tail and a pig's tail?"

In doing this give the children no directions as to method of cutting. Let them go their own way. The best possible school help for this free work is large outline drawings on the board. Make these drawings as big as the blackboard will allow. Also have toys at school and sometimes live animals.

If the subject is children at play, lead them to watch one another to find out definitely one thing at a time: the slant of the back in running, the poise of the head, position of legs, etc. Then fill the blackboard with large outline pictures, and let the children work with absolute freedom as to method of cutting.

Maud M. Hayman.

MAY READING AND SEAT-WORK ACTIVITIES

THE following exercises may be used for silent reading and seat work. The rhymes may be memorized.

Exercise 1

THE DOLLS' MAY DAY

The dolls are celebrating May Day. Yvonne Camille, the French doll, is the May Queen. She sits on a throne under a Japanese quince bush. She wears a white muslin gown over a pink silk slip. She has a wreath of flowers on her head. Behind her stand her ladies in waiting: Elizabeth, the American doll, and Pocahontas, the Indian doll. Teddy Bear and the stuffed dog guard the throne.

SEAT WORK

Draw the May Queen's throne under the quince bush.

Make the bush green.

Make the throne yellow and white.

Draw the May Queen on the throne.

Make her eyes blue.
 Make her hair yellow.
 Make her gown pale pink.
 Make the wreath on her hair with pink flowers and green leaves.
 Draw Elizabeth, the American doll, standing behind the Queen's chair.
 Make her eyes and hair brown.
 Make her dress white.
 Make her sash red, white, and blue.
 Draw Pocahontas standing beside Elizabeth.
 Make her dress like an Indian's.
 Make a crown of feathers on her head.
 Draw the Teddy Bear; make him yellow.
 Draw the stuffed dog; make him brown.

Exercise 2

MARY'S LAMB

Mary's lamb was snowy white;
 He followed her around.
 In every place that Mary went
 The lamb was always found.

And into the schoolroom he
 To seek her went one day;
 To see a lamb appear in school
 Made all the children play.

SEAT WORK

Make a paper book.
 Copy the rhyme in the book.
 Draw a picture of a schoolhouse.
 Draw a picture of the lamb following Mary up the road.
 Make Mary's dress blue.
 Make her sunbonnet white.
 Make her stockings and slippers tan color.
 Make her lunch basket pale yellow.
 Make the lamb white.
 Draw a ribbon around his neck.
 Color the ribbon blue.
 Draw another picture of Mary and her lamb.
 Draw Mary and the lamb standing in the schoolroom.
 Draw the pupils whispering and laughing.
 Make the children's dresses of different colors.

Exercise 3

LITTLE PIG

Little Pig built a house. He built it of bricks. Bad Wolf wanted to eat Little Pig. He tried to blow the house down. He huffed and he puffed. He could not blow it down. He climbed up on the roof. Then he huffed and puffed still harder. He could not blow the house down. Then he tried to climb down the chimney. He lost his footing on the roof. He tumbled down the chimney. In the fireplace was a kettle of hot water. Bad Wolf fell into the kettle of hot water. That was the last of Bad Wolf.

SEAT WORK

Draw Little Pig's house.
 Make the bricks red.
 Make the roof slate color.
 Make the chimney red.
 Draw Bad Wolf on the ground.
 Draw him trying to blow the house down.
 Draw another picture of the house.
 Make the roof slate color.
 Draw Bad Wolf huffing and puffing.
 Draw another picture of the house.
 Draw Bad Wolf falling headfirst into the chimney.
 Draw the fireplace in the kitchen.
 Draw a kettle of hot water hanging in the fireplace.
 Draw Bad Wolf's hind legs and his tail sticking out of the kettle.

Exercise 4

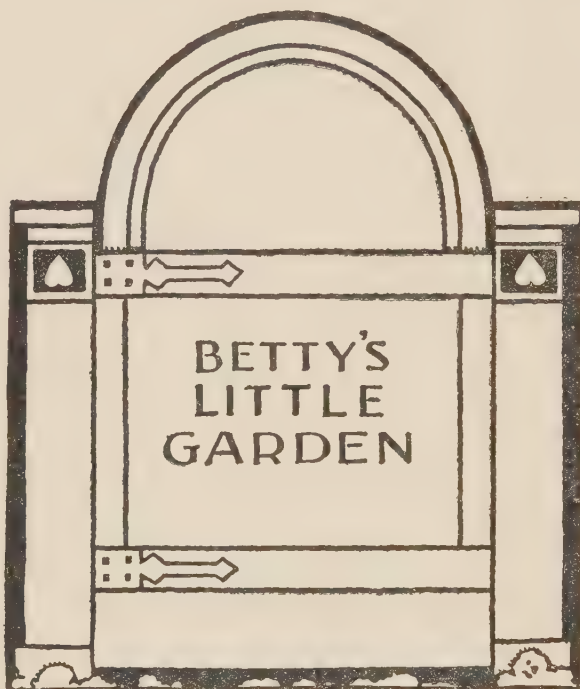
BIG PIG

Big Pig lived west of the river. East of the river was a tall apple tree. Many red apples grew on the tree. There was a bridge over the river. An ugly, long-nosed gnome lived under the bridge. One day Big Pig wanted some apples. He started to go across the bridge. "You can't go across my bridge," shouted the gnome. Big Pig kept on, tramp, tramp, tramp. The gnome came up on the bridge to fight him. But brave Big Pig gave the gnome a thrashing. The gnome was glad to hurry down under the

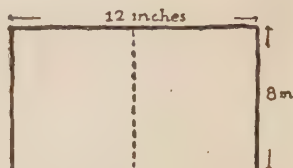
A GARDEN BOOK FOR MAY

BY □ JOHN □ T □ LEMOS

Spring is the time when we all like to be out working in our gardens. Here is a little GARDEN BOOK that you will like to make. You can cut the pictures from thin colored paper and paste them in your book. On the page facing each one, write the verse telling the story



Make this GATE on Light Green paper Paste HINGE STRIPS of White paper over this & HINGES of Yellow outlined in Black



Take 4 pieces of light gray or brown paper the size shown



Fold them in the center and punch holes to make the booklet

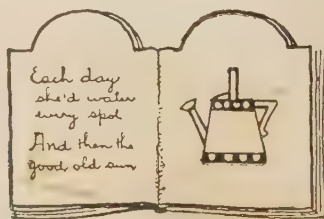


Cut a sheet of different colored paper Sketch the cover design on it, and finish it in crayons or cut-out paper.

DIRECTIONS

Cut the pages for your book. Use the cover design as a pattern for cutting the inside pages.

Write the verses on the left-hand page and paste the illustration on the page facing it. Make the pictures with colored cut-out paper or draw them with crayons.

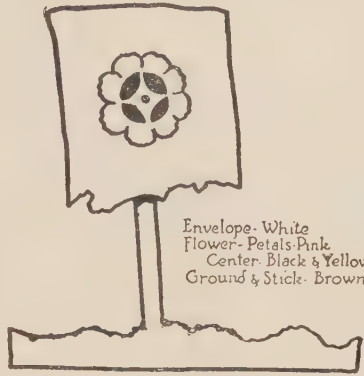


THE BOOKLET OPENED



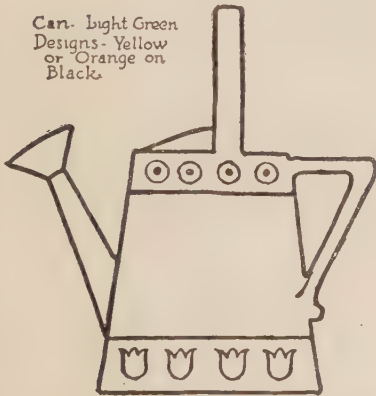
Flesh- Pink
Hat- Yellow
Apron- White
Dress- Light Blue
Stockings- White
Slippers- Black
Ground- Brown

BETTY WAS A LITTLE GIRL
WHO MADE A GARDEN, DEAR,



Envelope- White
Flower- Petals- Pink
Center- Black & Yellow
Ground & Stick- Brown

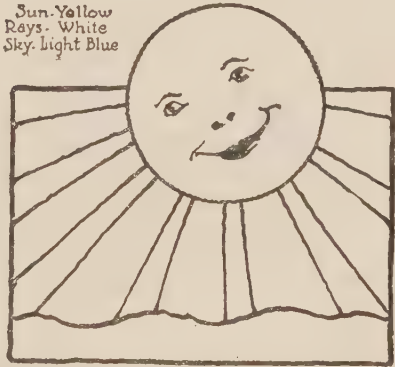
SHE PLANTED FLOWER SEEDS IN IT
AND RAISED THEM EVERY YEAR.



Can- Light Green
Designs- Yellow
or Orange on
Black.

EACH DAY SHE'D WATER EVERY SPOT
AND THEN THE GOOD OLD SUN

Sun- Yellow
Rays- White
Sky- Light Blue



WOULD SHINE AND SHINE LIKE EVERYTHING
UNTIL THE DAY WAS DONE.



Shoots- Light
Green
Ground- Brown

AND THEN ONE DAY THE FLOWERS PEEPED
THEIR HEADS ABOVE THE GROUND.



Flowers-
For Large Ones
use Pink and
Lavender
Small One- Yellow
and Purple

AS GAY A SPOT THAN BETTY'S YARD
HAS NEVER YET BEEN FOUND

bridge again. Then Big Pig filled his basket with apples.

SEAT WORK

Draw the river; make it blue.
 Draw Big Pig's house on one side of the river.
 Make the house light brown.
 Make the chimney red.
 Draw the apple tree on the other side of the river.
 Make the trunk brown and the leaves green.
 Make the apples red.
 Draw the bridge over the river; make it light brown.
 Draw Big Pig on the bridge.
 Draw the long-nosed gnome starting to fight him.
 Draw the Big Pig thrashing the dwarf.
 Draw another picture of the bridge.
 Draw the gnome climbing over the railing of the bridge into the river.
 Draw still another picture of the bridge.
 Draw Big Pig bringing home the red apples.

Exercise 5

RICHARD AND ROBIN

Richard and Robin were two little boys;
 They thought it great fun to make plenty of noise.
 So Dick beat a drum and Rob blew a horn;
 Such a racket you never heard since you were born.

SEAT WORK

Draw Richard and Robin.
 Make Richard's sweater brown.
 Make Robin's sweater gray.
 Make their caps the colors of the sweaters.
 Make Richard's trousers blue.
 Make Robin's trousers brown.
 Make Richard's shoes and stockings brown.
 Make Robin's shoes and stockings black.
 Make the drum red and white.
 Make the horn yellow.

Exercise 6

THE LARK

Said Little Lark, "The sun is bright,
 And so I'll call upon the King,
 And then to show my love for him,
 My very sweetest song I'll sing."

So off he to the palace flew
 And sang a song, his very best;
 The King was glad to hear the Lark,
 And gave him feathers for his nest.

SEAT WORK

Draw the King sitting at a desk.
 Draw Little Lark on the window sill.
 Make the Lark brown.
 Make his bill yellow.
 Make his eye black.
 Make the King's robe purple, trimmed with white fur.
 Draw a gold crown on his head.
 Draw a gold chain around his neck.
 Draw brown feathers on the desk.
 Draw the Lark's bill open as if he were singing.

Exercise 7

JACK SPRAT

Jack Sprat disliked the fat,
 His wife disliked the lean,
 Yet every day at dinner
 The two were always seen;
 While near them sat the dog and cat
 Which both liked lean meat, also fat.
 They were a well-fed family
 For not a scrap would wasted be.

SEAT WORK

Draw Jack Sprat sitting at the table.
 Draw his wife sitting opposite him.
 Make their chairs brown.
 Make Jack's clothes gray.
 Make his wife's dress blue.
 Make her apron white.
 Make a white cap on her head.
 Make a brown wig on Jack's head.
 Draw the dog and cat sitting on the floor.
 Make the dog black.
 Make the cat yellow.
 Draw a platter of meat on the table.
 Make the meat reddish.

Hope Nelson.



Spring Poems

The Coming of Spring

There's something in the air
That's new and sweet and rare—
A scent of summer things,
A whir as if of wings.

There's something, too, that's new
In the color of the blue
That's in the morning sky,
Before the sun is high.

And though, on plain and hill,
'Tis winter, winter still,
There's something seems to say
That winter's had its day.

And all this changing tint
This whispering stir and hint
Of bud and bloom and wing,
Is the coming of the spring.

And to-morrow or to-day
The brooks will break away
From their icy, frozen sleep,
And run and laugh and leap.

And the next thing in the woods,
The catkins in their hoods
Of fur and silk will stand,
A sturdy little band.

And the tassels soft and fine
Of the hazel will entwine,
And the elder branches show
Their buds against the snow.

So, silently, but swift,
Above the wintry drift,
The long days gain and gain,
Until, on hill and plain,

Once more, and yet once more
Returning as before,
We see the bloom of birth
Make young again the earth.

Nora Perry.

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March

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing
skies;

I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands again,
The glad and glorious sun doth bring;
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and
warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills,
In joy that they again are free,
And, brightly leaping down the hills,
Renew their journey to the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms, the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

William Cullen Bryant.

A Spring Song

Old Mother Earth woke up from her sleep,
And found she was cold and bare;
The winter was over, the spring was near,
And she had not a dress to wear.
"Alas!" she sighed, with great dismay,
"Oh, where shall I get my clothes?"
There's not a place to buy a suit,
And a dressmaker no one knows."

"I'll make you a dress," said the springing
grass,

Just looking above the ground,
"A dress of green of the loveliest sheen,
To cover you all around."

"And we," said the dandelions gay,

"Will dot it with yellow bright,"

"I'll make it a fringe," said forget-me-not,

"Of blue, very soft and light."

"We'll embroider the front," said the vio-
lets,

"With a lovely purple hue."

"And we," said the roses, "will make you a
crown,

Of red, jeweled over with dew."

"And we'll be your gems," said a voice
from the shade,

Where the ladies' ear-drops live—

"Orange is the color for any queen

And the best we have to give."

Old Mother Earth was thankful and glad,

As she put on her dress so gay;

And that is the reason, my little ones,

She is looking so lovely to-day.

Anonymous.

Violets

Under the green hedges after the snow,
There do the dear little violets grow,
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
Down there do the dear little violets lie;
Hiding their heads where they scarce may
be seen,

By the leaves you may know where the
violet hath been.

John Moultrie.

The Wind

I am the wind
And I come very fast.
Through the tall wood
I blow a loud blast.

Sometimes I am soft
As a sweet, gentle child,
I play with the flowers,
Am quiet and mild,

And then out so loud
All at once I can roar;
If you wish to be quiet
Close window and door.

I am the wind
And I come very fast,
Through the tall wood
I blow a loud blast.

The Nursery.

Written in March

The Cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

William Wordsworth.

Pussy Willow

In her dress of silver gray
Comes the Pussy Willow gay—
Like a little Eskimo,
Clad in fur from tip to toe.
Underneath her in the river,
Flows the water with a shiver.
Downward sweeping from the hill,
North Wind whistles, loud and shrill.

Birds are loth to wing their flight
To a land in such a plight.
Not another flower is found
Peeping from the bark or ground.
Only Mother Willow knows
How to make such suits as those;
How to fashion them with skill,
How to guard against the chill.

Did she live once, long ago,
In the land of ice and snow?
Was it first by Polar seas
That she made such coats as these?
Who can tell?—We only know
Where our Pussy Willows grow,
Fuzzy little friends that bring
Promise of the coming spring.

Elizabeth E. Foulke.

The Piper

Oh, the March Wind is a piper;
He pipes through all the hollows,
And every living thing that hears
Awakes, and follows, follows.

He plays among the tree-tops
And whistles down the valleys;
He turns the corners on the streets,
His weird notes fill the alleys.

He pipes among the blue hills,
 Along the purple ridges,
 And all the little brooks awake
 And sing beneath their bridges.

Then out across the meadows
 This wild, glad piping fellow
 Calls to the daffodil, and bids
 Her don her brightest yellow.

He tunes his pipe to wake the spring;
 It echoes far and near,
 And when the last, clear note is gone,
 Lo, Mistress April's here.

Frances Wright Turner.

Waiting to Grow

Little white snowdrop just waking up,
 Violet, daisy, and sweet buttercup!
 Think of the flowers that are under the
 snow,
 Waiting to grow!

And think what a number of queer little
 seeds—
 Of flowers and mosses, and ferns and
 weeds—
 Are under the leaves, and under the snow,
 Waiting to grow!

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
 Reaching their slender brown fingers about,
 Under the ice, and the leaves, and the snow,
 Waiting to grow!

Only a month or a few weeks more,
 Will they have to wait behind that door;
 Listen and watch, for they are below—
 Waiting to grow!

No seed is so small, or hidden so well,
 That God cannot find it, and soon He will
 tell
 His sun where to shine, and His rain where
 to go
 Making it grow!

Frank French.

How the Flowers Grow

First a seed so tiny
 Hidden from the sight,
 Then two pretty leaflets
 Struggling toward the light;
 Soon a bud appearing
 Turns into a flower,
 Kissed by golden sunshine,
 Washed by silver shower;
 Growing sweeter, sweeter,
 Every happy hour!
 Kissed by golden sunshine,
 Washed by silver shower.

Anonymous.

A Laughing Chorus

Oh, such a commotion under the ground
 When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"
 Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
 Such whispering to and fro;
 And, "Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked,
 "'Tis time to start, you know."
 "Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;
 "I'll follow as soon as you go."
 Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
 Of laughter soft and low,
 From the millions of flowers under the
 ground—
 Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,
 "When I hear the bluebirds sing."
 And straight thereafter, Narcissus cried,
 "My silver and gold I'll bring."
 "And ere they are dulled," another spoke,
 "The Hyacinth bells shall ring."
 And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"
 And sweet grew the air of spring.
 Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
 Of laughter soft and low,
 From the millions of flowers under the
 ground—
 Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the
 coldest days,
 Imprisoned in walls of brown,
 They never lost heart though the blast
 shrieked loud,
 And the sleet and the hail came down,
 But patiently each wrought her beautiful
 dress,
 Or fashioned her beautiful crown;
 And now they are coming to brighten the
 world,
 Still shadowed by Winter's frown;
 And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha!
 ha!"
 In a chorus soft and low,
 The millions of flowers hid under the
 ground—
 Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Anonymous.

April

Frost in the meadow, fog on the hill;
 Bluebird and robin sing with a will.
 Up thro' the brown earth, spite of the cold,
 Comes Lady Crocus, in purple and gold.
 Shy little Snowdrop, dressed like a bride,
 Nodding and trembling, stands by her side.
 Daffodowndilly slips out of bed,
 With a buff turban crowning her head.
 Slim Mr. Jonquil comes on the run.
 "Pray, am I up in time for the fun?"

Emily Huntington Miller.

The Gift of Trees

On Arbor Day I bend the knee
 For God's great gift to us—a tree;
 The lovely trees that He has made
 To house, to pleasure us, to shade.
 A thousand different delights
 Grow just to please our appetites;
 A thousand spread their canopies,
 Our beauty-loving souls to please;
 A thousand? nay—a multitude,
 To gladden us and give us food.
 For orange, lemon, fig, and lime
 And all the trees of tropic clime,
 For peach and plum and apple tree,
 Cherry and pear, the fruits which we
 Grow in our northern latitude,
 I offer up my gratitude.
 What sight so zestful to us all
 As laden nut trees in the fall?
 The walnut, chestnut, hickory, beech—
 A special tribute's due to each.
 Where'er the God of Fruitage smiles,
 In western vales, or Grecian isles,
 Some gracious, generous, lovely tree
 Bestows great happiness on me;
 Their bounty I can but repay
 By adding to them, Arbor Day.

Maude Wood Henry.

The Spirit of Arbor Day

"Look here!" the Robin Redbreast sings,
 The morn of Arbor Day,
 "Why don't you clean your streets and
 yards?
 It isn't fair, I say.
 We birdies even build a house
 With each return of spring;
 And some of you don't plant a shrub,
 Or paint, or anything."

"Look here!" the pretty brooklet sings,
 "Why don't you rake your yard,
 And mend your fence, and plant a tree,
 When I'm at work so hard?
 Each year, I wash my banks all fresh
 And carry off debris.
 I think a human being ought
 To be as proud as we."

Julia M. Martin.

Three Little Trees

Way out in the orchard, in sunshine and
 breeze,
 A-laughing and whispering, grew three
 little trees.

And one was a plum tree, and one was a
 pear,
 And one was a rosy-cheeked apple tree rare.

A dear little secret, as sweet as could be,
 The breeze told one day to the glad apple
 tree.

She rustled her little green leaves all about,
 And smiled at the plum, and the secret was
 out.

The plum told in whispers the pear by the
 gate,
 And she told it to me, so you see, it came
 straight.

The breeze told the apple, the apple, the
 plum,
 The plum told the pear, "Robin Redbreast
 has come!"

And out in the orchard they danced in the
 breeze,
 And clapped their hands softly, these three
 little trees.

Anonymous.

When We Plant a Tree

What do we plant when we plant a tree?
 We plant a home that is to be—
 A ship to sail across the sea—
 A desk, a chair, a book maybe—
 These we plant when we plant a tree.

What do we plant when we plant a tree?
 Beauty and joy for all who see—
 A home for birds to bide a wee—
 Grateful shade for you and me—
 These we plant when we plant a tree.

Warren P. Landers.

The House of the Trees

Ope your door and take me in,
 Spirit of the wood;
 Wash me clean of dirt and din,
 Clothe me in your mood.

Lift your leafy roof for me,
 Part your yielding walls;
 Let me wander lingeringly
 Through your scented halls.

Ope your doors and take me in,
 Spirit of the wood;
 Take me—make me next of kin
 To your leafy brood.

Anonymous.

Trees

The fir, the beech, the elm, and pine,
 They each and all are friends of mine,
 The sturdy oak, from year to year,
 Gives birds and children its good cheer;
 The holly feeds the hungry bee
 And makes a lovely Christmas tree;
 The fruit trees give good things to eat,
 An apple tree is hard to beat;
 If I should really talk all day
 I could not even half-way say
 How glad and thankful we should be
 Because God thought to make a tree.

Annie Winfrey Meek.

In April

The air is soft and balmy,
The grass is growing green,
The maple buds are swelling,
Till their slender threads are seen.
The brown brook chatters gayly
Its rippling course along,
And hark!—from distant tree-top
I hear the bluebird's song.

O joyous gladsome carol,
Exultant, fearless, true!
There is hidden a heavenly message
'Neath that coat of heavenly blue.
My heart thrills as I listen;
God's love is sure and strong.
Thank Him for life's awakening!
Praise for the bluebird's song!

After the winter, springtime,
The sunshine follows rain;
Tho' grief and sorrow chill us,
The heart grows warm again.
From earth to His glad heaven
God will His loved ones bring;
Still, after frosts and snowdrifts,
We hear the bluebirds sing.

Emily Gail Arnold.

Hepatica

When April awakens the blossom folk,
And bluebirds are on the wing,
Hepatica muffled in downy cloak
Hastens to greet the spring.

Careless of cold when the north wind blows,
Glad when the sun shines down,
She opens her wrap, and smiling shows
Her dainty lavender gown.

Her sisters are robed in pink, and
Some are in royal purple dressed,
And over the hills and fields they come,
To welcome the darling guest.

The children laugh as they pick the flowers,
And the happy robins sing;
For, blooming in chill and leafless bowers,
Hepatica means the spring.

Anna Pratt.

April! April! Are You Here?

April! April! are you here?
Oh, how fresh the wind is blowing!
See! the sky is bright and clear,
Oh, how green the grass is growing!
April! April! are you here?

April! April! is it you?
See how fair the flowers are springing!
Sun is warm and brooks are clear,
Oh, how glad the birds are singing!
April! April! is it you?

April! April! you are here!

Though your smiling turn to weeping,
Though your skies grow cold and drear,
Though your gentle winds are sleeping,
April! April! you are here!

Dora Read Goodale.

Jack-in-the-Pulpit

Jack-in-the-Pulpit stands slender and grand,
Stately as any real preacher could stand.
What a fine canopy over him spreads!
Nothing so fine have we over our heads.

What do you think he is preaching about?
Go to his pulpit—perhaps you'll find out!
But if you can't, I will tell you what I
Think he is saying to all who pass by.

"Listen, good people, and boys and girls
all—

This is my sermon, so short and so small:
'Since the good Father loves you, and loves
me,

We should be happy as happy can be!"

Minnie Leona Upton.

Who Likes the Rain?

"I," said the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on.
They make a cunning, three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud,—quack! quack!"

"I," cried the dandelion, "I;
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry."
And she lifted a tousled yellow head
Out of her green and grassy bed.

"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"
Purred the tree-toad at his gray bark door;
"For, with a broad leaf for a roof,
I am perfectly weather-proof."

Sang the brook: "I laugh at every drop
And wish they never need to stop
Till a big, big river I grew to be,
And could find my way out to the sea."

"I," shouted Ted, "for I can run,
With my high-top boots and my rain-coat
on,
Through every puddle and runlet and pool
That I find on the road to school."

Clara Doty Bates.

The Trailing Arbutus

I wandered lonely where the pine-trees made
Against the bitter East their barricade,
And, guided by its sweet
Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell,
The trailing spring flower tinted like a
shell
Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet.

From under dead boughs, for whose loss
 the pines
 Moaned ceaseless overhead, the blossoming
 vines
 Lifted their glad surprise,
 While yet the bluebird smoothed in leafless
 trees
 His feathers ruffled by the chill sea-breeze,
 And snow-drifts lingered under April
 skies.

As, pausing, o'er the lonely flower I bent,
 I thought of lives thus lowly, clogged and
 pent,
 Which yet find room,
 Through care and cumber, coldness and
 decay,
 To lend a sweetness to the ungenial day,
 And make the sad earth happier for
 their bloom.

John G. Whittier.

A Secret

I have a secret to tell you,—
 Though you may not believe it is true,—
 But a fairy whispered it to me,
 And I will tell it to you.

When May wakes the grass and the flowers,
 And the birds build their nests and sing,
 When the breeze blows soft, and the air is
 sweet
 With the fresh, warm breath of spring,

The blossoms, down in the meadow,
 In the gardens, and woods and the hills,
 Are singing, too, with their playmates,
 The birds, and the breezes and rills.

And I'll tell what they are singing,
 For I've heard them over and over,
 When I've fallen asleep in the hayfields
 'Mid the buttercups, daisies, and clover.

The Daisy nods, "Be cheerful";
 "Have courage," Anemone sings,
 "From the cold and snow of winter
 The beauty of summer springs."

"Be patient," the Violet whispers;
 The Lily breathes, "Be pure";
 "Be merry," cries Dandelion,
 "'Tis the very best thing, I'm sure."

The Rose, sweet, winsome teacher,
 Says softly, "Be true, be true";
 The Buttercup laughs, "Be happy";
 Says Clover, "Be useful, too!"

"Come, gather the riches of thought,"
 The Pansies beckon and call,
 "Remember," Forget-me-not murmurs,
 "Remember us each and all."

And I think if you listen closely
 In the sweet glad days of spring,
 With the song of the brook, the breeze, and
 the birds,
 You can hear the flowers sing.

Helen I. Moorhouse.

May

Merry, rollicking, frolicking May
 Into the woods came skipping one day;
 She teased the brook till he laughed out-
 right,
 And gurgled and scolded with all his might;
 She chirped to the birds and bade them sing
 A chorus of welcome to Lady Spring;
 And the bees and the butterflies she set
 To waking the flowers that were sleeping
 yet.
 She shook the trees till the buds looked out
 To see what the trouble was all about,
 And nothing in Nature escaped that day
 The touch of the life-giving, bright, young
 May.

George Macdonald.

An Apple Orchard in the Spring

Have you seen an apple orchard in the
 spring?

In the spring?
 An English apple orchard in the spring?
 When the spreading trees are hoary
 With their wealth of promised glory,
 And the mavis sings its story,
 In the spring.

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the
 spring?

In the spring?
 And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
 Pink buds pouting at the light,
 Crumpled petals baby white,
 Just to touch them a delight—
 In the spring.

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in
 the spring?

In the spring?
 Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
 When the pink cascades are falling,
 And the silver brooklets brawling,
 And the cuckoo bird soft calling,
 In the spring.

If you have not, then you know not, in the
 spring,

In the spring,
 Half the color, beauty, wonder of the
 spring;
 No sweet sight can I remember
 Half so precious, half so tender,
 As the apple blossoms render
 In the spring.

William Martin.

When Mother's Away

When Mother's away, the house is so queer,
Nothing's the same as it is when she's here.
The clock-ticks are echoes that go on and
on;
Each echo drones dully: "She's gone, she is
gone."

With every step there's a creak of the floor,
There's a cringe of the hinge as you open
the door.

Bump the arm of her chair and it rocks
o'er a crack
To and fro with a murmur: "She's not
back, not back."

The things that were always familiar to
you
Look "queer as Dick's hat band." They
certainly do.

The cupboard, the stove and the old willow
chair
Look as big again, twice, when Mother's
not there.

The pans in the larder, so shiny and bright,
Throw back reflections that are surely a
fright.

The dishpan returns such a funny grimace
As though it would ask: "Would you fain
take her place?"

The least little sound that steals through
the house
Sends you scuttling away like the veriest
mouse;

The rooms seem so hollow, the walls look
so bare,—
They are never that way when Mother is
there.

Though all things are left with scrupulous
care

To add to the comfort of each one who's
there,

Though all effort is made to be cheerful
and gay,

You can't make it home when Mother's
away.

Edith Farber Guise.

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Mother's Day

I'm glad that once in every year
We set aside a day
To say "I love you, Mother dear,"
In every way we may.

We love our mothers all the time,
But oft forget to say
How dear they are; and so I'm glad
Of Mother's Day, in May.

Julia M. Martin.

How to Celebrate

Say, boys, there's a day coming
To celebrate somebody great!
It isn't a king or president,
Or a man with a big estate.

It isn't some one you never saw
Who lived long ages ago,
Like Columbus or like Washington,
But some one you really know.

You don't shoot off the cannon,
Or play the fife and drum,
Or bust off firecrackers,
Or yell like kingdom come!

There isn't any set of rules
To do this stunt up brown,
Do just the things you think will please
This person of renown.

This celebration is the kind
That differs from every other,—
It is to show our gratitude
To a boy's best friend—*His Mother!*
Bess Foster Smith.

Greetings

To you, our dear soldiers, a greeting we
give,
We honor and welcome you here;
You fought that our glorious country might
live,
A country we think has no peer.

When the North and the South, in the year
sixty-one,
On differences could not agree,
And the message went forth, "Who will
carry a gun?"
Each loyal heart answered, "Take me!"

In the year ninety-eight, for a people op-
pressed,
Our soldiers again marched away,
Each ready to give to our country his best,
Though death dogged his footsteps each
day.

When the terrible war came that shook the
whole world,
In lands far away o'er the sea,
Our soldiers in khaki "Old Glory" unfurled,
And made the world safe again—free!

So whether you dressed in the khaki or
blue,
We know of the dangers you braved;
And the hearts of the children will always
be true
To the country you fought for and saved.
Nellie M. Ford.

Where Poppies Grow

Where poppies grow we gather
With flag and wreath in hand,
To honor noble heroes

Who fought to save our land.
Where poppies grow they gather,
The children overseas;
To-day they hail our heroes,
And praise their memories.

So when I think of poppies,
I always want to say:
"Thank God for precious friendship
Brought by Memorial Day!"
Agnes Miller.

Dandelions

Pretty yellow dandelions
Shining in the grass,
Like a little bright sun
As the children pass,

You were made for little hands
To pluck, and love, and hold,
You're the joy of springtime;
You're the children's gold.

The flowers in the gardens
Are set in order fair;
The children must not touch them,
They are too choice and rare.

But all may have the dandelions,
For in the city street
And in the quiet country lanes
They blossom at our feet.

Oh, surely for the children,
The dear Lord thought and planned
When He scattered wide the dandelions
For every little hand.

Anonymous.

Dandelions

I know why the dandelions go to sleep;
The days are growing long and hot,
But the fairies want some parasols
When they go to seek the shadiest spot.

The dandelion heads stand tall and white;
The breezes give them one little blow,
And millions of parasols all complete
Float off to the fairies. See! Just so.

Anonymous.

Daisy

I'm a pretty little thing,
Always coming with the Spring.
In the meadows green I'm found
Peeping just above the ground,
And my stalk is covered flat
With a white and yellow hat.

Little maiden, when you pass
Lightly o'er the tender grass,
Step aside and do not tread
On my meek and lowly head,
For I always seem to say
"Chilly winter's gone away."

Anonymous.

Buttercup

I'm a cunning little thing
Coming always with the Spring.
Near the Daisy I am found,
Standing straight above the ground,
And my head is covered flat
With a glossy yellow hat.

Little children, when you pass
Through the tall and waving grass,
Do not pluck, but gently tread
Near my low and mossy bed,
For I always seem to say,
"Milk and butter fresh to-day."

Anonymous.

The Old Guard

Just a handful of brave vet'rans
A-marching all in line,
With a silver-haired old drummer
A-beating out the time;
With a blinded color-bearer—
And faded flag so true,—
We'll remember these old soldiers
Fought their best for me and you.

Every year the ranks grow thinner,
Every year their numbers few;
But they play the same old melodies
That they played in '62.
Year by year the steps grow faltering,
But Old Glory's held as high!
'Tis for us to cheer their pathways—
To give honor, you and I.

Sarah Grames Clark.

The Soldier's Grave

Sleep, soldier, sleep 'neath the grassy
mound,
Where the larch and the elm lean over,
And the carol of birds is mixed, at dawn,
With the scent of the sweet, red clover.

Where the dews at night fall softly down,
Like the tender kiss of showers,
And the lark, in the place of your bugle,
calls
To wake you up with the flowers.

It seems so beautiful, soldier, to rest
After the day's hard ending,
With the flowers you loved, and the sweet
spring rain
Under the blue skies bending.

Never a tear would you have us shed,
But be brave and glad with the living
That you gave your best, and the land you
loved
Is a better land for your giving.

So we will not weep, but salute the spot
Where the body you gave lies sleeping,
For the splendid life that you gave is safe,
Safe in the Master's keeping.

Frances Wright Turner.

Decoration Day

My grandpa's old, and kind of lame;
He dozes in his chair,
And when the fam'ly goes some place,
He stays and doesn't care.
He'd rather stay at home, he says,
Than dress to go uptown,
And when he knows there's comp'ny come,
He's always lyin' down.

But once a year there's quite a change,
On Decoration Day;
Then Grandpa wears his uniform
And hurries me away
To where the p'rade comes marchin' past
And somehow, seems to me,
As he s'lutes the country's flag
He don't see things I see.

The shiny cars with great folks in,
The flower girls in white,
The bands that play the Nash'nul airs
With all their wind and might,
'N then the boys who wear O. D.
Come past; and straight an' tall,
The wind a-blowin' his gray hair,
Grandpa stands through it all.

Myrtle Wallace Martin.

A Little Visitor

I spied her in my garden;
Clasped tightly in each hand,
She held a monstrous posy;
Her dimpled cheeks were rosy;
She smiled and begged my pardon
When near her I did stand.

"I've come to pay a visit,"
She said,—the pretty dear!—
"For thirty, long, long days, sir;
And aren't you glad I'm here?"

"Now, what may be your name, please?"
I gently did demand;
"And whose are all these flowers?"
She said, "Why, they are ours!
I'm June. Last night I came, please,
Straight from the Summer Land."

From "St. Nicholas."

The Stars and Stripes

Only some stripes of red and white,
And some stars on a ground of blue;
Only a little cotton flag,
Is it anything more to you?

Oh, yes, indeed! Beneath its folds
You are safe on land and sea;
It stands for America, brave and strong,
No matter where it may be.

It stands for a land where God is King,
Where His peace and His truth are free.
Let us love it well and keep it pure,
As our banner of liberty.

Anonymous.

Betsy Ross Speaks

With loving care I fashion this first flag—
And what delight is in each stitch I
place;
These scraps of fabric hold a nation's
thought
Of God and Right and Freedom for the
race.

I seem to feel pulsating through each fold
The life-throb of a principle of might,
And following my needle like a tide
Arises a vast empire built on Right.

My flashing scissors, as they shape and cut
The stars of light, like those that never
cease
To shine, are carving out a nation's hope
And faith in God and His eternal peace.

And now my task is done, its glory spread.
And almost as a mother's kiss is prest
Upon her child with prayer and prophecy,
I kiss the flag, and know that I am blest.

Theresa Moore Truchot.

A Song for Homeland

A song—a song for Homeland,
The land where we were born;
Of broad and fertile prairies
Where grows the golden corn—
Of wheatfields like an ocean,
Of hills where grows the pine—
The land that we are proud of,
Your own dear land and mine.

A song—a song for Homeland,
The land of wheat and corn,
With milk and honey flowing—
The land where we were born!

A song—a song for Homeland,
No other land so dear;
No other hills are fairer,
No other skies so clear.

We love her vales and valleys,
Each snow-tipped mountain dome—
Oh, native land! from true hearts
We sing this song of home.

A song—a song for Homeland,
The land of wheat and corn,
With milk and honey flowing—
The land where we were born!

A song—a song for Homeland—
Land of the Golden Fleece,
Whose hillsides laugh with plenty,
Whose valleys smile with peace.
Sometimes our feet may wander
To far lands, east or west,
But still our hearts are steadfast—
We love the Homeland best!

A song—a song for Homeland,
The land of wheat and corn,
With milk and honey flowing—
The land where we were born!
Eben Rexford.

Our Flag

Flag of our country, far afloat,
Over the land and the sea!
The steadfast light on Glory's height,
The banner of the free!

Purity speaks from your folds of white,
Truth from your sky of blue,
Courage shines forth in the crimson stripes,
And leads to victories new.

Fadeless, like stars in the arching skies,
In glory your stars shine on,
And promise the peace that ne'er shall
cease,
In the land by valor won.

Marie Zettenberg.

The Line of Peace

"The Line of Peace" refers to the boundary line between Canada and the United States.

No monuments of war, of soldiers brave
and dead,
No shafts with cannon balls about them
strewn,
Or mighty generals lifting imaged head,
Or mausoleums from silent granite hewn,
Are here, but only harvesting's in-
crease—
This is the line of peace.

No fortresses obtrude from sullen heights,
Nor secret skirmishes haunt the dark,
No curious flash of tricky signal lights,
Nor ambuscader peering for a mark,
But only plowmen, loggers, merchants
these—
This is the line of peace.

The eagle—emblem since the days of Rome,
Of fell invasion, conquering and spoil—
Here renders to the mightier dove his home,
The home he may not fashion on this soil,
Where sisterhood holds a perpetual
lease—
This is the line of peace.

God! may it long abide, this triumph mute,
Yet vocal for our whole humanity;
This glorious stretch where no gun lifts to
shoot,
This path ideal, drawn from sea to sea.
Oh, may its teaching presence never
cease—
This line,—this line of peace!
Will Chamberlain.

America's History

Just words our history is, you say?
Why, you must be blind, if you think
that's all!
It's a tapestry telling in glorious hues
Of man's brave answer to Freedom's call.

Pictured in colors that ne'er shall fade,
Though the hands that wove have long
been dust,
Are scenes that stir the most sluggish
heart—
Scenes splashed by gold that ne'er shall
rust—

Blue threads of loyalty that shine thro' the
folds,
The bold red of courage oft gleams there,
too;
'Tis a fabric the years can never destroy—
This wonderful fabric of dreams made
true.

Traced there are the joys of long-passed
men,
Their hopes and their fears and their
sorrows, too;
And we see there a mirror for our own
hearts
Which greet theirs, saying, "We're kin to
you."

We see the gold threads of sacrifice,
See triumph of Right and downfall of
Wrong,
See "Liberty" fast dyed in heroes' blood,
Read the battle cry and the victory
song—

And so, as we gaze at these tapestried
folds
Made on living looms for ages long,
We pray, "May we add a stainless length!
May the threads we weave be enduring
and strong."

Bessie E. Langdon.

Plays and Exercises

ARBOR AND BIRD DAY PROGRAM

NOTE: Nature songs that the pupils already know, would add to this program and may be substituted for those named.

RECITATION: "The Birds' Concert"

There's going to be a concert
Out in the apple trees,
When the air is warm and balmy,
And the floating summer breeze
Wafts down the pale pink blossoms
Upon the soft green grass;—
A lovely place to sit and dream,
For each little lad and lass!

The concert will open early,
When the sun lights up the skies—
You'll miss the opening anthem
If you let those sleepy eyes
Stay closed, and do not hasten
Out 'neath the orchard trees,
Where the pink and snowy shower
Is caught in the morning breeze.

The robins will swing in the branches,
And carol and whistle and sing;
The thrush, that is coming to-morrow,
Will a charming solo bring,
The wrens will warble in chorus,
Rare music so touching and sweet;
The orioles sent for their tickets,
And will surely give us a treat.

The concert will open at sunrise.
All the Springtime, sweet and fair,
There'll be a grand full chorus,
For all of the birds will be there.
The concert is free to the children,
And is held in the apple trees,
And the birds will sing in a chorus:
"Oh, come to our concert, please!"

RECITATION: "The Uses of Trees"

What do you see in the lofty trees?
We see the ship that will cross the seas;
We see the masts to carry the sails;
We see the plank to weather the gales.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the
floor;
We plant the shade before the door.

A thousand things that we daily see
Are brought to us from the waving tree;
A thousand things on land and sea
Are planted by us when we plant the tree.

*SONG: "The Sleepy Tulips"

Each evening tulips close their eyes
When the dew begins to fall;
I wonder if they really sleep,
They stand so straight and tall!

I couldn't sleep if I stood up,—
A soft white bed holds me:
But all day I run and play,
While tulips rest, you see!

*SONG: "Lilies of the Valley"

Down in the grassy lowland dells,
They softly swing—white lily bells;
A pale green stem upon which grows
Fair white-frilled cups in tiny rows.
Each wee flower has a heart of gold,
Each cup a drop of dew would hold;
And by their fragrance you may know
Where lilies of the valley grow.

RECITATION: "Friends"

May I be friend to all the trees,
To birds and blossoms and the bees;
To things that creep and things that hide
Through all the teeming countryside;
On terms with all the stars at night,
With all the playful beams of light;
In love with leafy dales and hills,
And with the laughing mountain rills,
With summer skies and winter snows,
With every kind of breeze that blows;
The wide sea and the stretching plain,
The tempest and the falling rain.

John Kendrick Bangs.

* The music to these songs is found in the
Churchill-Grindell Song Book No. 6.

EXERCISE: "Who Are We?"

(By a group of boys dressed to represent birds.)

WOODPECKER—

A gay little bird in a jaunty red cap,
With busy black beak that goes rap-a-tap;

I build my house quickly, and neatly,
'tis said,

But please; oh, please, do not call me "Red Head"!

QUAIL—

You can hear me singing merrily,
'Most any morning early,
For I am hunting through the fields
For wild buckwheat and barley.

Just whistle to me once or twice—

I may not come in view,
But I will answer sweet and clear,
"Bob—Bob White!" back at you.

ROBIN—

Coat of brown and breast of red,
Voice as clear as skies o'erhead,
Grateful for the crumbs he's fed.
That's our Robin-redbreast!
See the showering April rain
Dashing at the windowpane!
Robin's singing in the lane—
Our own Robin-redbreast!

OWL—

Just bring me a nest of juicy fat mice,
Or a tree full of bugs, so sweet and nice,
I'll stay with you both spring and fall,
And never "Who! Who!" at you at all!

CHICKADEE—

I'm just as friendly as can be,
And if you'll drop a crumb
Upon your window, Chickadee
Will surely, surely come.

ORIOLE—

See my pretty little nest
Built of bits of string;
When the breezes whisper near,
You should see it swing!
There are four wee babies there,
In that silken cradle,
They'll sing grown-up Oriole songs
Soon as they are able.

MEADOW LARK—

My throat is of gold, with a pretty
black crescent,

Folks call me a beautiful bird;

My voice is like silver—so liquid and
pleasant,

The sweetest you ever have heard.

THOUGHTS FOR BIRD DAY

(By eight children bearing letters.)

A lways feed the birds during the cold
and snowy winter weather. They
live on seeds and small insects, and
when snow covers the ground, our
dear little feathered friends need our
help, or they will starve.

R ight now is the time to start helping
the birds if you have not helped be-
fore. Build bird houses. Protect
the eggs in the nests.

B oys and girls can help by joining
the Audubon Society, and then by
living up to its rules.

O nly very thoughtless people, or
those who do not understand, would
harm a little bird. Birds are God's
creatures, and He loves them dearly.

R ight after a storm in spring or sum-
mer, baby birds are often found on
the ground. The storm has tossed
them from their nests. Put them
carefully back in the nest, and watch
that cats or dogs do not harm them.

D ays that are hot can be made happy
days for the birds if you will fill a
shallow pan with water and place
it on the lawn where they may bathe.
Birds suffer from heat as well as
from cold.

A ll truly great men and women love
helpless little creatures. Remember
that not even a sparrow shall fall to
the ground without the notice of our
Father.

Y ou are directly responsible for the
comfort and happiness of all the
birds in your neighborhood. See how
many kind things you can do for
them.

READING: "The Laughing River"

O the river sings a merry song,
 And he laughs the whole long day;
 The sunshine makes him look so blue,
 While the shadows turn him gray!
 Down where the pebbles make a rill,
 And speckled fishes play,
 I stopped one day to visit him—
 This river with song so gay.

Flow on, flow on,
 Gentle rippling river;
 White froth, white foam,
 Dancing all together;
 See the swallows,
 Dipping o'er your spray,
 Flow on, flow on,
 Laughing all the way.

I asked him why he gurgled so,
 And he laughed back at me:
 "The pussy willows peek-a-boo
 Right in my face, you see!
 The blackbirds swing among the reeds,
 And when the first stars peep,
 The firefly comes with her lantern bright,
 And tucks the flowers to sleep."

A SPRING FLOWER GARDEN

(By girls dressed as flowers.)

CROCUSES—

Dainty little cups of color,
 Purple, white and gold,
 Lifting up your smiling faces
 To the sky so cold;
 Springing upward from the grasses,
 Calling out with cheer:
 "Spring has come! forget the winter!
 Crocuses are here!"

TULIPS—

A regiment of soldiers grand
 Stand guard upon the green;
 They are the Red Hussars, I'm sure,
 And Springtime is their Queen.
 They stand at strict attention,
 Till Sir Breeze blows his flute,
 Then each head bows low to its
 Queen—
 The Tulips all salute!

HYACINTHS—

Bells of pink and bells of white,
 Bells of purple, too,
 Bells with tiny hearts of gold,
 Bringing spring to you;
 Filling all the air with fragrance,
 Calling sweet and clear;

"Spring is come! Air so sweet!
 Hyacinths are here!"

DAFFODILS—

Blow, oh, blow your golden bugles,
 Yellow daffodils!
 Call the woodland buttercups,
 The flags with fluted frills;
 Call the cherry blooms and daisies,
 Blow your bugles gay,
 For 'tis springtime in the garden,
 When you Daffies play!

RECITATION—"Spring Heralded"

Oh! the sunshine told the bluebird
 And the bluebird told the brook,
 That the dandelions were peeping
 From the woodland's sheltered nook;
 So the brook was blithe and happy,
 And it babbled all the way
 As it ran to tell the river
 Of the coming of the May.

Then the river told the meadow
 And the meadow told the bee,
 That the tender buds were swelling
 On the old horse chestnut tree;
 And the bee shook off its torpor,
 And it spread each gauzy wing
 As it flew to tell the flowers
 Of the coming of the spring.

Then each flower told its neighbor
 And each neighbor told its friend,
 That the stormy days were over
 And the winter at an end;
 While the blue sky smiled above them
 And the birds began to sing—
 And the land grew bright with gladness
 At the coming of the spring.

S. Q. Lapius.

SONG—"Arbor Day"

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

Again we come this day to greet,
 Arbor Day! Glad Arbor Day!
 With willing hands and nimble feet,
 Arbor Day! Glad Arbor Day!
 No sweeter theme our time can claim,
 No grander deed points us to fame,
 No day more proud than this we name,
 Arbor Day! Dear Arbor Day!

Bring forth the trees! Prepare the earth
 For Arbor Day! Glad Arbor Day!
 With song we celebrate the birth
 Of Arbor Day! Glad Arbor Day!
 And when our joyful task is done,
 And we our meed of praise have won,
 The glorious work's but just begun
 For Arbor Day! Dear Arbor Day!

Marion Mitchell Walker.

THE BIRDS' PARTY

(Each pupil may dress in crepe paper to represent a bird.)

(Enter Sparrow, who addresses next eight birds that enter.)

SPARROW—

My name is Sparrow; snow still flies
When first my form you see.
A party now I'll have, to show
My hospitality.

(Enter Bronzed Grackle.)

Here comes Bronzed Grackle, greedy thing!

To come so soon is rude;
Though early birds may get the worms,
I'm sure they never should.

(Enter Robin.)

Oh, Robin dear, I'm not surprised
To see that you are here,
For your arrival always is
So early in the year.

(Enter Bluebird.)

And here is pretty Bluebird,
With dress just like the skies,
The way some birds do dress in
spring,—

I can't believe my eyes!

(Enter Red-winged Blackbird, Marsh Wren, Goldfinch, Black and White Warbler, and Blue Jay.)

Here comes a crowd,—oh, dearie me!
You're welcome, one and all.
Just make yourselves at home within
My verdant banquet hall.

(Birds mingle sociably.)

SPARROW (to Blue Jay)—

I heard your chatter, bright Blue Jay,
Before you came in sight;
I'm quite surprised you should com-
plain

Upon a day so bright.

BLUE JAY (to Sparrow)—

Oh, hostess dear, I'm glad to see
Your dainty little face;
But being quite so personal
Is rather a disgrace.

SPARROW (to Blue Jay)—

You saucy Blue Jay, shame on you!
Your crest I'd like to shake.

You're not to tell your hostess if
She makes a slight mistake.

(Blue Jay struts over to Bronzed Grackle.)

BLUE JAY (to Bronzed Grackle)—

Why, Mrs. Grackle, seems to me
You walk just like a crow;
No wonder by the name sometimes
Of Crow-Blackbird you go.

(To Black and White Warbler)

From Florida I s'pose you've come,
Friend Warbler, Black and White,
Perhaps you'll go to Newfoundland,
All dressed in stripes so bright.

BLACK AND WHITE WARBLER (to Blue Jay)—

Indeed, I may go to the North
Before the season's over,
Within the year; 'tis very clear
I'm somewhat of a rover.

(To Marsh Wren)

Dear Mrs. Wren, why stay at home,
Well dressed in buff and brown;
Why don't you wander, as I do,
About from town to town?

(Partly turns to Blackbird)

Here's Red-winged Blackbird, I de-
clare!

Your wings just now I spied.
To wear with black such crimson
sleeves
Is hardly dignified.

(To Goldfinch)—

Why, Miss Goldfinch, I'm glad you're
here,

You pretty golden thing.
Just like myself, you show good taste,
By black stripes on your wing.

(Enter Humming-bird.)

HUMMING-BIRD (to all)—

I am a little Humming-bird,
Because I'm small I'm slighted;
Just like the rainbow, I have come
Entirely uninvited.

(Addresses Sparrow.)

For being just a little late
I humbly beg your pardon,
'Tis better far to be on time
When entering your garden,

(*Enter Oriole.*)

HUMMING-BIRD (*to Oriole*)—

Miss Oriole, you're always late;
I wish you'd give the reason
That you should always come to us
The last bird of the season.

ALL—

Although we seldom care to dance,
A social "hop's" the thing
Appeals to us. Still better, we
Enjoy to sweetly sing.

VOICE (*off stage*)—

Now the days are full of music!
All the birds are back again;
In the tree tops, in the meadows,
In the woodlands, on the plain.
See them darting through the sun-
shine!

Hear them singing loud and clear!
How they love the busy springtime—
Sweetest time of all the year!

(*All sing "The Birdies' Ball," or other
appropriate bird song.*)

Dora Mon Dore.

CHOOSING A TREE

1ST CHILD (*with twigs of spruce*)—

The tree I plant your homes will
frame;
It has wide use, and homely fame;
On rivers blue the mossy logs
Drift, through the sunshine and the
fogs,
From Northern hills to central sea;
The hardy spruce my choice shall be.

2D CHILD (*with spray of cedar*)—

The tree I plant will roof you in
From mountain gales or city's din;
Stout, fragrant, hale, the cedar's scent
Is with all woodland odors blent.

3D CHILD (*with chestnuts*)—

The tree I plant will give you these;
Its blossoms lure the vagrant bees;
In generous mood, afar it flings
Its petals,—royal scatterlings.

4TH CHILD (*with pine cones*)—

The tree I plant will bring you health;
It doffs its rusty garb by stealth;
The healing balm floats like the dew;
And lo! the pine is clothed anew!

5TH CHILD (*with fir twigs*)—

My tree brings fruit more marvelous
Than traveler ever saw—to us;
'Tis like Aladdin's lamp once more
Answering your wishes o'er and o'er;
It fruits just at the Christmas time,
When joy-bells ring and carols chime.
Its boughs already breezes stir,
And whisper,—“Coming! Ready, Fir!”

6TH CHILD (*with maple buds*)—

I plant the maple; it will bring
The nesting birds to brood and sing.
A common tree it is, and plain,
And yet its shade we'll not disdain,
Nor fail to thank it for the grace
It lends to many a dreary place.

7TH CHILD (*with elm twigs*)—

The tree I plant has graceful lines,
And branch with swaying branch en-
twines;
Beneath it stood our Washington,
And marshaled those who freedom
won.
We link his fame and theirs with thee;
Keep green, O elm, their memory!

8TH CHILD (*with strip of birch bark*)—

My tree is Hiawatha's still;
It's "white-skin wrapper" waits our
will;
But I like best the unbroken lines
That gleam so far beside the pines.
Too often wantonly art scarred—
I'll leave thy garment, birch, un-
marred!

9TH CHILD (*with apples*)—

The tree I plant brings common gifts,
But when in autumn-time it lifts
Its ripened fruit, all red and gold,
Or when we bar the snow and cold,
And shut us in with comrades rare,
Ah! then good cheer the apples are!
Hale apple tree—we you salute,
For staunch are you from tip to root.

ALL (*showing baskets of seeds*)—

Oh, rich and free the gifts of trees!
And to them all we have the keys.
Brave little seeds, we bid you go
Into the darkness cold and low.
For coming thence, we know, you'll
bring,
Each one a gracious offering.

SPIRIT OF SPRINGTIME

CHARACTERS

QUEEN OF MAY
 SPIRIT OF SPRING
 ELVES
 HERALDS OF SPRING
 FAIRIES
 FLOWERS (WILD ROSE, IRIS, ETC.)
 HERALD OF MAY
 BIRDS
 SUN

SETTING

This can be made very effective if given out of doors. However, staged indoors with trees in background, it can be made attractive.

COSTUMES

Queen of May should wear white, with spangles. Spirit of Spring has a trailing green robe. Heralds should also wear green. The Flowers can be made very pretty in costumes of colored crepe paper. A small boy can be used as Sun, and carry a large cardboard sun. Fairies should wear winged costumes of white tarlatan trimmed with tinsel, and carry wands.

THE PLAY

Play opens with Maypole dance by Fairies and Elves. At end of dance, enter Spirit of Spring, with Heralds.

SPIRIT OF SPRING (*to Heralds*)—

Go spread the news throughout the land

That Spring has come to earth;
 Say to the Brook, "Awake and sing!"
 Tell all the Flowers it is Spring,
 Fill every heart with mirth.

(*Exit Heralds.*)

(*To Elves*)—

Dear Elves and Brownies, it is May,
 And we must all be glad;
 So I have planned to hold a fete,
 And ask my friends to celebrate,
 So no one must be sad.

The Queen of May will soon be here;
 So make for her a throne;

With flowers gay and garlands fair,
 With all that's beautiful and rare
 Her royal chair adorn.

(*Exit Spirit and Elves.*)

(*Fairies dance about over stage, until Elves return with flowers and other decorations. Elves begin making throne. Fairies sing—Tune: "Good-Night, Ladies."*)

Maytime's coming, Maytime's coming,
 Maytime's coming,
 So let us all be gay.

Chorus—

Merrily we hail the Queen, hail the
 Queen, hail the Queen,
 Merrily we hail the Queen, hail the
 Queen of May.

Flowers come with her, flowers come
 with her, flowers come with her,
 So let us all be gay.

Chorus—

Welcome, birdies; welcome, birdies;
 welcome, birdies,
 Oh, let us all be gay.

Chorus—

(*When throne is finished, enter Queen of May, preceded by Herald, and followed by her train of Flowers and Birds. Queen seats herself on throne, Elves leading her to it. Flowers and Birds dance Maypole dance, Fairies seat themselves about carelessly on rocks, etc. At end of dance, enter Spirit of Spring, carrying crown made of flowers.*)

SPIRIT OF SPRING—

Hail, Queen of May, with all your
 train,
 We're glad you've come at last;
 Through March's winds and April's
 showers,
 We've watched for you, your birds
 and flowers,
 To drive away the blast.

This crown I carry in my hand,
 I've brought for one of you—
 The one who scatters most the glad,
 Who drives out all that's dark and
 sad—

FLOWERS (*interrupting*)—

Will it go to the most beautiful?

BIRDS—

Is it for the sweetest singer?

FAIRIES—

Shall you give it to the most graceful dancer?

QUEEN OF MAY—

Dear Flowers and Birds, and Fairies sweet,

I beg you, be less bold;

You sing and dance quite well, 'tis true,

But that's no reason one of you
Should wear a crown of gold.

'Tis ours to scatter dark and gloom,
And bring to all the earth

A thousand bright and sunny hours,
With songs and sweet perfume of
flowers,

To fill sad hearts with mirth.

But we must seek not in return

A crown, nor praise, nor song;

Our work must all unselfish be,
And given in kindly charity—

Else our whole lives are wrong.

FLOWERS, BIRDS, AND FAIRIES—

You are right, dear Queen.

IRIS—

The crown shall be for our lovely
Queen, the most beautiful, and graceful,
and unselfish of us all.

(*Spirit of Spring crowns Queen.*)

SPIRIT OF SPRING—

Fairies and Flowers, dance and play
Around the lovely Queen of May.

(*Groups dance Maypole again, to some simple dancing song, sung by Birds. Near end of dance, Sun slowly crosses stage. Birds sing more and more softly, and one by one fall asleep.*)

QUEEN OF MAY—

But now we all must cease our play,

The Sun has left the sky.

It's time you flowers were asleep,

There's not a bird awake to peep;

Fairies, a lullaby.

(*As Fairies sing—tune: "Sweet and Low"—Flowers one by one fall asleep.*)

FAIRIES—

Shadows fall, breezes call,

Birdies have found their nest;

Stars beam, children dream,

Flowers must go to rest.

Little gray shadows softly creep,

Nature is singing her blossoms to
sleep,

While the dew is falling.

Sleep till May brings another day—
sweetly sleep.

Moonbeams pale gently sail

Over the dark'ning skies;

Winds blow soft and low,

Flowers must shut their eyes;

Dainty sweet peas, your petals close,

Iris and lily, pink wild rose;

Night is hov'ring o'er.

Sleep while fairies are softly sing-
ing, "Good night."

Lullaby, lullaby,

Blossoms are sweetly dreaming;

Slumber tenderly,

Under the moon's soft gleaming.

Fairies too must seek the dale,

Come, let us hurry o'er the vale,

Dreamy watch we'll keep,

While the flowers o'er all the world
are asleep.

Adeline E. Huffman.

THE REFORMATION OF BOBBY

AIM: To instill a protective instinct in children.

ASSIGNMENT: Children help give suggestions for play. Watch for chances to be kind and thoughtful to animals.

SETTING: Courtroom. Horse as judge; Cow, Dog, Cat, Chicken, Bird, as witnesses and later as jury; Bobby, the accused. The animals drag Bobby in. The Horse stands by a desk with a ruler for a gavel. The other animals are seated near by, Bobby in the center. Pupils representing animals wear placard

on which is printed the name of the animal each represents.

THE PLAY

HORSE (*rapping on desk*)—Friends, we have met to-day on a very grave matter—that of trying this boy for many crimes. What we shall do with him rests with the majority. The first thing will be to gather evidence. Those knowing anything for or against him will now speak.

COW (*standing up*)—Many times has he run me every step from or to the pasture, so that when we reached our destination I was so hot and out of breath that I felt like dropping dead. And more than that, he always keeps time to the gallop with a switch, which he thinks is pastime for us both.

DOG—Everyone knows that the dog has always been man's friend. But this boy imposes on my affection. Sometimes, if it suits him, he wants me around; at other times he kicks me and says, "Git out, Rover." Often he teases me by snatching food from my plate, just as I start to eat. He thinks it is great fun, but what if I should treat him that way? When I am not very hungry, I do not mind so much; but if I feel starved, I am tempted to snap at him. I may do it sometime, too.

HORSE—Perhaps it would teach him a lesson.

CAT—I have good reason to wish Bobby changed some of his bad ways. There were some little kittens born at our house several weeks ago, and Bobby's mother told him to drown all but one. He didn't do it; and after they began running around they got in his way, so he put them all in a sack, took them to the woods, and dumped them down to starve. That was ten times worse than killing them. I would like to ask him, please, if he would stand such treatment. Then, too, I see him throw a stick or stone at every stray cat. They don't like to be frightened, and it isn't right to treat animals like that.

(*All the animals seem lost in thought, and are recalled by the judge.*)

HORSE—Let us hear from the chicken.

CHICKEN—Fortunately, I do not have much to do with this boy, but he is supposed to feed and water us twice each day. More than half the time he forgets, or *says* he does—and we get terribly thirsty, sometimes.

HORSE—Come, Sir Robin, tell us of your wrongs.

BIRD—I believe all of you will agree with me that boys are birds' worst enemies. Just let them get a sling shot and they think we birds were put here for them to aim at. Often they kill us or, worse still, cripple us so that we drag ourselves off to some bushes or grass to die. Then the world is robbed of another songster, and frequently little baby birds are left without a mother. When we see the slaughter that goes on in one year, it is surely time something was done. Just the other day this same boy shot a robin that was singing sweetly in an apple tree. It was doing no harm to anyone. He went to where it fell, watched it die, then turned it over carelessly with his foot. His sister, coming out, was sorry and said, "Oh, Bobby, how could you kill a dear innocent little bird?" He looked somewhat ashamed, but answered, "Oh, just for fun!" Would he think it was so funny if we killed some of his family?

HORSE—I haven't spoken yet, but I'm sure you all have seen the way he treats me. Some days I don't have enough food or water, and when he drives or rides me, he acts as if I were a machine and could never get tired. The horse is the most abused animal in the world. If all the mistreated horses could speak in one voice of their wrongs, such a cry would arise as would shock all humanity. But I will say no more; you will please give some reasons why God wants mankind to be better to us.

COW—"The cattle upon a thousand hills are His."

DOG—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

CAT—"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

CHICKEN—

"All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful—
The good God made them all."

BIRD—

"Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings—
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings."

HORSE—And mine is this—"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." But let us hear from the boy, and see what he has to say.

BOBBY (*who at the beginning looked defiant and sullen, is now sitting with a downcast face*)—What you all say is very true, but because you could not talk I thought you had no feelings. I wish I could bring back the little robin I killed, but I can't.

"I killed a robin—the little thing
With glossy eyes and shiny wing
That came to my apple tree to sing.
A little flutter, a little cry,
Then on the ground I saw him lie!
I didn't think he was going to die.
Now I'm thinking every summer
day

I never, never can repay

The little life that I took away."

I'm sorry for it all, and deserve to be punished.

HORSE—He sounds as if he meant what he says, but you can never tell about some boys. However, we want to be just; so the members of the jury will please leave the room and decide what shall be done with him.

(*Exit Cow, Dog, Cat, Chicken, Bird. Bobby keeps glancing toward the door through which they left. After several minutes they return, but Bobby cannot look up.*)

DOG—Your honor, we have decided to let Bobby go for one month on probation. During that time we shall watch him closely to see if he is really changed. He is to read three books—*Beautiful Joe*, *Bonnie Prince*, and *Black Beauty*. If at the end of that time we find he has continued to be cruel, we shall bring him here again and give him the kind of treatment he has given us. If he has reformed we shall be glad.

BOBBY—I thank you, and I shall never again be unkind to animals.

Alice McBryde Marsh.

MAYPOLE DANCE AND DRILL

From twelve to sixteen girls of nearly uniform height are required. Have the Maypole streamers of two colors. Pink and green are most effective. Have the streamers stretched out and temporarily fastened to the ground so that the girls may find their places quickly and easily.

ENTRANCE DANCE

Girls form in double line some distance from the Maypole. One girl of each couple is the leader. The leader places her right arm around the shoulders of her partner and takes hold of her partner's right hand. With her left hand she takes her partner's left hand. Both extend outside foot touching toe to ground with count one. Outside foot extended back touching toe on count two. Giving the outside foot the count three and turning on the outside foot slightly, turn on the inside foot, making a half circle and facing toward the back on counts three, four and five. When the half-circle is made the leader has her left arm around the shoulders of her partner. Her left hand holds her partner's left hand and her right hand holds her partner's right hand. In making the half-circle both turn toward each other, the leader toward the right and the partner toward the left. Extend the inside foot in the same way that the outside foot was extended. The half-circle turn is made in the same way. Both

girls turn toward each other. This time the leader turns toward the left and the partner toward the right. They are now back in the first position. Extend left foot diagonally front and left and bring the right foot to the left foot in a little two-step skip counting 1-2-3, with counts 4 and 5 as a pause. Extend the right foot in the same way front and right. Repeat this step. Go back to the first step with outside foot and half-circle.

The music is a schottische. The progress of the dance is in the steps taken diagonally to the left and right. Avoid making these steps too much forward and with too long strides. The beauty of the dance consists in light, easy, loose and graceful movements. Dance on toe or ball of foot with a *step*, not a glide.

As the girls draw near the Maypole the first couple dances around on the right side, the second on the left side and so on, until all have their places.

DRILL

The Maypole drill is divided into two divisions: the straight winding of the streamers and the braiding of the streamers. The music should be a march or two-step. (a) The Straight Winding: The leaders fall behind their partners. Have the girls hold streamers in hand toward pole. Swing right foot over left foot. Count 1-2-3-4. March three steps forward, bringing the right foot close to the left foot on count four. Extend left foot forward; out to left side; forward; in position; four counts. Step two steps toward the pole, counting four counts, bringing the right foot close to the left foot on counts two and four. Extend right foot forward; out to right side; forward; in position. Step two steps away from the pole back to former position. Repeat these steps as often as director wishes. Short repetitions are more effective. Unwind by reversing. The beauty of this drill depends on keeping up on the toes, taking uniform length of steps and keeping spaces even.

(b) The Braiding of the Streamers: Partners face each other. Leaders form outside circle and partners inside circle. March or two-step in the regular grand right and left dance. The girls must bear in mind that they are to alternate with streamers over and under. Unbraid by reversing. Drop streamers. The beauty of the braiding consists in keeping the streamers tight so that the braiding is more effective. Streamers should always be held in the hand toward the pole. The girls should not stoop in going under the streamers.

FINAL DANCE

After the streamers are dropped, let the girls take position as in the Entrance Dance. The couple coming in last will go out first. The couples alternate in going out as in coming in. Dance to the starting place.

Anna R. Furmin.

FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS

*(An exercise for Good Will Day,
May 18)*

CHARACTERS

UNCLE SAM	PEACE
CANADA	HISTORY
LIBERTY	NEUTRALITY

DISARMAMENT

The children may be specially costumed or wear cards, and may either read or recite their parts.

(Canada and Uncle Sam enter arm in arm. They greet Liberty and Peace who enter from opposite side.)

DIALOGUE

UNCLE SAM—Here is my neighbor, Canada.

LIBERTY—Welcome, friend and neighbor.

UNCLE SAM—Peace, let me present my neighbor.

PEACE—I am pleased to see such happy friendliness between two neighbor nations.

CANADA—We wished to have peace and we have made it possible.

(*Enter History.*)

HISTORY (*greeting all*)—I overheard your remarks as I entered. May I ask how you made it possible to have peace for more than one hundred years?

UNCLE SAM—By boundary treaties and neutralization. The Great Lakes were neutralized in 1817, by agreement between Great Britain and the United States. John Quincy Adams was then Secretary of State.

LIBERTY—Since then no war vessels of either nation may be built or maintained on the lakes, and the forts on their shores have all been allowed to stand idle.

UNCLE SAM—Yes, that is true. But at the time when neutrality was established, the shores of the lakes were little inhabited. The surrounding country was not at all developed. There were no mines, farms, or industries. No great cities had been built.

(*Enter Neutrality, Arbitration and Disarmament. They are cordially greeted by Peace and the others.*)

UNCLE SAM—Neutrality is here to speak for herself.

NEUTRALITY—Our century and more of peace between two neighbor-nations proves the value of neutralization. Neutrality operates to prevent war. (*Takes hand of Peace.*) Peace and Neutrality go hand in hand, and between them they can do much to secure the prosperity and happiness of nations.

HISTORY—Happy has been the history of all these years of friendly relations.

UNCLE SAM—You are right. Not one dollar has been spent to fortify the shores or to build ships to protect American and Canadian lake coasts more than 5,000 miles long.

NEUTRALITY—As now built in exposed positions, such cities as Chicago, Milwaukee and Cleveland could never be successfully fortified against attack. The accumulated wealth of the United

States would be exhausted in the effort if we had to protect Buffalo, Detroit, Toledo, and Duluth against enemy battleships.

UNCLE SAM—If these cities had been located inland, they could not have reached their present population and success. Civilization and industrial progress would have been stifled, and the whole world would have been the loser.

DISARMAMENT—How much better it was to disarm before the military establishment had become so great as to make this seem either impossible or possible only at tremendous loss!

UNCLE SAM—You may know that the cost of fortifying the cities on our Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf coasts has amounted to billions of dollars; and the fortifications and equipment have to be altered to keep abreast of military science, and this costs more millions, annually.

CANADA—Indeed, it would be impossible to calculate the waste that has been saved by the treaties between the United States and Britain, beginning with the Treaty of Ghent which ended the War of 1812.

NEUTRALITY—It is not too much to say that the almost equal division between two nations of the waters of the most important chain of lakes in the world and the decision that they should be thereafter exempt from naval warfare marks an epoch in relations between civilized peoples.

PEACE—I consider that it was a great advance step toward peace among all nations. Think of it! The greatest thing which the western continent can show the world to-day is an international boundary line across which in more than a century neither nation has ever sent a menacing army or fired a hostile gun!

DISARMAMENT—A thousand miles up the mighty St. Lawrence, a thousand miles over the Great Lakes, a thousand miles across the open prairies, a thou-

sand miles over mighty mountains—four thousand miles where nation meets nation and sovereignty meets sovereignty, but never a fortress, never a battleship, never a gun, never a sentinel on guard!

PEACE—In North America two nations have been saying all these years, "In peace, prepare for more peace." They have what they desired and worked for—peace.

DISARMAMENT—Had they prepared for war, had they fortified and put bristling guns along the shores of the Great Lakes, what then? Those defenses would have been a constant menace. The two shores would have become armed camps. Had they said, "In peace, prepare for war," they would have brought on what would then have been inevitable—the terrible catastrophe of war.

UNCLE SAM (*taking Canada by the hand and advancing to the front of the platform*)—"And He shall judge among many people and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

CANADA—I hope it may be so. But it does not seem possible.

LIBERTY—It *is* possible. Whatever is right can be done. The whole world would revive in new life and glory under the blessing of universal peace. And in that happy time it will transpire that any nation which desires to be free and will claim the rights and assume the obligations of the free, shall be given freedom's unfettered chance.

TABLEAU

A white dove, previously fastened to ceiling by invisible wire, may be loosened and flutter down over the group. Off stage a group, or, if desired, the whole school, may join in singing the following Peace Anthem, to the tune of "America."

PEACE ANTHEM

Father, enthroned on high!
Humbly Thy children cry,
Send peace on earth!
May peace, prosperity,
Fill earth from sea to sea,
May mankind bend the knee
In fear of Thee!

May earth no more rehearse
War's song of crime and curse,
Oh, make war cease!
Death-tube and shrieking shell
Sound for brave men the knell,
Widows the chorus swell—
God send us peace!

May mankind's psalm of life,
Be peace instead of strife,
Make peace most worth;
Look down from Heaven and bless
Earth with Thy righteousness,
Send reign of happiness
Over the earth!

Jane A. Stewart.

A MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM

Each pupil wears a white carnation, either real or made of paper.

OPENING SPEECH

This is Mother's Day. What day can be more important? For this day is a special day to show love and appreciation to one whose life has been devoted to our welfare and happiness. The white carnation is a symbol of filial devotion of love for mother, and of our purpose to pay tribute to her unselfish love and work. That is why we all wear carnations to-day.

RECITATION: "What Mother Does For Me"

Who cared for me when first I came,
Who dreams about my future fame,
Who has on me the greatest claim?
My Mother.

Who gives advice when I do wrong,
Who weeps when I stay out too long,
Who cheers my heart with Christian song?
My Mother.

Who every hardship for me dares,
Who soothed away my childish cares,
Who taught me how to say my prayers?
My Mother.

Who teaches me the Christ to love,
Who shows me how that love to prove,
Who will meet me in the home above?
My Mother.

SONG: "Wear the White Carnation"

Tune: "Blest Be the Tie That Binds"

We'll wear carnations white
To honor mother's love;
The love for us that mother bears
Is like to that above.

She shares our joys and woes,
She does our burdens bear,
And often from her eyes there flows
The sympathizing tear.

Then white carnations wear,
To honor mothers dear;
And show by gentle acts of love
Our gratitude sincere.

TALK: "Celebrating Mother's Day"

There is no prescribed way of celebrating Mother's Day. Each follows the dictates of his own conscience. Each can choose the means which he feels will most fittingly convey the reverence which he wishes to show for his dear mother. By acts of affection, remembrance, and thoughtfulness, all can in some way observe the day. To deny oneself and to do something for mother that will cost us something is the best way to observe the day. For in this way we may know something of the same unselfish spirit that is in the heart of every true mother. Everyone can wear a white carnation, and in this way not only show that he remembers mother but be an example to others.

CLOSING SONG: "Here's to the White
Carnation"

Tune: "Work, for the Night Is Coming"

Here's to the white carnation,
Wear it on Mother's Day;
Flower that blooms for mother,
Winsome, gallant, and gay.
Flower of a perfect sweetness,
Flower for hut and hall,
Here's to the white carnation,
And to mother—our best of all!

Jane A. Stewart.

MEMORIAL DAY

(To be presented by a group of primary children)

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

UNCLE SAM—Long trousers of red and white striped material, blue vest and blue coat, high hat of blue, with red and white striped crown, as in typical pictures.

SOLDIER—Blue suit, copied from Civil War uniform.

SAILOR—Regulation sailor suit, either white or blue. Carries a flag.

RED CROSS NURSES—White dresses, white aprons, and the usual Red Cross headdress.

. CHILDREN—Carry garlands that have been made from brightly colored tissue and crepe papers.

SCENE I

SETTING—Uncle Sam's office. Uncle Sam sitting at desk. Large flag for background.

(Children skip in and group themselves about back and sides of Uncle Sam's desk.)

CHILDREN—

Oh, Uncle, can you tell us
How we can help to pay
Our debt of love and honor
To soldier men to-day?

UNCLE SAM (*kindly*)—

Ah, children, those brave men and true.

Who saved this land of ours,
You best can honor and revere
By bringing sweetest flowers.

CHILDREN—

Then, Uncle, we will gather
Blossoms of every hue,
To place upon our loyal men
Who saved the flag for you.

(Children run off stage.)

UNCLE SAM (*in reverie*)—

Little children, sweet and pure,
Oh, that you may grow to be
The kind of citizens we need
To keep our country free.

SCENE II

SETTING—Same as Scene I. Uncle Sam sitting at his desk.

(Children enter, carrying wreaths and garlands.)

UNCLE SAM—

Now, children, we shall call
Some heroes from the fray,
Whom you may give your offerings
On this Memorial Day.

(Uncle Sam walks off stage, returning immediately with a soldier, a sailor, and two Red Cross nurses. The children rush toward them, and for a moment surround the newcomers, decorating them with their flowers.)

CHILDREN—

For you who saved this land of ours,
We bring our very choicest flowers.

SOLDIER (interrupting children)—

Stay, child, my simple duty
Was all that I could do;
I was but a drummer lad,
And have no honor due.

(Takes flowers which children have given him and puts them about necks of the nurses.)

These nurses with their cross of red
Shall wear my garlands bright,
For they it was who brought me
health,
I was too sick to fight.

SAILOR—

And I am but a sailor boy,
Who heard his country's cry.
Why, anyone would give his life,
So this banner might wave high!
(He waves a flag over his head.)

NURSES—

Your gift of love, dear children,
We'll carry in our hearts;
We're not proud of our duty done,
But glad we did our part.

ALL (with bowed heads)—

Now we pray that wicked war
Its awful hand shall cease,
And that this glorious land of ours
Shall be a land of peace.

Amelia Traenkenschuh.

FLAG DAY PROGRAM

CONCERT EXERCISE: "Our Flag"

Shout for the banner bright,
Unfurling in the light—

Our country's flag.

Shout till each rugged hill,
Each valley low and still,
Shall echo, "Yes, we will
Protect our flag."

Weep for the flag once borne
Through blood and shame, and torn,
Our noble flag.

God, for these glorious days of peace,
Receive our praise;

Blest Guide of all our ways,
Protect our flag.

(All give the salute to the flag.)

THE OLD FLAG FOREVER

She's up there—Old Glory—where light-
nings are sped;

She dazzles the nations with ripples of
red;

And she'll wave for us living, or droop
o'er us dead—

The flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—how bright
the stars stream!

And the stripes like red signals of
liberty gleam!

And we dare for her, living, or dream
the last dream

'Neath the flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant-
dealt scars

Nor blur on her brightness, no stain on
her stars!

The bright blood of heroes hath crim-
soned her bars—

She's the flag of our country forever!

Frank L. Stanton.

FLAG DRILL

Twelve girls dressed in white take part in this drill. They enter, six from each side of the stage, form in pairs, march to front, separate, and form one long line facing the school. There should be two captains and the flags

should have the banners wound about the staffs and fastened securely but in such a manner as to admit of their being quickly unfurled.

When the pupils march in, they carry the flags firmly at the right side, in a line with the body, arms being held as straight as possible. This is *Position*. The captains take position in front of soldier girls and facing them, where the orders are the same for both groups of soldiers. The captains give the orders simultaneously. When the orders differ, they should be given as nearly at the same time as possible. Any good march tune is suitable.

Present arms. Flags are three times held up in line with the body, the left hand holding flag near the lower end of the staff, right hand grasping staff one foot higher up. This is done three times and flags returned to position, keeping time to the music.

Order arms. Grasp flag held in front of body with right hand; let go with left hand; move flag to right. Reverse these movements.

Right shoulder arms. Flags are brought up to right shoulder, at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

Carry arms. Bring flags forward six inches with the right hand and drop the left hand by side. This may be done three times.

Turn to right—March. All march in single file once around the stage and return to places, facing right; at captains' orders all face front.

Turn to right and left. First group turn to right; second group to left.

*March—*They march to opposite sides of the stage.

Right about face. The two lines face each other.

Support arms. Grasp flag with left hand, raise it, then seize it with right hand and pass it to left side, holding it in position on left shoulder, with the lower end of staff just below the left arm, which is held across the waist, the right arm hanging down straight.

Reverse arms. With the right hand hold the flag banner downward in the last-named position.

Rest on arms. The two hands crossed rest on top of staff, which rests on floor close to left foot.

Load. Imitate loading with right hand while flag is held with the left in last-named position.

Aim. The staff is held against the shoulder under right arm; the left arm curved, the left hand supporting the staff. Left eye closed, right eye glancing along staff.

Forward in line—Charge. Keeping flags in last position, each line charges upon other across stage.

Load. As before.

Aim. As before.

Forward in line—Charge. As before.

March. All march as before, except that the flags of the second line are waved in the air and those of the first line reversed. Both lines take positions they have just left.

Forward—March. Lines advance toward each other, flags held in position.

Halt. Lines halt about five feet apart.

Salute. Each soldier salutes soldier opposite.

Triumph. Each waves flag over right shoulder once, over left shoulder once, then touches right shoulder of soldier standing opposite.

By twos—March. The twos at the rear of the stage lower flags from last-named position to shoulders, and march between the lines and under the flags of the others; when these have advanced a pace or two the next couple follow, and so on till at last all are marching out, carrying flags upon right shoulders.

FLAG EXERCISE

(For a boy and two girls.)

GIRL—

With wings that slowly flap in the breeze,
Above the tops of the tall, green trees,
So far that it seems to touch the skies,

What bird is that in the blue air flies,
With the tint of the rising sun on its
breast,
With heaven's own blue on its shining
crest?

BOY (*representing flag*)—

I'm no bird, but your country's hon-
ored flag.

I was cradled, girl, when waves ran
high and winds were wild;

In the early days of the nation's birth,

I was sent by Liberty to the earth,

My free folds first to the breeze were
given,

In seventeen hundred seventy-seven.

GIRL—

O flag, is your own true home in the
sky,

And why over our heads do you flutter
and fly?

BOY—

I wave in the air, all the world to tell
That in our country all goes well.

GIRL—

When a ship goes sailing by,

Why are you lowered, then raised on
high?

BOY—

When I wish to salute a fort or a ship,
My pretty colors I slightly dip.

GIRL—

O flag, are you always happy and glad?
Or are you sorry when the world is
sad?

BOY—

When the nation mourns and a great
man dies,
Then my colors at half-mast fly.

GIRL—

O pretty flag, waving above my head,
Why are you made of white and red?
Did the clouds so high
Drop stars on you in passing by?

BOY—

Dear girl, when my life was first be-
gun,

And the thirteen states became as one,
When I first was made of white and
red,

For each state a star was added, 'tis
said,

A stripe and a star, thirteen of each,
If you back through the long years
reach.

Then as the years onward flew,
And our country larger and stronger
grew,

The thirteen stripes were left the
same,

But a star was added when a new
state came,

So we've as many states, all good
and true,

As there are stars in my square of
blue.

(*As Boy finishes speaking, the Second
Girl appears and speaks.*)

SECOND GIRL—

We've a country stretching from east
to west,

On earth the strongest, the wisest,
best.

True to the vows of her early youth,
To honor, liberty, justice, truth.

Though the nation's ship may be
tempest-tossed,

May no star grow dim, no stripe be
lost

From the flag that o'er our heads shall
wave

As long as the oceans our shores shall
lave.

OUR PRIDE

(*Concert exercise. Children wave flags.*)

We wave the flag we love, now right,
now left, now up above;

For our country brave and true, we
wave the red, and white, and blue.

We love you well, for truth you tell,
O flag of our land.

We'll try our best to learn, and love
our noble nation for which you
stand.

We wave the flag we love, now right,
now left, now up above;

There's no other flag like you, our own
Red, White, and Blue.

For liberty and truth you stand; God
bless our native land

And you, O flag, red, white and blue.

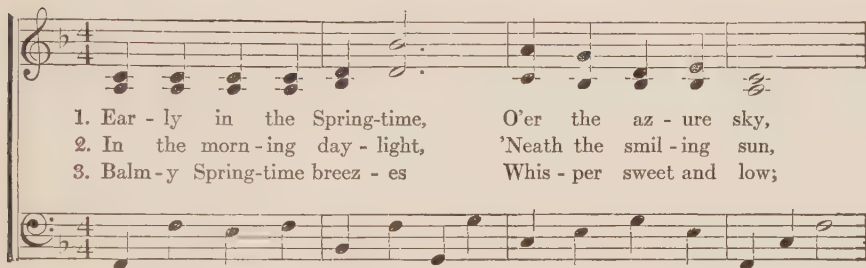
Dorothy C. Retsloff.

Songs

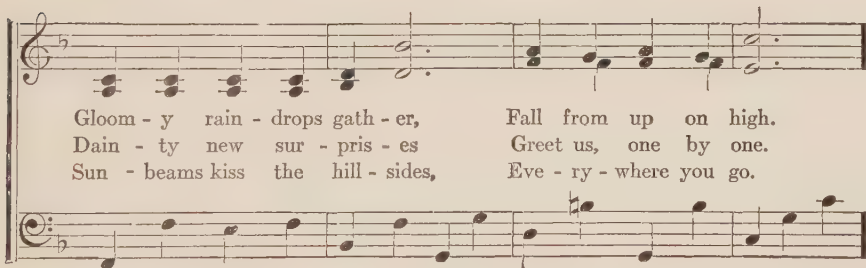
Raining Violets

C. R. F.

CAROLYN R. FREEMAN

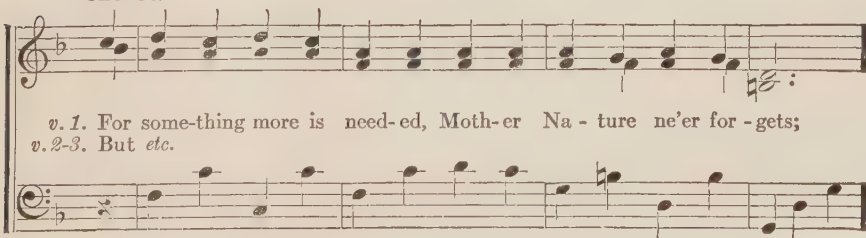


1. Ear - ly in the Spring-time, O'er the az - ure sky,
2. In the morn - ing day - light, 'Neath the smil - ing sun,
3. Balm - y Spring-time breez - es Whis - per sweet and low;

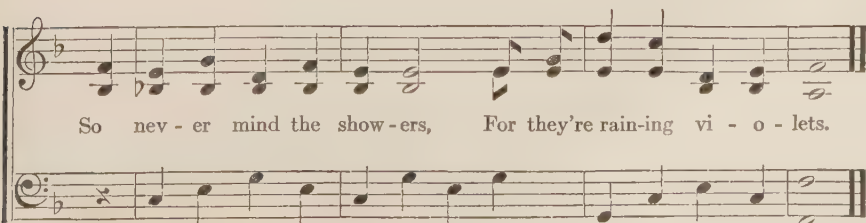


Gloom - y rain - drops gath - er, Fall from up on high.
Dain - ty new sur - pris - es Greet us, one by one.
Sun - beams kiss the hill - sides, Eve - ry - where you go.

CHORUS.



v. 1. For some-thing more is need-ed, Moth-er Na - ture ne'er for - gets;
v. 2-3. But *etc.*



So nev - er mind the show-ers, For they're rain-ing vi - o - lets.

A Jolly Old Month Is March

C. R. F.

CAROLYN R. FREEMAN

1. There's a time in each year that al-ways seems dear For thir-ty-one days or so ;

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

But think of it right, and soon 'twill look bright, You'll like it wher-ev-er you go.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

For March is a jol-ly old month, you know, As jol-ly as jol-ly can be ;

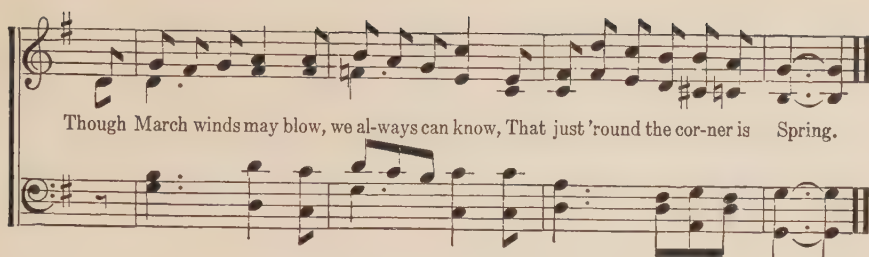
The chorus begins with the same musical notation as the previous systems. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Now sometimes 'tis snowing and freezing and blowing; And sometimes 'tis fair, you see ;

The second line of the chorus continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

But no mat-ter, what-ev-er the weath-er, Just whis-tle the while, and sing.

The third line of the chorus concludes the musical piece on this page. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



Though March winds may blow, we al-ways can know, That just 'round the cor-ner is Spring.

2
 Father Time has decreed he never will speed
 The winter upon its way;
 With scepter so cold, full sway he can hold,
 All up to the very last day.

—Chorus

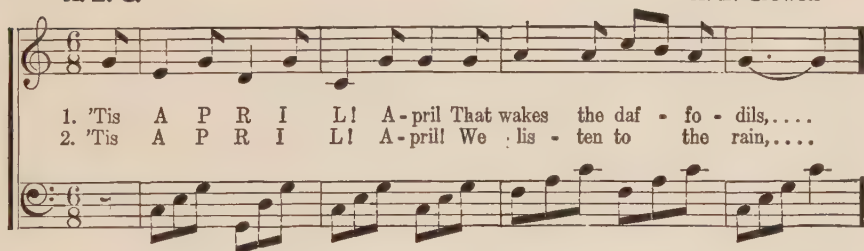
3
 Then hasten, each one, to join in the fun,
 The moments are flying fast,
 Quite soon you will see the wintertime glee
 For many long days will be past.

—Chorus

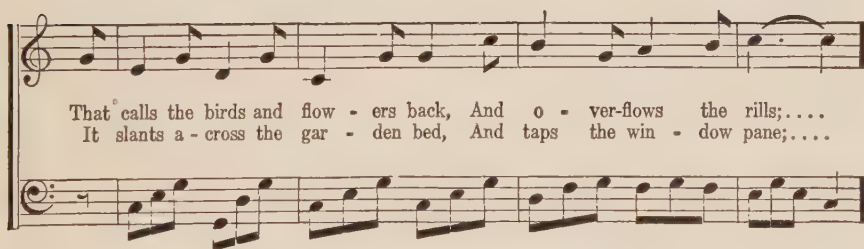
April

A. L. C.

A. L. Crowell



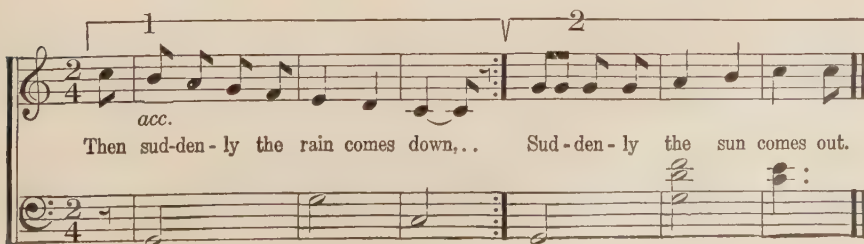
1. 'Tis A P R I L! A-pril That wakes the daf - fo - dils,...
 2. 'Tis A P R I L! A-prill! We lis - ten to the rain,...



That calls the birds and flow - ers back, And o - ver-flows the rills;...
 It slants a - cross the gar - den bed, And taps the win - dow pane;...



The sun lies warm on mead - ows brown,...
 And then be - fore we turn a - bout,...



Then sud-den-ly the rain comes down,.. Sud-den-ly the sun comes out.

The Little Birds Fly Over

CELIA THAXTER
Moderato.

(SPRING)

T. WORCESTER WORRELL

1. The lit - tle birds fly o - ver, And O how sweet they sing,
2. The al - der by the riv - er Shakes out her pow - d'ry curls,

The musical score for 'The Little Birds Fly Over' is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The song concludes with a double bar line.

To tell the hap - py chil - dren That once a - gain 'tis Spring!
The wil - low blooms in sil - ver For lit - tle boys and girls.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It ends with a double bar line.

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I Saw a Little Bird

Anonymous

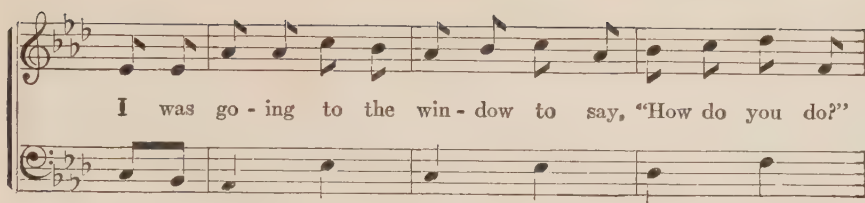
KATHARINE C. SMITH

I saw a lit - tle bird come hop, hop, hop,

The musical score for 'I Saw a Little Bird' is in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

I cried, "Lit - tle Bird, won't you stop, stop, stop?"

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. It ends with a double bar line.



I was go - ing to the win - dow to say, "How do you do?"

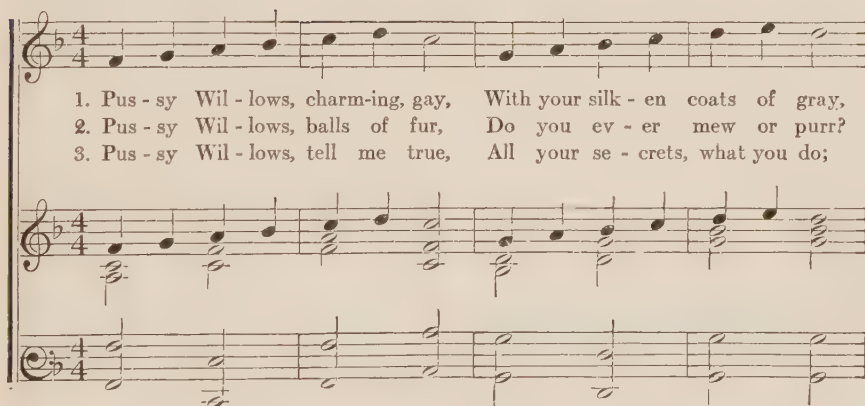


But he cocked his lit - tle tail and a - way he flew.

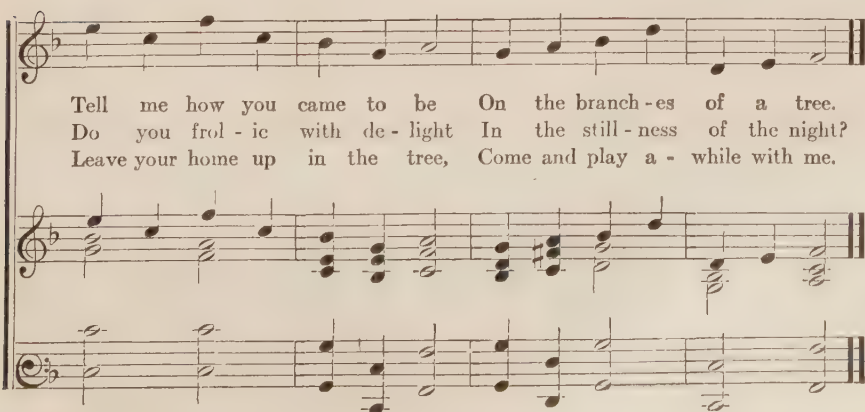
Pussy Willows

JULIA NORVELL MCQUITT

KATHARINE CONLEY SMITH



1. Pus - sy Wil - lows, charm-ing, gay, With your silk - en coats of gray,
 2. Pus - sy Wil - lows, balls of fur, Do you ev - er mew or purr?
 3. Pus - sy Wil - lows, tell me true, All your se - crets, what you do;

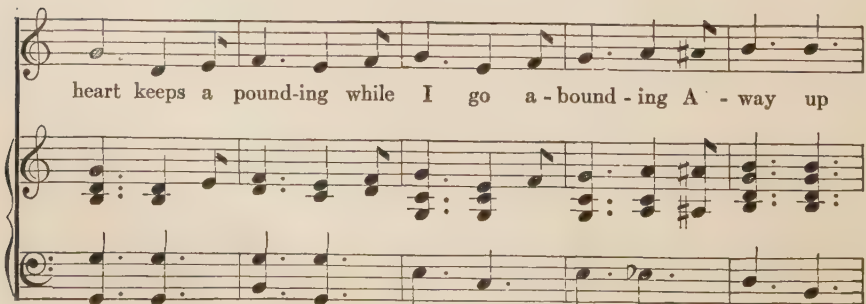
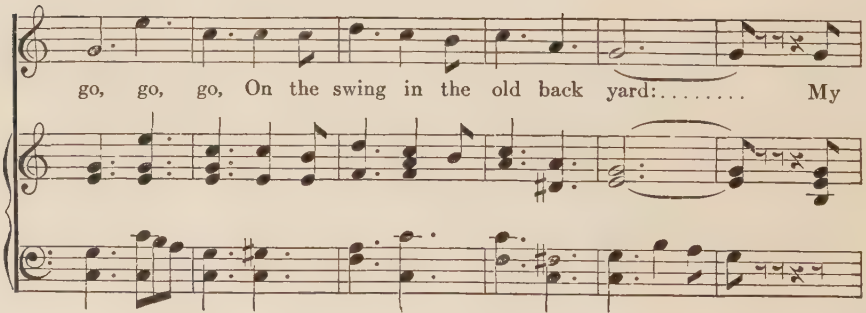
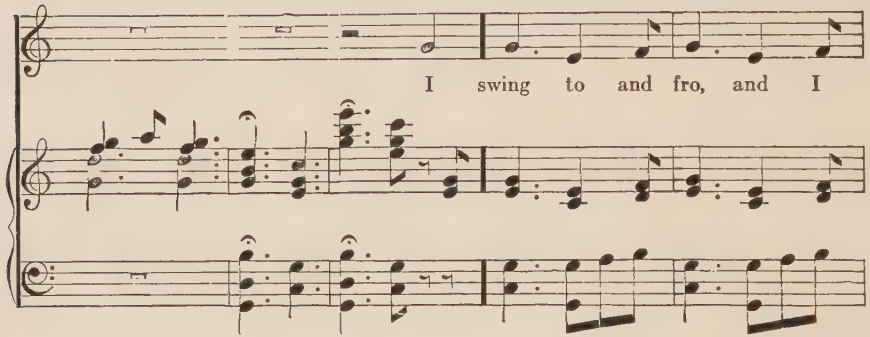


Tell me how you came to be On the branch-es of a tree.
 Do you frolic with de-light In the still-ness of the night?
 Leave your home up in the tree, Come and play a - while with me.

Swinging

Rose H. Pietsch.

Charles F. Pietsch



high, and low..... I love to go high, and I

nev - er should cry,... If out of the swing I should

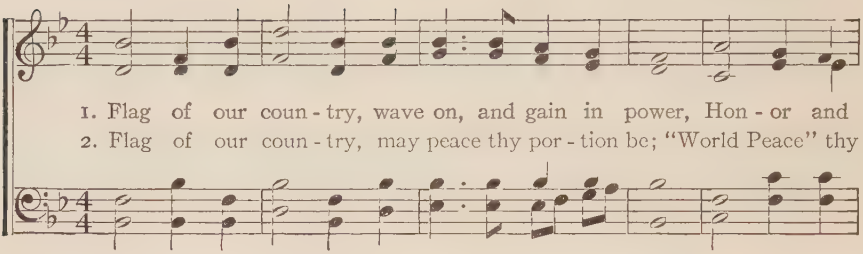
fall;..... But I keep on a - cling - ing, while I go a -

swing - ing, So here I go. Good - bye!

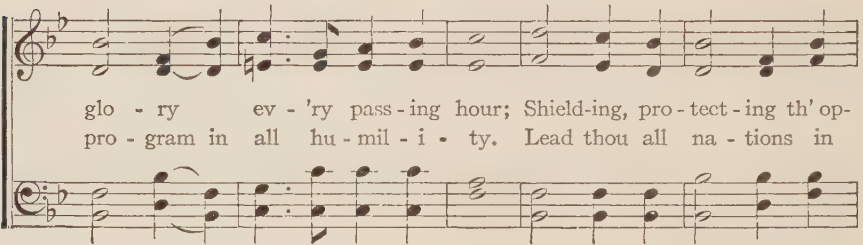
Ensign

N. Y. S.

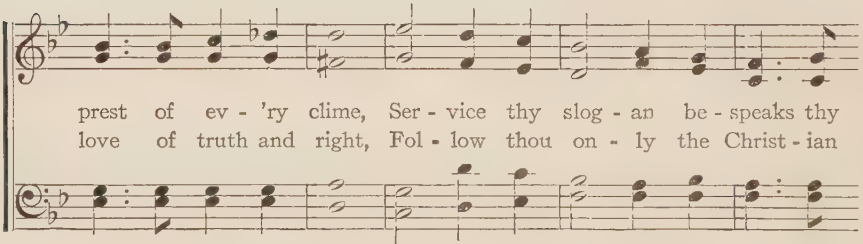
NELLIE YORK-SPANGLER



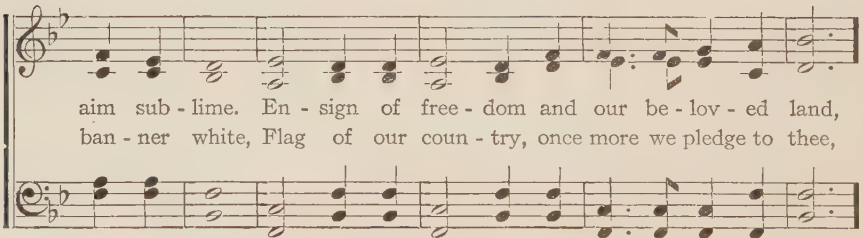
1. Flag of our coun-try, wave on, and gain in power, Hon-or and
2. Flag of our coun-try, may peace thy por-tion be; "World Peace" thy



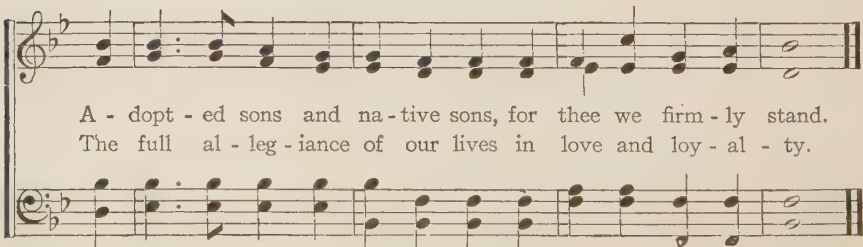
glo-ry ev-'ry pass-ing hour; Shield-ing, pro-TECT-ing th'op-
pro-gram in all hu-mil-i-ty. Lead thou all na-tions in



prest of ev-'ry clime, Ser-vice thy slog-an be-speaks thy
love of truth and right, Fol-low thou on-ly the Christ-ian



aim sub-lime. En-sign of free-dom and our be-lov-ed land,
ban-ner white, Flag of our coun-try, once more we pledge to thee,



A-doPT-ed sons and na-tive sons, for thee we firm-ly stand.
The full al-leg-iance of our lives in love and loy-al-ty.

